PENTHOUSE

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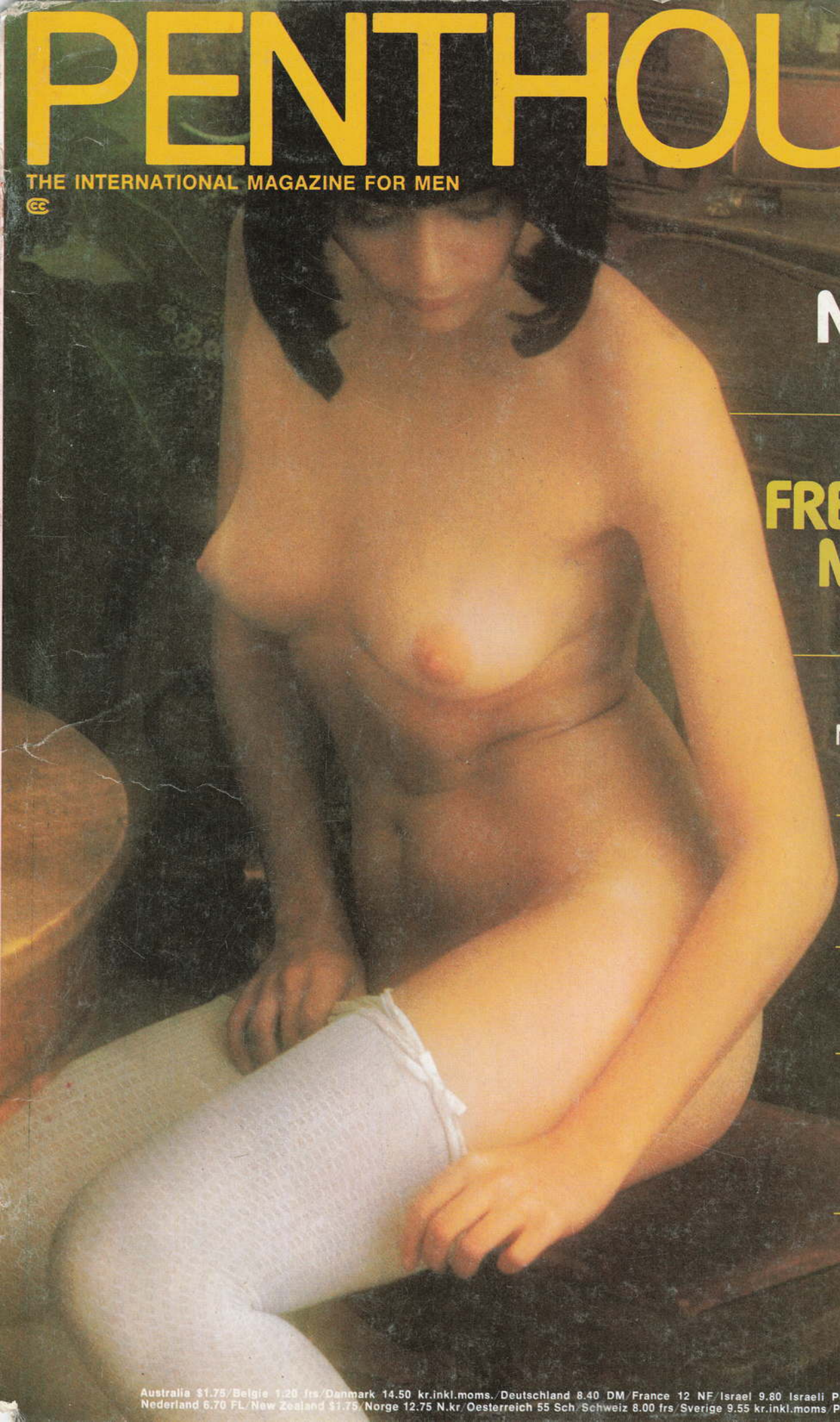
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1976 $1.75



SPECIAL NEW YEAR EDITION

EXTRA! FREE BONUS MAGAZINE INSIDE

ROCKEFELLER: IF YOU LIKE WHAT HE DID TO NEW YORK, YOU'LL LOVE WHAT HE'S DOING TO AMERICA

BIG MAC: WHAT'S BENEATH THE BUN OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST HAMBURGER CHAIN

SEX WRECKAGE: CAN YOU BALL YOURSELF OUT?

GANGS AGAINST THE JUNKIES: THE WAR ON HEROIN TAKES TO THE STREETS

THE HOT SEED FACTOR: DUBIOUS DEPOSITS AT THE SPERM BANK

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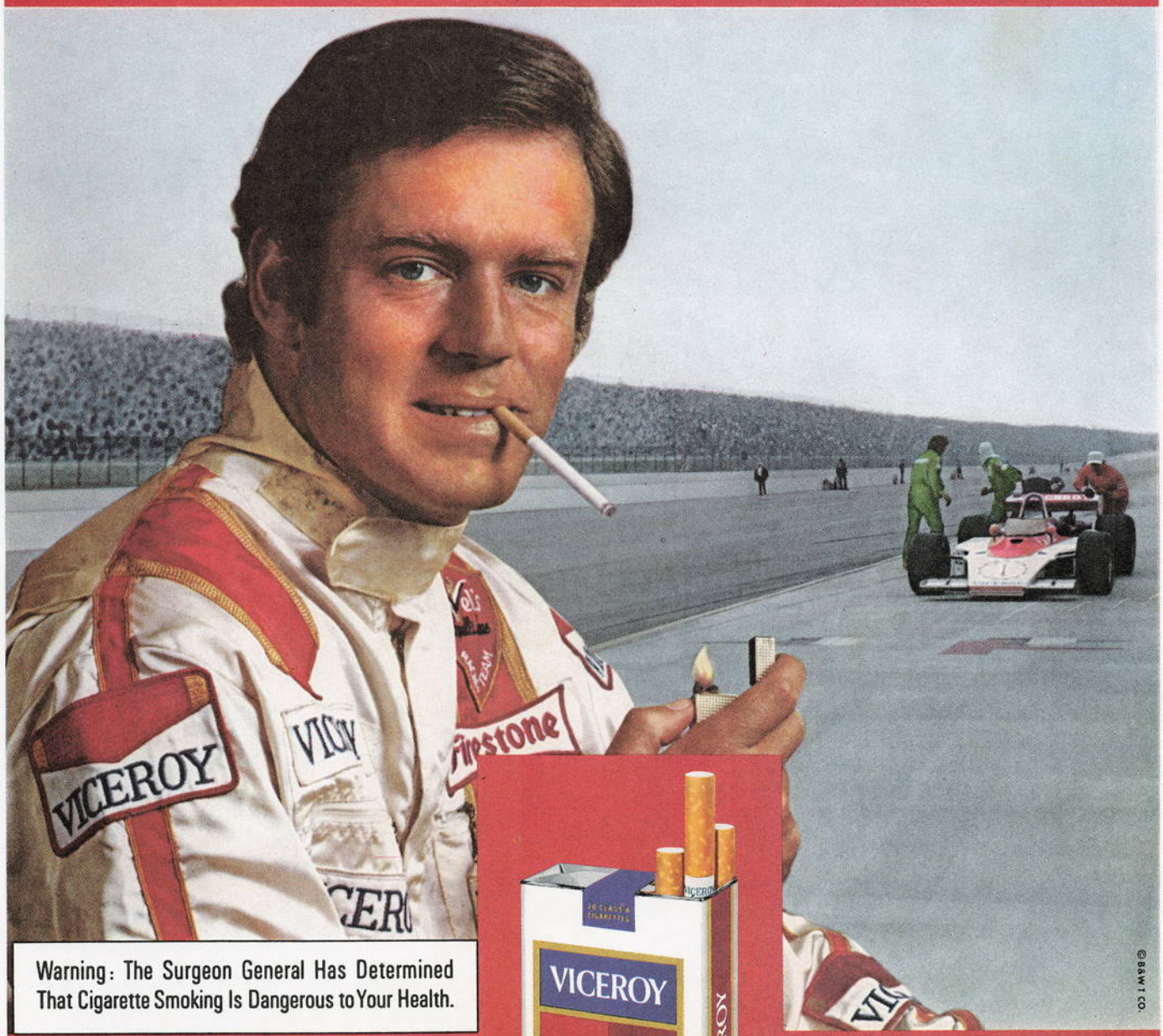

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Is it live, or is it Memorex?

That's a tough question to answer. In our television commercials you saw that even a professional musician couldn't tell if the music he heard was live or on a Memorex cassette. Could be because only Memorex cassette recording tape has the MRX_2 Oxide formulation.

And if you record your own music, that could make all the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

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Many receivers may give you all this. But they cost a lot more.

At $229.95,* the SA-5150 gives you more power and less total harmonic distortion than five of the other best known brands do at a comparable price (16 watts per channel, minimum RMS, into 8Ω from 40Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.8% THD).

To hear all the lows of the bass guitar and all the highs in crashing cymbals without distortion you need a reservoir of power for instantaneous peaks. So we put two 4700μf electrolytic capacitors in the SA-5150's power supply.

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Technics SA-5150. If you want all this in a receiver, it's the only receiver you want.

Technics turntables, tape decks, speakers and receivers. The concept is simple. The execution is precise. The performance is outstanding. The name is Technics.

*Suggested retail price.

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Stereo Receiver—SA-5150

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / JANUARY 1976

World-wide sale: **5,350,000***

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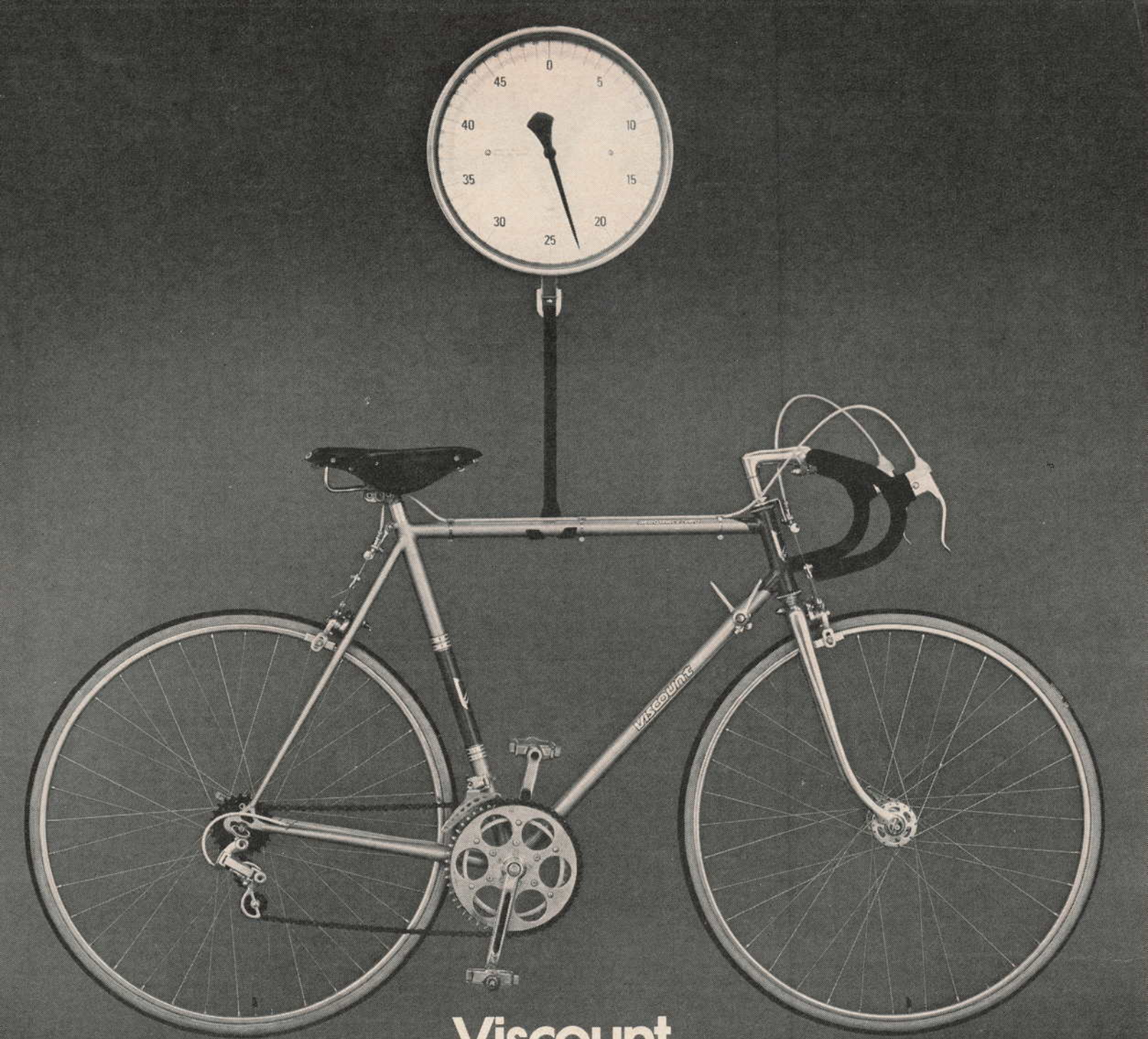

Viscount.
For weight-watchers.

Holding down the weight of a 10-speed is a tough engineering job. That's why a typical "lightweight cycle" sold in the U.S. can easily weigh 36 to 42 lbs. and often more.

Shown above is an un-typical cycle: The Viscount Aerospace Pro. British craftsmen used exotic aerobatic aircraft alloys (like chrome molybdenum fuselage tubing) and high precision machining techniques to hold its weight down to a sleek 22.75 lbs.*

Can 14 to 20 lbs. make a real difference? Ask your legs and lungs. That's where riders on heavy 36- to 40-pounders really feel it.

By contrast, the competition-light Viscount is super efficient. For high acceleration. And smooth hill climbing as you pass the tired riders of overweight machines. And that's the whole point: no-sweat ease of motion.

Whether you ride for fun, transportation, or exercise—remember, we took it off so you could get it on.

Test ride the Viscount now before the Christmas rush. Prices start at $139.**

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VISCOUNT AEROSPACE CYCLES

Flying Machines in the British Tradition

Distributed by Yamaha

*19-1/2" frame without toe clips. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices $139–$269.

Trade your hog

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you?

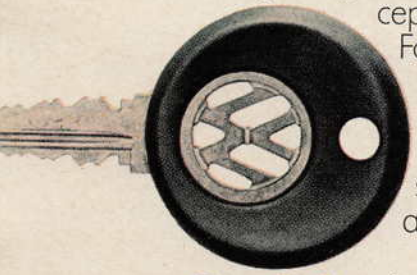
All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.



Even the key is padded for safety.

For example, size: The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV; as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars; and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.

Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example: safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

The deluxe Rabbit also has an utterly unique safety belt that puts itself on as you sit down.

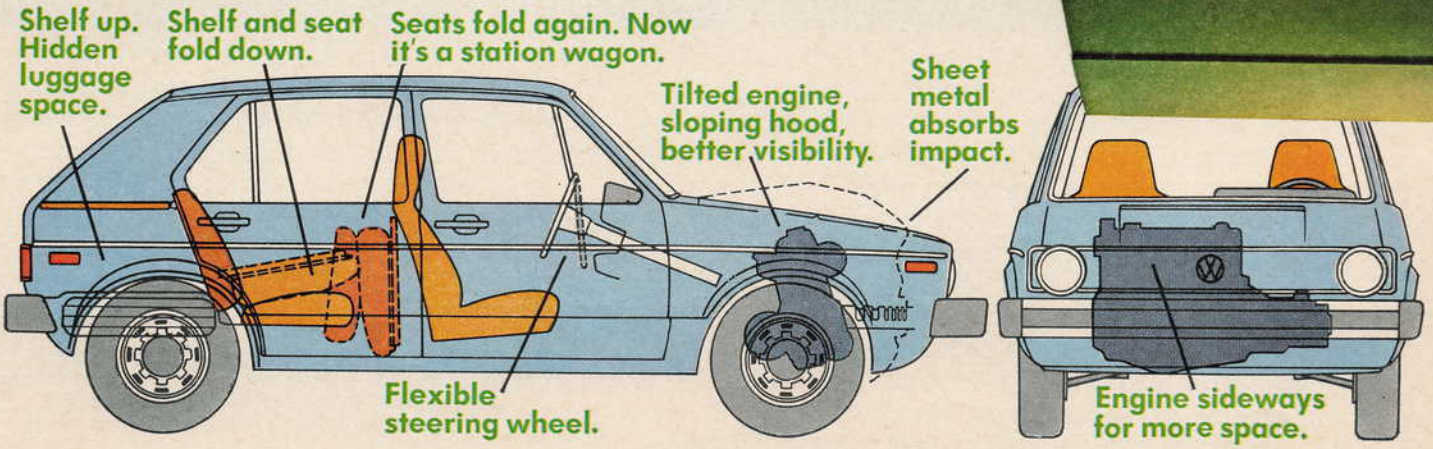
Still another example: economy and performance.

The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 39 mpg on the highway, 25 mpg in the city.

(Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

We've done it.


Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.
Shelf and seat fold down.
Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.
Tilted engine, sloping hood, better visibility.
Sheet metal absorbs impact.
Flexible steering wheel.
Engine sideways for more space.

for a Rabbit.

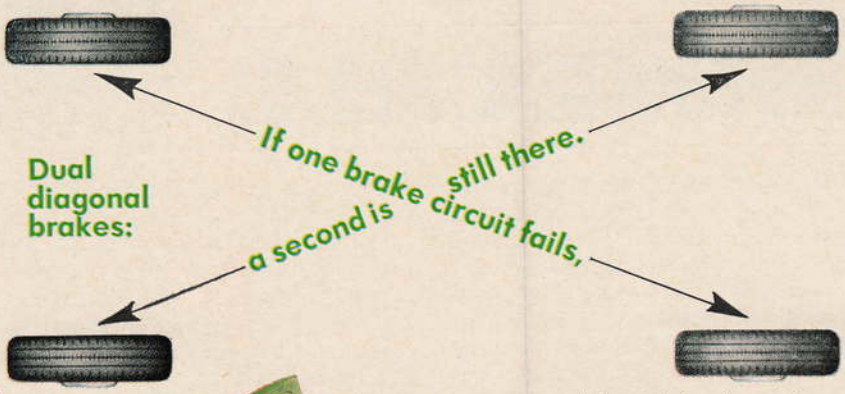
0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds. A $21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better.

No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

There are more than 80,000 VW Rabbits hopping around the U.S. already.

It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.



The Amazing Rabbit

Our biggest VW sale was to Detroit's Big Three–56 Rabbits. We don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colors.

They are tearing them to pieces to find out how we did it. We did it the hard way—from scratch.

But it was worth it.

The Rabbit is a happy car, and we're happy with it.

At first, we were worried about the future of the car.

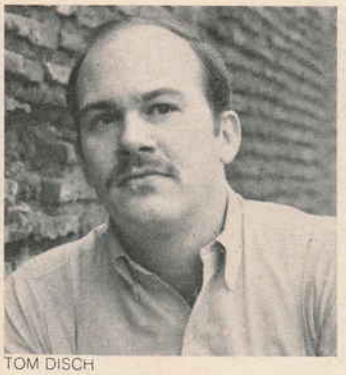
Now we've come up with the car of the future.

NICK TOSCHES

Molly Malone Cook
MISCHA RICHTER

Pat Hilt
MARY PEROT NICHOLS

Pat Hilt
HOWARD BLUM


TOM DISCH

Pat Hilt
LINDA MERINOFF

Barry Coleman
CESCA VAIL

HOUSECALL

As the whole wide world knows by now, 1976 is going to be a very special year for all Americans, during which we'll not only be putting our history under the microscope, but a fair sampling of the men and women who will shape our future—the politicians who are even now maneuvering for power in this election year. Throughout this Bicentennial, *Penthouse* will be taking a long, hard look at the people and the issues that concern these United States. This month we begin with a man who was born to power and who has exercised it throughout his life. In *Generalissimo Rockefeller*, **Mary Perot Nichols**, a reporter who has covered Rocky since his gubernatorial campaign of 1958 takes a long look at the ex-governor of New York, erstwhile presidential candidate, and unelected vice president. While Nichols once believed that Rocky "was a moral vacuum surrounded by a huge body of money," she has now modified that opinion, summing up the Veep as "an indecisive, insecure, impatient, and class-bound man whose instinct in a crisis is to abdicate to the military. In short, the kind of man who would make a great president—of a banana republic!"

Now, there are still some Americans who really believe that Rocky deserves a break, but lesser citizens are constantly enjoined to take *their* break at McDonald's, where the bun never sets. In *The Bun Also Rises*, authors **Max Boas** and **Steve Chain** take you inside the fast-food empire that sold $524 million worth of hamburgers in 1974 to discover what's beneath all that bread. What they found in their sifting is that nutritional experts are generally agreed that the Big Mac menu is utterly lacking "in wholesomeness, nourishment, and food value," and a good deal more besides—enough to make you bark before you bite.

Speaking of "bark," we dropped in for an interview with burly British movie actor **Oliver Reed**, of *Women in Love* and *Three Musketeers* fame—among other achievements. Writer **Linda Merinoff** stalked Reed through the drafty corridors of his sixty-room gothic mansion in Surrey, to find out if he is really the brash, hard-living, freewheeling man everyone says he is. She found him as vivid a conversationalist as he is an actor, and after discussing art, acting, politics, women, sex, fighting, and money—not necessarily in that order—Reed allowed that, at thirty-seven, he had mellowed a trifle. "I *think* about it now—I think about whether I'm going to hurt someone before I *do* something." For Oliver, that's progress.

Though it's a far cry from gothic mansions to the ghettos of Gotham, there are young New York heavies who are also thinking about people who hurt people and are doing something about it. **Howard Blum**'s piece on *The Heroin Wars* documents the efforts of teenage gang members to drive pushers out of their South Bronx turf. Since the arm of the law wasn't quite long enough to haul in the heroin peddlers, the gangs elected to eliminate them by any means available. Blum, author of the forthcoming book *Wanted: The Search for Nazis in America* (Quadrangle), documents the chilling vigilante tactics that have elevated these gang members to the status of neighborhood superpatriots.

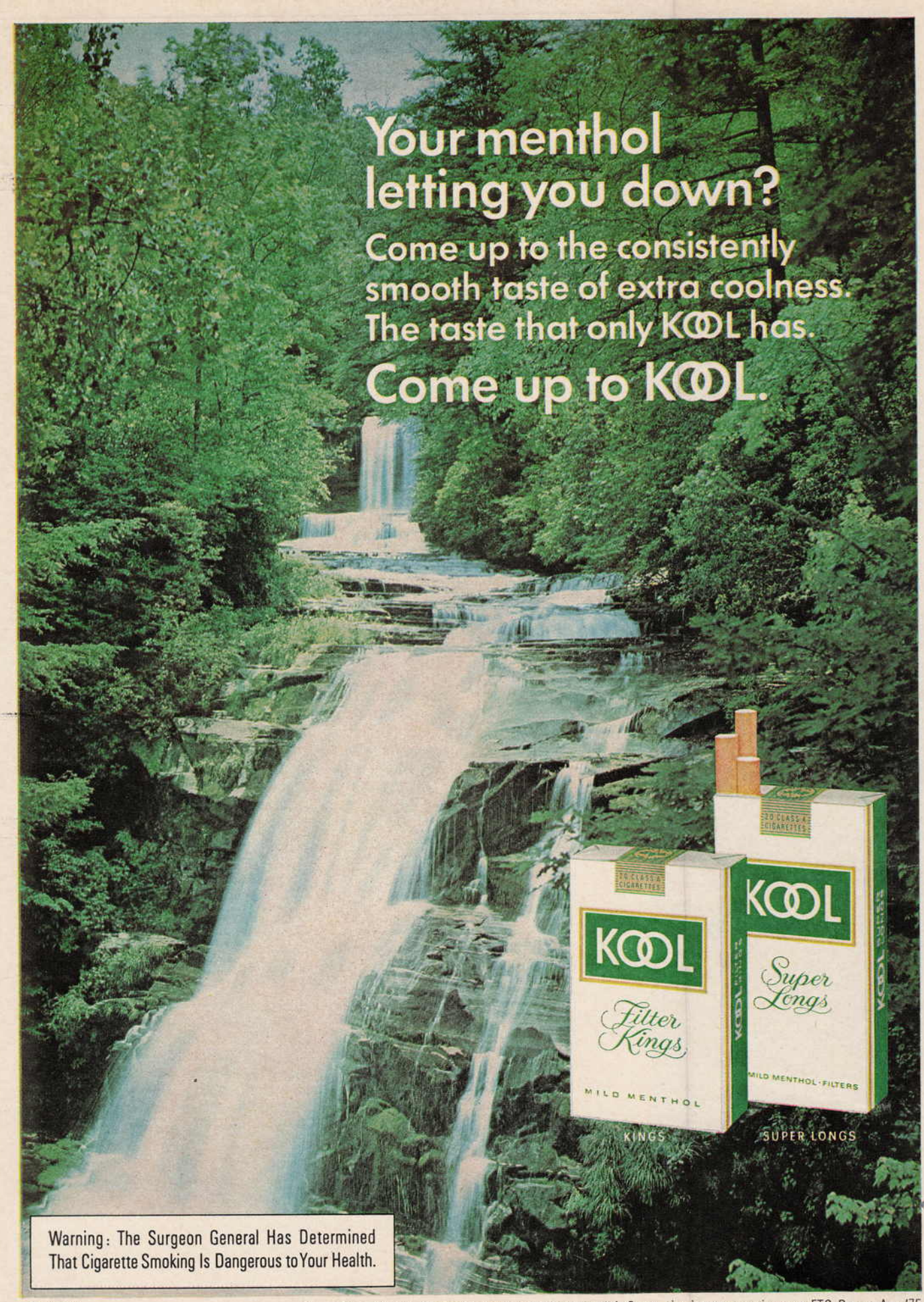
Patriots come in many guises, and it's sometimes hard to sort out where facts end and fiction begins. There's no such confusion in **Thomas Disch**'s short story *The Patent-Leather Patriot*, taken from his upcoming book called *Getting into Death* (Knopf). We learn of the progress of one Leonard Dworkin, whose electric transformation from a frustrated leather queen into a hard-core, flag-waving, "America First" fanatic is farce of the first order.

But for fiction that's not quite so speculative, we refer you to **Cesca Vail**'s *The Hot Seed Factor*, a story destined to set the cause of sperm banks back a decade. Seems there was this ambitious politician who thought his career would be furthered by fatherhood, only to find, poor fellow, that his seed fell fallow. He thereupon shipped his spouse to a handsome young gynecologist who had some very natural methods of artificial insemination up his sleeve—or thereabouts. Either way, the good doctor knew which end was up and managed to kindle a flame.

And when it comes to kindling, pity the poor people who literally burn their candle at both ends, and wind up *Broken on the Wheel of Sex*, as related in **Nick Tosches**'s tale dedicated to finding the answer to the eternal question: "Can you have too much sex?" Before you get smug about this puzzler, take a look at some of the answers he got from people who have been there—and crawled back.

One place *not* to take notes, it is rumored, is at the annual office party—the good old office bash, where the aforementioned eternal question may well creep into the conversation. If not, then check out award-winning cartoonist **Mischa Richter**'s interpretation of this seasonal ritual for a few advanced ideas for when you and your co-workers get together to sup a cup of cheer. And what better—or more appropriate—cheer to partake of in this commemorative year than the whiskey that America made famous? **Ken Gouldthorpe**, *Penthouse*'s managing editor, office-party veteran, and resident expert on the lore of liquor, brings both barrels to bear on the myths, makings, and magic "of a spirit as frontier as fringed buckskin, as smooth as a swallow-tailed coat, and as rugged and robust as the American past, when westward the jug of empire flowed."

And if we seem to be going a bit overboard on all things American in this first Bicentennial issue, may we even the score a bit by referring you to the four stunning young ladies who grace our pages? One's from a rural village in England, another's from the wilds of western Canada, the third is from Stuttgart, Germany, and Xaviera, as *everybody* knows, hails from Holland. We think you'll agree that, where the fair sex is concerned, *Penthouse* is totally international in scope and vision. Which is exactly where we aim to keep it.


Your menthol letting you down?
Come up to the consistently smooth taste of extra coolness. The taste that only KOOL has.
Come up to KOOL.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KINGS
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL · FILTERS
SUPER LONGS
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©B&W T CO.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

"It's a good turntable by itself, and as an added bonus it also stacks records."

Creem, MARCH 1975

In the old days, a serious audio enthusiast wouldn't touch anything but a manual turntable.

He felt he had no choice.

But as *Sound* magazine says in its August 1975 issue:

"In recent years...the quality of the automatic turntable has risen dramatically. And the performance of the B·I·C 960 certainly substantiates our belief that a serious music lover can attain extremely high quality in an automatic unit just as in the best manuals." B·I·C™

In a Sept. 1975 test report, *Radio & Electronics* agrees, noting that B·I·C:

"might well be considered a top-performing manual turntable in its price category."

Modern Hi-Fi and Music (Aug./Sept. 1975) reports:

"wow and flutter of 0.03% at 33⅓ rpm and rumble less than −65db; specifications which are more typical of a good manual than most automatics."

If you're serious enough about your system to spend $100 or more on a turntable, a B·I·C 940, 960, or 980 has what you want and more of it—all three are multiple-play manual turntables sharing the same quality features and high performance.

See if your high-fidelity dealer doesn't agree. He has literature with all the details. Or write to B·I·C ("bee-eye-cee") c/o British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Model wife

I'm always reading about other people's experiences in your magazine and thought I would write about one of mine.

Being a camera bug and having a shapely 5'5" blond for a wife, I've taken many nude pictures, including movies of us having sex. One day at work, I was thinking about what it would be like to show some of her pictures to someone. As I sat there, I got a big hard-on. I told my wife about it, and after discussing it, she said she wouldn't mind if I showed some of her pictures to a good friend of ours. So each time he would come over, I would show him a few.

Well, about three months later, during halftime of Monday Night Football when he was over, I took out the movies and showed them. We had been having a few drinks, and when the movies were over, I suggested my wife show him in person the new outfit I bought her. After a little coaching, she went upstairs and came down with her bathrobe on. When she disrobed all she had on was a little patch covering her snatch, which she modeled for us. Jokingly we examined the little garment, during which time my friend peeked inside.

I suggested she show us her black outfit, and a few minutes later, she came down with only a black garter belt and nylons on, exposing her tits and pussy. Man, what a hard-on I got! I put my hand up to her tit and said their nice form was due to the fine care I give them. Our friend called her closer and, as he put his mouth on her tit, said, "This would make a nice picture." I agreed it would and went upstairs to get my camera.

Well we spent the next half hour taking pictures of each other sitting with my wife in the nude and, other than us feeling her up and her feeling us, nothing happened. But watching my wife let my friend feel her pussy and put his mouth on her tit—and watching her hold his cock in her hand—gave me the biggest hard-on.

This happened two years ago and hasn't happened since; but every time I think of that night, I could pop my rocks.—*N.M., address withheld*

The perils of puberty

Recently my sister and brother-in-law asked me (thirty-five-year-old bachelor) to take care of their thirteen-year-old daughter, Bonnie, for Saturday and Sunday while they went away together. The girl is very pretty, has long, sandy blond hair, a *rapidly* developing body, is quite precocious, and is "boy crazy."

They dropped her off at 10 A.M. on Saturday and left. After she put her suitcase away, I suggested we play tennis and badminton, which we did for nearly two hours. After lunch she said she was tired and wanted to take a nap. But by then I noticed I had difficulty keeping my eyes off her cute body as she was wearing a thin halter (braless, of course) and super-tight, super-short, "short-shorts." After she had been napping for about fifteen minutes, I heard moans from the room she was sleeping in. Quietly I went up to see what was the matter. Upon entering the room, I saw her clothes on the floor. She lay nude on the bed with her legs spread wide apart and was stroking the erect nipples of her breasts. She seemed to be asleep so I stepped back and watched as her fingers stroked her vaginal lips and clitoris which were surrounded by light brown pubic hair. After her mild climax, I quickly left the room as I was shaking with excitement and had a huge erection. I had never before actually seen a girl (especially a young girl) masturbate!

In a while she came downstairs fully dressed. Since it was a warm day, I asked if she wanted to swim with me in my small pool. She said yes, so I put on my bathing suit and went to the pool. She came to the pool wrapped in a big beach towel I had given her. She explained she had "forgotten" her bathing suit and asked if she could swim nude. Although I protested at first, I gave in since my home is far from others and has a six-foot fence around the pool. I had real difficulty concealing my erection as I watched her beautiful young body. Later she said she was cold and lay on her towel in the sun. She took my tube of suntan lotion and applied it to her arms, legs, and breasts—then asked me to put some on her back and buttocks. I nearly shot off in my bathing suit as I massaged her cute firm ass. But, unbelieveably, that's as far as it went.

That night, in bed by myself and fired up from the day of wild teasing, I masturbated wildly—spraying semen all over the bed sheets.

Then next morning we slept late, had brunch, and talked. She asked me some questions about sex, and before I knew it, we had talked about sex for over two hours. Then we took another swim—she nude, me wearing my bathing suit. After the swim, she took a shower and stood there naked as I adjusted the water temperature for her. After she toweled off, she asked me to

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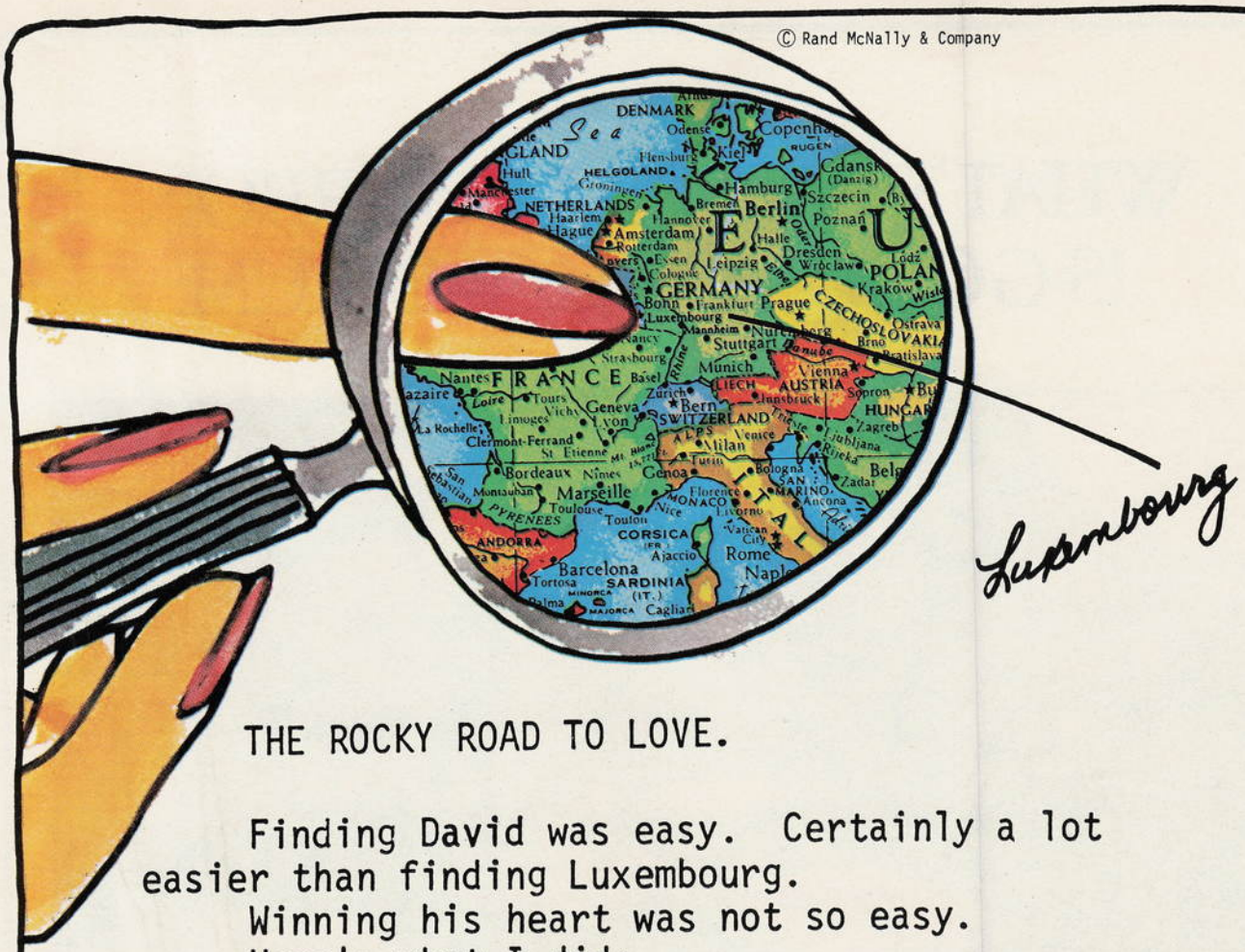

THE ROCKY ROAD TO LOVE.

Finding David was easy. Certainly a lot easier than finding Luxembourg.

Winning his heart was not so easy.

Here's what I did:

First I had David put a few rocks in a glass.

Then I told him to hold the glass.

Then I poured some Cuervo Gold Especial into the glass. (It's the best, you know.)

Then I said, hold the glass up to your mouth, tip it a little, and swallow what comes out. (I call this "drinking".)

Well, let me tell you, David's eyes lit up as the Cold Gold went down, and he broke out into a nice, big grin.

Altogether, I'd say David never enjoyed a drink more.

And that's how I found love.
In a manner of speaking.

Julie

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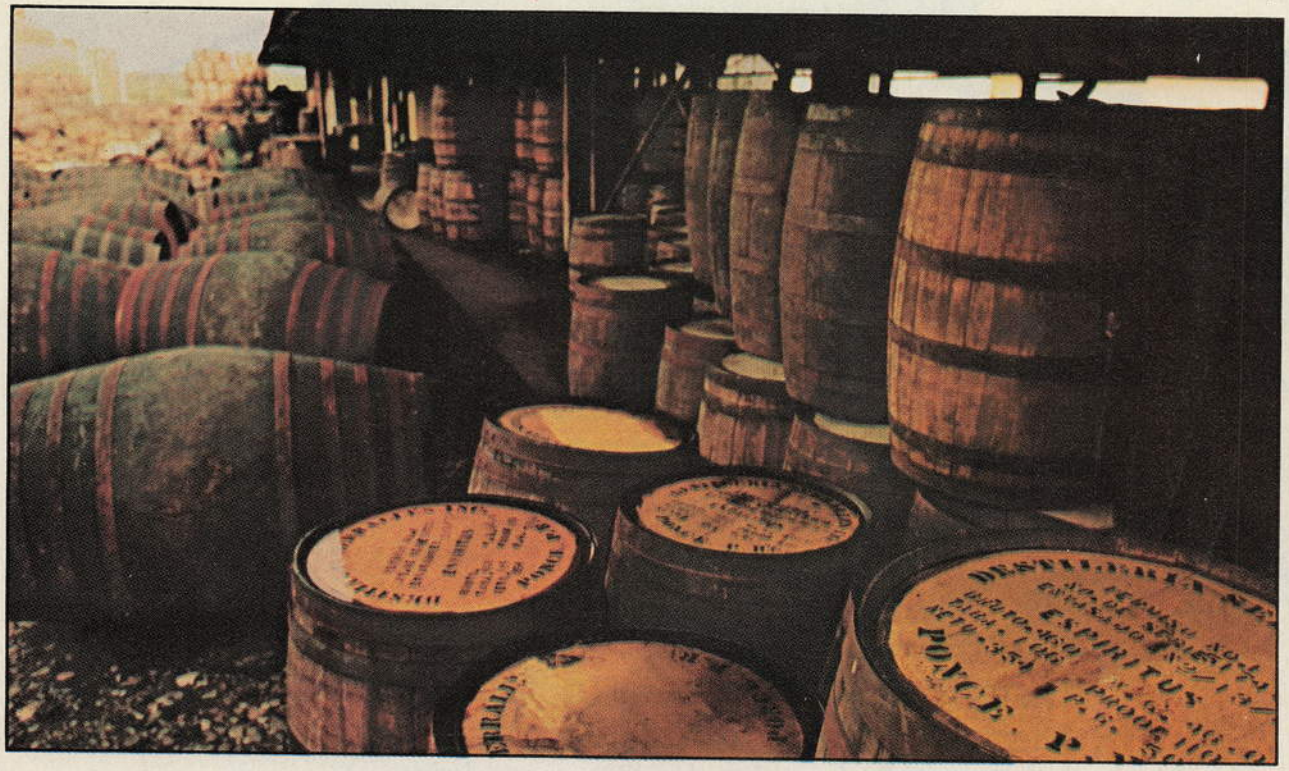

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towel off her back which I did. Then she came downstairs naked and slowly dressed in front of me. She put on white bikini panties, panty hose, a thin sweater (braless), short skirt, and shoes.

At about three o'clock, her parents came for her. We talked, had drinks, then they prepared to leave. I went upstairs to get her suitcase, and she ran up to thank me for the good time. Staring at me, she kissed me on the lips—then ran her tongue across mine and pressed my hand against her teenage breast—while with her other hand she slowly rubbed my cock and balls. Suddenly she pulled away and gave me a coy, nymphet smile, then grabbed her bags and ran down to her parents' car. As soon as I regained my composure, I joined them. But as they drove away, I said to myself, "Wow, what a weekend! But never, never again!"—*Name withheld, Buffalo, N.Y.*

High rise

For the last two years I have had a great job for guys who really enjoy a hot crotch.

Since I was nineteen, I have worked as a window washer in a large, high-rise apartment building on the Near North Side of Chicago. During this time I have learned that there are many women who like to show off their bodies if they feel that it will not go any further.

We have women of all ages, single and married, in our building, and I have seen about fifteen completely naked and many more almost as good. My first good time was the second day on the job. My partner and I were on the window washer unit about ten-thirty in the morning, and he told me to watch a particular window. Just as he promised, there was a tall redhead about thirty years old moving around the living room in a light blue, shorty nightgown. It was so short I could see some hair below the hem in the front.

She was dusting the furniture and leaning over as if no one was looking. On a couple of occasions, she bent over, and Tim and I got a good look both at her cunt and right up her asshole.

A few days later on a dark afternoon, I was working the platform by myself and could see a light in the bathroom across from the window. Just then a sixteen or seventeen year old in a small bra and bikini panties walked through the room. She looked right at me, then turned her back as if I wasn't there. She unhooked the bra, dropped it on the bed, then slipped her hands inside the elastic band of the panties. For a minute one hand was rubbing inside the front, and the other cupped her ass inside the back. After I got a good look and started to drip inside my blue jeans, she slid the panties down to her ankles and stepped out.

Then she walked over to the bathroom door, and I could see her turn on the shower and step into the tub behind the curtain. I unzipped my fly with one hand and held on to my throbbing cock while continuing

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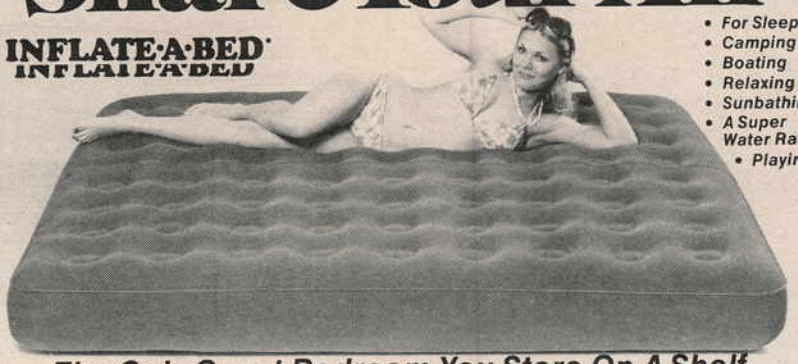

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JANUARY

to wash the window with the other hand.

In a few moments, she stepped out from behind the curtain and began to dry herself with a large, blue towel. I thought that her cunt, her nice erect breasts, and her ass crack got a lot of attention, as did my cock while I watched. At the point when she was obviously getting real hot, her mother appeared in the room, and I quickly moved the platform up to the next floor.

There have been many more great times including a magnificent twenty-eight-year-old who gave herself a finger job on the bed right in front of me, and the intellectual who would lie on her stomach on a white rug, reading a book with her open legs pointing towards the window.

I have gotten to know many of these women and have been into their apartments on more than one occasion. However, I don't think that actually fucking them is any better than the sights to which I was treated in my first few months.—*Name withheld, Chicago, Illinois*

Maybe. But sometime we'd like to see your *act. Now that's coordination!*—Editor

Love's own sweet sound

Each month when I read the *Penthouse* Forum, I always get the urge to write you and share with Forum readers a very erotic and exciting experience my chick and I have discovered. Until now I have never been able to muster the courage.

We first got the idea at a Rolling Stones concert in Atlanta where the comment was made that Mick Jagger practically made love to his microphone. That prompted a brainstorm which forced us to leave the concert and return to Nashville as fast as we could.

We got home after a tiring flight in my twin-engine Cessna, and we were both eager to get started with what we had discussed all the way home. I went directly to my studio where I have various recording and amplifying equipment and microphones. I quickly set the tone and volume controls on one of the amps and hooked up one highball hand mike. It was about eight-inches long, and the ball had a two-inch diameter. It was only a matter of minutes before my girl came into the studio completely nude.

We lay down on the studio couch, and I turned on the mike and began slowly stroking the outer lips of her vagina with it. Her love juices soon began to flow, and I inserted the head of the mike into her lubricated pussy. More juices began to flow as the sound of the microphone wallowing in her cunt juice blasted through the speakers. I increased the pace of the stroking, and each time I withdrew the mike, I rubbed the ball of it against her clitoris as I shoved it back in. This sent her reeling, and the heaving of her pelvic area—combined with the sounds of the microphone plunging into the depths of her love box and the moans she emitted each time the ball struck her clit—brought me to a fever pitch. I manipulated her breasts with my free hand as the sounds of her luscious cunt being fucked filled the studio. She was coming, and the heavy breathing and the scrumptious squishing sounds of the stroking suddenly ceased in a final spasmodic shuddering of screaming orgasm.

This had my prick foaming and hard, and while she lay restlessly still for a moment, I rewound the tapes that had recorded every delightful sound of the entire ordeal. I started the replay and headed back to the couch.

We began our session again, singing harmony to the hit record we had recorded, trying to keep time stroke for stroke and beat for beat. She climaxed two more times while I held off until the tape had reached its most intense point before I released my throbbing load and completely collapsed.

We are now the hottest recording duo in Nashville, and we have performed before all of our friends. We sometimes ask them to grab a tube of K-Y Jelly and join our "jam session." We have tried to get on the Grand Old Opry, but Nashville had not "come" that far yet.—*G.M., Nashville, Tenn.*

Sweater boy

For some time I have read letters about unusual and exotic sexual fetishes but never one about the types of erotica I enjoy—namely, bulky sweaters and sweater-knit clothing of all types. It started when I was about ten years old. Our teenage, next-door neighbor had been my sitter for most of my life. She was about six years older than me and had very large boobs which I loved to lay my head on when sitting on her lap while we watched TV. She liked to wear sweaters (especially turtlenecks) to show off her boobs, and she never seemed to mind if I rested my hand on one of them.

One day after having taken a shower, she came into my room and found me standing there stark naked. I was quite bashful and tried to grab a towel to cover up with. She asked to have a look at me and took the towel away. I had a little pubic hair, but I was definitely not hung, even for a ten-year-old. She asked if she could put some powder on me, to which I agreed, and she began to rub it on my backside. Then she rubbed some on my chest, but she was still standing behind me. In the process, she began to rub her boobs across my rear and upper legs. She was wearing a heavy sweater, and the sensation of the soft knit rubbing across the powdered areas of my body was more than I could stand. I guess I got whatever hard-on I could get at that age, and she immediately began to put powder on it. By this time I was shaking all over and afraid of being caught by my folks. She said not to worry and directed me to the bed. She began to massage my penis and asked me if I would like to play with her boobs. I told her I would love to but to leave her sweater

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on. She did, and I couldn't believe the terrific feeling I was experiencing! She then got on top of me and began to rub her sweatered body over my pubic area while I played with her big boobs. I didn't climax as such, but I did get a feeling all over me that I can now only describe as an orgasm. She kissed me and gave my little penis a few sucks after which she got up off the bed. We went into the kitchen for lunch, and she began to ask me all sorts of questions about what we just did and whether or not I liked it. She said we could do it again if I wanted to next time she came over to stay with me. I begged her to wear her sweater again because the scratchy texture felt so good next to my naked body.

Next time she came over, she not only had a bulky turtleneck on but a skirt to match. I was so nervous I started to perspire and ran into my room. After my folks left, she came into my room and asked me if she looked all right. I was still nervous, and all I could do was nod my head yes. She asked if there were similar sweaters around our house, and I told her where they were. She got two or three and asked me if I would like to wear one like hers. Naturally, I said yes because I had been doing just that ever since our first encounter. She undressed me and slipped a large, bulky, white pullover over my head. It was a glorious feeling. We got on my bed, and she began to suck my penis. Without thinking I shoved my hand up under her skirt to her pussy. She flinched but only smiled and took off both skirt and panties. Needless to say, I had a fantastic time for a young boy. She let me fuck her as best I could, all the while rubbing her boobs over me. This type of game continued for many months.

As I grew older, I began to dress in my favorite sweaters when I could. I added such things as cable-knit headwear, knit pantsuits, and anything else I could find to aid my enjoyment. Debbie, the sitter, and I played many fun games with her sweaters and other clothing. She loved to dress me up in knitwear and have me eat her pussy and her asshole. I loved to have her do anything to me as long as I was dressed in the clothing I most enjoyed. We were married about eight years ago and have added many variations to our sweater games. We truly love each other and enjoy complete abandon with each other in our sex life.—*Name withheld, St. Louis, Mo.*

All dolled up

I am an eighteen-year-old male who has been reading *Penthouse* magazine for the past two and a half years and am very satisfied. You have printed a lot of letters dealing with the various forms of masturbation, and I, too, would like to add another one to your collection.

One day I was looking for a comb in one of my kid sister's drawers when I came across some of her dolls. Just then I had a thought of taking off one of her Barbie doll's clothes, and the idea gave me a slight erection. I took two of the dolls and brought them into the bathroom and proceeded to strip one of them—with each piece of stripped clothing adding another inch to my love muscle. When it was nude, I pulled down my pants and viewed the longest hard-on I have ever had. The sight gave me another idea, and I proceeded to make the doll fuck my cock.

I first took the doll and made it tickle my balls and shaft with its finger and hair. The sight of a miniature girl doing me and smiling all the while really set me on fire. I bent her legs at the torso to form a ninety-degree bend and tried to spread them apart in spread-eagle fashion, but they didn't. So I wrapped her legs around my cock and began to jack off. After a few minutes of this, I took off the other doll's clothes and found out this one could split. I began to jack off again—this time eating out the second doll simultaneously. When I finally came, it was just fantastic.

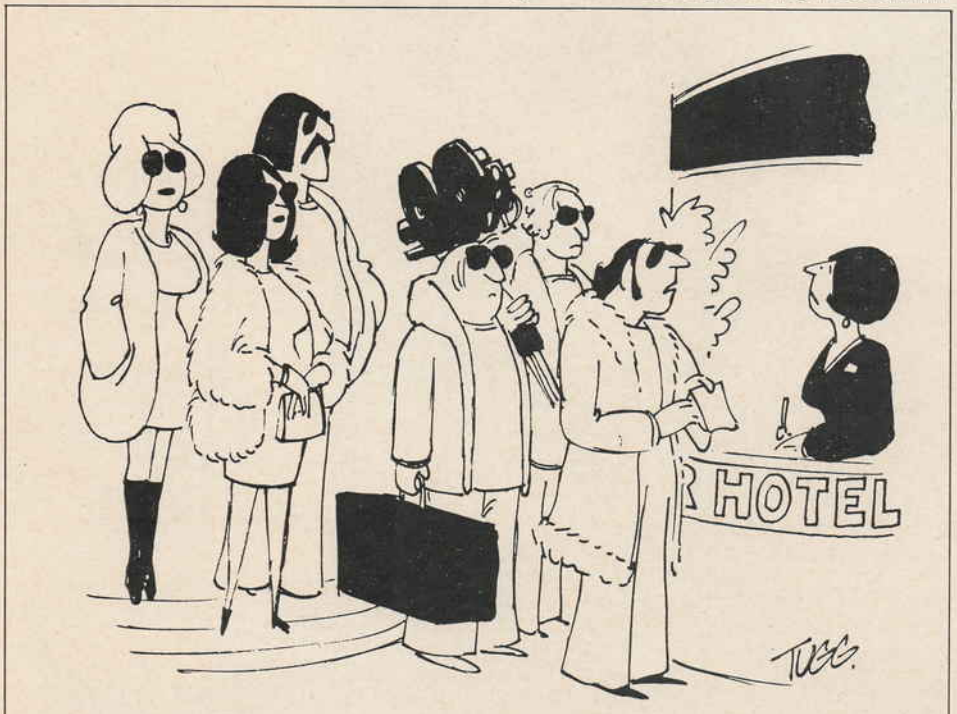
The next day I decided to do this again but felt a little scared because my sister might find the dolls all battered up. So I bought a couple of dolls for myself and now practice this exercise about every week.—*Name and address withheld*

Pampered panda

After reading all of the far-out letters in your magazine each month, I decided that I just had to write you and tell your readers all about what just happened to me. This has got to be the most bizarre sexual thing that I have ever heard of or done. It all happened when I was at the fair here this summer. I was walking down the midway with a couple of my buddies when I decided that I would try to win a giant panda bear for my girl, Sheila. I won the bear and decided to go home to give it to her (the bear, I mean). As I drove along toward her apartment after letting my friends off at their place, I started to look closely at this stuffed animal. Much to my dismay, I found that the crotch area of the little devil had a tiny flaw in the material. Cursing to myself about the low quality of things, I began unravelling the thread around the flaw. I don't know what I was thinking about, but I kept right on unravelling the thread until a large hole had formed in the crotch area. For some strange reason, I found that I couldn't take my eyes off this enlarging hole. You can probably guess what it was that I did next. Yup, that's right, I shoved my now red-hot rod all the way up to the hilt, and the sensation of the stuffing was almost unbearable along with the texture of the soft material around the base of my throbbing knob. I came in a huge gush of cotton stuffing and damn near passed out from the ecstasy. And I also almost cracked up my Volkswagen. I cleaned up the little bugger (and myself) with a handkerchief and decided that this stuffed animal was too good to give away.

Since that day, I have experimented and have bought all sorts of kinky clothing for "Amanda." His (her) ensemble now includes purple garters, support-hose stockings, and the most beautiful pure white uniform. It's almost as if I have my own little nurse to service me twenty-four hours a day. I have also gone so far as to mail away to one of those sex shops for peek-a-boo bras and artificial breasts to dress up my new playmate.

To conclude, let me just say that I am *not* one of those nuts who makes up kinky stories to give your readers a good laugh. I am a college educated, upper middle



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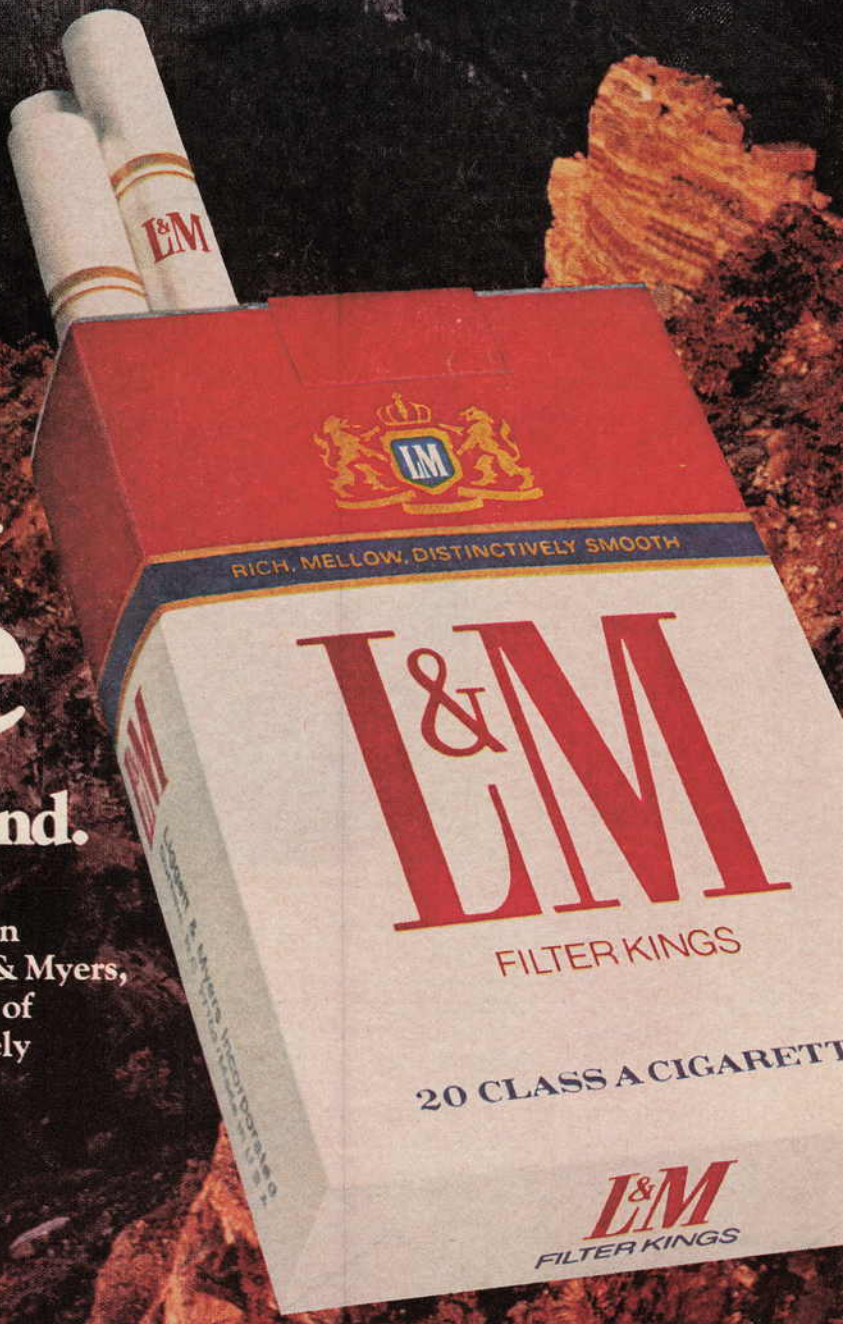

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class baggage master on the railroad. After this strange event occurred, let me just say—Long live *Penthouse*!—*Name and address withheld*

A different drummer

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse*, especially the Forum, for about a year and a half now. When I read the letter from the ecstatic bass player in your September issue, I knew that I had to write to tell your readers of my musical experience.

I am a drummer in a local orchestra. I once performed Ravel's "Bolero" with another orchestra and was fortunate enough to be surrounded by a drum section of the most well-endowed and most succulent young percussionists I have ever seen. After the first opening bars, I began to become very aroused by the lovely sights around me. And before I knew it, I had attained one of the most enormous erections I have ever experienced. Maintaining the rhythm with one hand, I unzipped my pants with the other. I was to the back of the section and away from the audience so I felt secure in my motions as I removed my pulsating member. I placed my throbbing drumstick against my drum. As the song grew in intensity, so did the vibrations of the drum. And finally, with the climax of the number, my own climax burst forth in glory all over my drum. It was the greatest and most powerful orgasm I have ever had. I quickly replaced my tool and felt very secure with my secret moment of joy. After our concert, I was surprised to be invited to an all-percussionist party at the apartment shared by two of the girls. You can understand my surprise and embarrassment when, during the party, one of the girls kidded me about my evening's performance. But the embarrassment soon dispersed when everyone went home and my remaining two, desirable drumming comrades removed my clothes and then their own and proceeded to give me the greatest sexual night of my life. I am eternally grateful to my drum for opening the door to those lovely percussionists' labial secrets. And let me say that I often practice extra hard on Ravel's "Bolero" anytime I am lonely. I would be very interested whether other musicians have discovered delightful masturbational techniques of this type with their own instruments (musical and otherwise).—*B.R., Battle Creek, Mich.*

Be careful. What happened to Harry in "Harry's Cello" (Penthouse, *December 1975, p. 98) could happen to you.*—Editor

Up to snuff

I would like to relate an incident that happened seven days prior to this writing, but a little bit of explaining is needed first.

Being a native of Arkansas, one discovers that it is not uncommon to find women who enjoy chewing tobacco. Most of these girls prefer snuff (as with my current lady companion).

With this in mind, seven days ago I was reading the *Penthouse* Forum when, all not quite to my surprise, I became quite aroused. No one was around to help me take the matter in hand, so I started to flail my meat right there in my rocker.

Just when I had fired my cannon, I heard the unmistakable sound of my girl's footsteps on the breezeway. Slightly embarrassed at the thought of being caught cream handed, I hysterically looked for a place to dispose of the evidence.

In my panic I removed the discharge from my fingers by rubbing them across the lip of my lady friend's tin of Skoal. Imagine her surprise when she got her next dip!

Now every time she gets a fresh tin, she insists that I jism into the snuff. She loves the taste and recommends it to all her girl friends.—*Name withheld, Fayetteville, Ark.*

M-sexteen

I am an attractive, well-built WAC who recently accompanied a reserve unit to annual training at an active army post. One of the few opportunities afforded to women in our army is firing weapons as the men have been doing for years. The day I went to the range, there were only a few other reservists. I found that I was on the far end of the firing line, and there was no one for a number of yards around me. I was also hidden by a large clump of trees. Later in the day, I was quite tired of firing and somewhat bored so I decided to sit upright and lay my rifle across my lap to fire it. Soon I noticed that the vibrations from the gun were giving me strange tingling feelings every time I fired it. Becoming more and more excited as I lowered the gun deeper into my lap, I began to imagine the rifle as a large pulsating phallic symbol. I sunk the butt of the stock deeper until it was pushing hard against the crease in my crotch. As my panties started to oose with the fluid from my first orgasm I set the gun on full automatic and proceeded to bring my self to a second and more violent orgasm. Suddenly I realized that I was not alone and looked up to see the Range Officer towering above me with his huge cock exposed. He threatened to expose my activities if I did not do as he commanded. He then proceeded to take my clothes off and open my cunt lips as far apart as they could go. He then nibbled and licked my clit. I must have had at least ten orgasms and nearly passed out from ecstasy as he finished me off with his beautiful cock. We have been meeting secretly at the range for two weeks now. This girl is definitely going to re-up when my enlistment is over.—*M-16 Lover, Ft. Carson, Colo.*

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Female forum . . .

I enjoy reading your magazine, particularly the Forum section. I'd like to inject some of my personal insights into your publication and make a suggestion.

I am a twenty-five-year-old bisexual female. I have never liked shaving so about three years ago I threw out my razor. You would not believe the reaction I've gotten from lovers of both sexes since I stopped shaving.

Most of the men I screwed really dug my hairy armpits and legs. In fact only two thought it was repulsive. All the rest said they thought more girls ought to try it.

And the women I've had relations with all loved it. So much, in fact, that all but one have something hairy now that wasn't hairy before—either armpits or legs, or sometimes both!

My point is this: if so many people like hairy women, why don't you show more girls with pubic hair on something other than their heads or twats? I'll bet millions of readers would welcome the addition.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . schick chick

I'm a twenty-year-old college coed, and I'd like to turn some of *Penthouse*'s other female readers on to a great experience that I had recently. One afternoon last week, I was shaving my legs with an electric razor, and just out of curiosity, I decided to shave my pussy. I slipped out of my panties and clipped my hair short with scissors. Then I started to use the razor, and the vibrations it produced had me panting with delight. By the time I finished shaving the hair off, I was afraid that my oozing love juices might short out the electric razor! I twisted the razor around, jammed the case up against my clit, and had the most thrilling orgasm of my life!

That night, when my roommate and I were getting ready for bed, she saw my clean-shaven pussy and asked me all about it. I sat down on the bed with my legs spread apart so she could get a really good look and told her about the fantastic experience of that afternoon. By the look in her eyes, I could tell that she was really turned on by the whole thing. Then I asked her if I could borrow some baby oil to soothe the sensitive skin. She poured some of the oil into her palm, walked over to me, and began caressing my denuded pudendum. I'll leave it to your imagination as to what happened next, but my roommate and I have kept each other in clean-shaven ecstasy ever since.—*Dennise K., address withheld*

There's obviously more than one way to skin a pussy.—Editor

. . . lasting impression

I would like to tell your readers about my experiences, which I have found to be very unique.

My current lover is a dental student, and we have enjoyed an extremely satisfying and uninhibited sex life together. So I was exasperated when I learned that he had to leave the city for three weeks this summer, leaving me without him. He has the most beautiful penis I have ever seen—it measures ten inches when fully erect. I just could not bear the thought of not being able to suck his penis or feel this wonderful monster deep inside my hot pussy. Then my lover got a brilliant idea and brought home some powder from school one day which he called alginate. After I had thoroughly aroused him with my tongue, lips, and nimble fingers, he quickly mixed the alginate powder with water and put the putty-like mixture into a very tall glass. Then he pushed my mouth away from his throbbing penis and inserted his hot organ all the way into the glass. After letting it set for a few minutes, he pulled his penis out of the glass, and we were left with a very detailed impression of his erect organ in the alginate. He then mixed up some dental stone and poured this into the impression in the glass. After letting it harden he removed the magnificent plaster model from the glass. It was a very exact, detailed model of his beautiful monster—which he gave to me so I would remember him while he was away.

While he was gone, I used the model to bring myself to orgasm every night. I used it in every way imaginable, and it brought me great pleasures. It was the greatest way to remember my lover while he was gone. And while not being used, the

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"statue" occupied a prominent place on my living room coffee table.

Since he has been back, I no longer need the model because I can fill my love tunnel with the real thing, which is much better. But my lover has found another use for it. While we are making love or while he is eating me, he inserts the statue into my anus and gives me double pleasure.—*N.S., Buffalo, N.Y.*

Some dentist. He certainly knows how to handle a cavity—to say nothing of his filling.—Editor

. . . getting the message

I am a forty-five-year-old woman, and I would like to express my particular sexual interest with your readership. For quite some time, I have desired to have a sexual relationship with an adolescent boy about seventeen or eighteen. It seems that kids that age have just always turned me on. Up until a month ago, these were just mental fantasies that I enjoyed. But then the real thing happened.

I work as a receptionist in a large office in New York and as a result get to see a lot of the teenage boys who deliver envelopes as messengers. For about three months, I noticed this cute blond boy about seventeen who would deliver an envelope each afternoon. He is probably the best looking kid I ever saw. For weeks I tried to think of some way I could get him, and finally on a rainy Monday, I got my nerve up. The kid came in soaking wet and dropped off the envelope just before my lunch hour. So as he started to leave, I mentioned how wet he was and wouldn't he like to dry off. Since I live only a few blocks from the office, I suggested we just go over there, where we would have some lunch, and he could watch some TV while I fixed it. He agreed that since he only had two more deliveries he could kill a few hours. So he said he'd come over.

As we walked over, I learned his name was Billy and he was seventeen. He went to school in the mornings and delivered these packages in the afternoons. I'm sure the kid had no idea what I had in mind for him. When we got upstairs he sat on the couch, and I fixed him a tom collins with a double dose of gin. I sat next to him on the couch. I asked him how many girl friends he had, and he said just a few. I told him that as cute as he was he should have a million. To this he just laughed and drank his drink like it was soda. All this while I was getting so hot over this kid that I was practically coming on the spot. The kid was wearing cutoff jeans, and I must say, he had the most beautiful legs I ever saw. I put my hand on his smooth knee, and the kid looked shocked but said nothing. I noticed he had a few hairs starting on the insides of his legs, and this turned me on even more. I then asked him if he'd ever had a blow job, and he shook his head no. With that I undid his belt and zipper and pulled his shorts down. I couldn't really believe what I was doing, and Billy was just as surprised. He had a nice dick with a small patch of hair. I quickly undid my dress and bra, and his blue eyes almost popped out. Instantly his dick got hard, about five inches, and I took the cock in my mouth. While I felt up his leg, I sucked and blew him, and in about two minutes, the kid started shouting that I better get my mouth off quick. Of course I kept it on, and he came as much as any man, and I swallowed every sweet drop. I had sucked a few men, but with Billy there was no salty taste—it was as sweet as cream. The kid couldn't believe I swallowed him. We adjourned to the bedroom where we did it all.

Since then most lunch hours and Friday nights, I make it with Billy. I've taught him every trick in the book. Not only have we fucked every imaginable way, but also I've licked every inch of him, from head to toe. A couple of times he's brought over some of his cuter friends, and I've sucked the three of them, and then we all fucked.

Before any girls knock it, they ought to try some teenage boy. It's amazing how easy it is to make them, and it's really a ball teaching a willing pupil. I don't know any girl who wouldn't dig licking Billy's smooth balls and swallowing his sweet sperm. Even just feeling his legs up, sends me off.—*E.W., N.Y., N.Y.*

Anybody know of an outfit that uses messenger girls?—Editor

. . . size wise

I am writing in response to the woman who feels that size determines satisfaction. I beg to differ.

I have been married several years to a man—with an enormous cock—who adores me. But he can not hold back when he enters me and does not realize that a woman needs to come more than once to be completely satisfied.

I have had several affairs with men of all sizes and shapes. But the man with the greatest control, who can bring me around three or four times without dropping his load, or can stay hard for me to come again, even after he has come—this man has the smallest and firmest cock of all. It is his knowledge of what turns a woman on, and his ability to move and to hold back, that makes him a beautiful lover. He can come three or four times in a night, and he is forty-nine. His experience with women, and he has shared many with me, has taught him how to satisfy any woman.

So, women, do not be mislead by size.—*Name and address withheld*

Equalize

I agree with the three men who write, in your September issue, that so much is said by women about a man's cock size but nothing is said about the size and use of a pussy. I approve of their recommendations. There is also a great deal of slang terms dealing with cocks; for example, "hard-on" and "get it up." But no one

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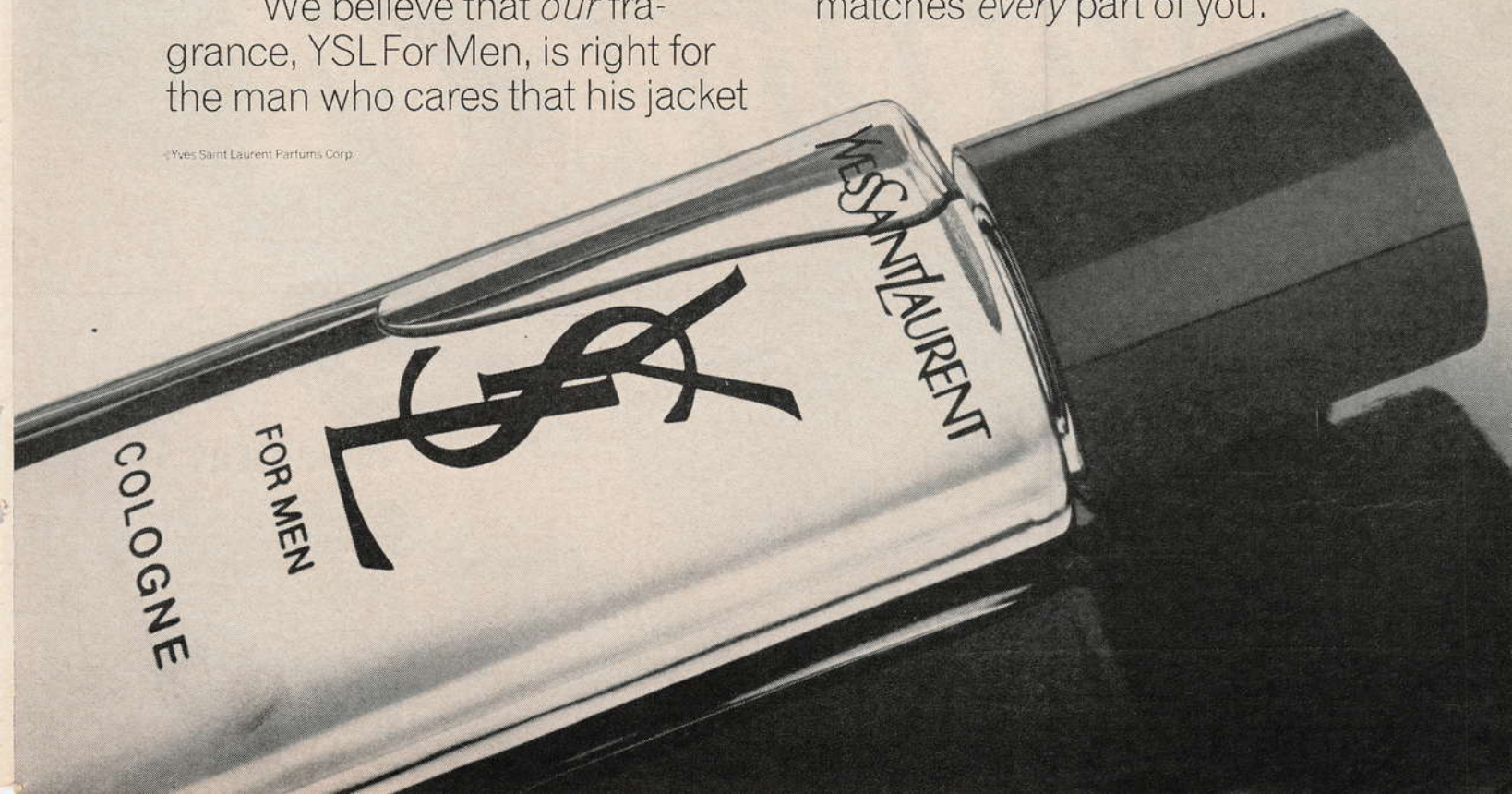


applies corresponding terms to cunts. If there is to be equality, terms like "wide-on," "get it open," and "juicy" had better be popularized.—*Name and address withheld*

Who needs adjectives?—Editor

Hirsute hints

To the readers of Forum, to Xaviera Hollander, and to Paul, who asked in the September issue of *Penthouse*, "What is the best way to remove the hair from the penis and the testicles?"

First, removal of the hair at the base of the penis can be irritating to a partner, especially one or two days after it is shaved. Second, removal of the hair above the penis does cause itching, and I have never been able to get a real close, smooth shave. Neither has my wife. However, I have found that to shave the balls can be an enjoyable experience and can also make them very sensitive to the touch. Furthermore, I shave my balls fairly often and now have a method that works quite well for me.

For equipment I suggest a Gillette Trac II razor. I have tried a safety razor as suggested by Xaviera, and also an electric razor, but the Trac II works the best and gives the smoothest shave. For shave cream I use a shaving brush and shaving soap. I soak the brush in hot water, whip up a lather, and apply it. This works much better than an aerosal can of cold shave cream. (The hot lather units might work OK, but I have never used one.) Finally, for the closest, smoothest shave possible, enjoy yourself; that is, get the balls tight with a little hand work, then apply more lather if necessary, and shave. You might have a few nicks the first few times, but soon you will have it down to a fine art. Shave slow, and watch what you are doing and where the razor is going (a mirror laid on the floor or toilet seat can be helpful). After shaving, a light powdering of either a body or a talcum might be advisable, unless you are ready to make love. Your partner should find your shaved balls a delight to the tongue, and you will find them extra pleasurable when touched.—*D.D., Kansas City, Mo.*

I have been an avid reader of your magazine for several years. I am a forty-three-year-old ex-Marine, and for over twenty years I have worn my hair in a crew cut, not because I was in the military, but because I like it cut that way. Only within the past few years have I discovered how much women love crew cuts in bed. I have had several girls tell me how "turned-on" they get by my bristly head. Women seem to get unbelievably excited when I go down on them. Wilma, a girl I met a few months back, had three straight orgasms while I rubbed the top of my head in her snatch.

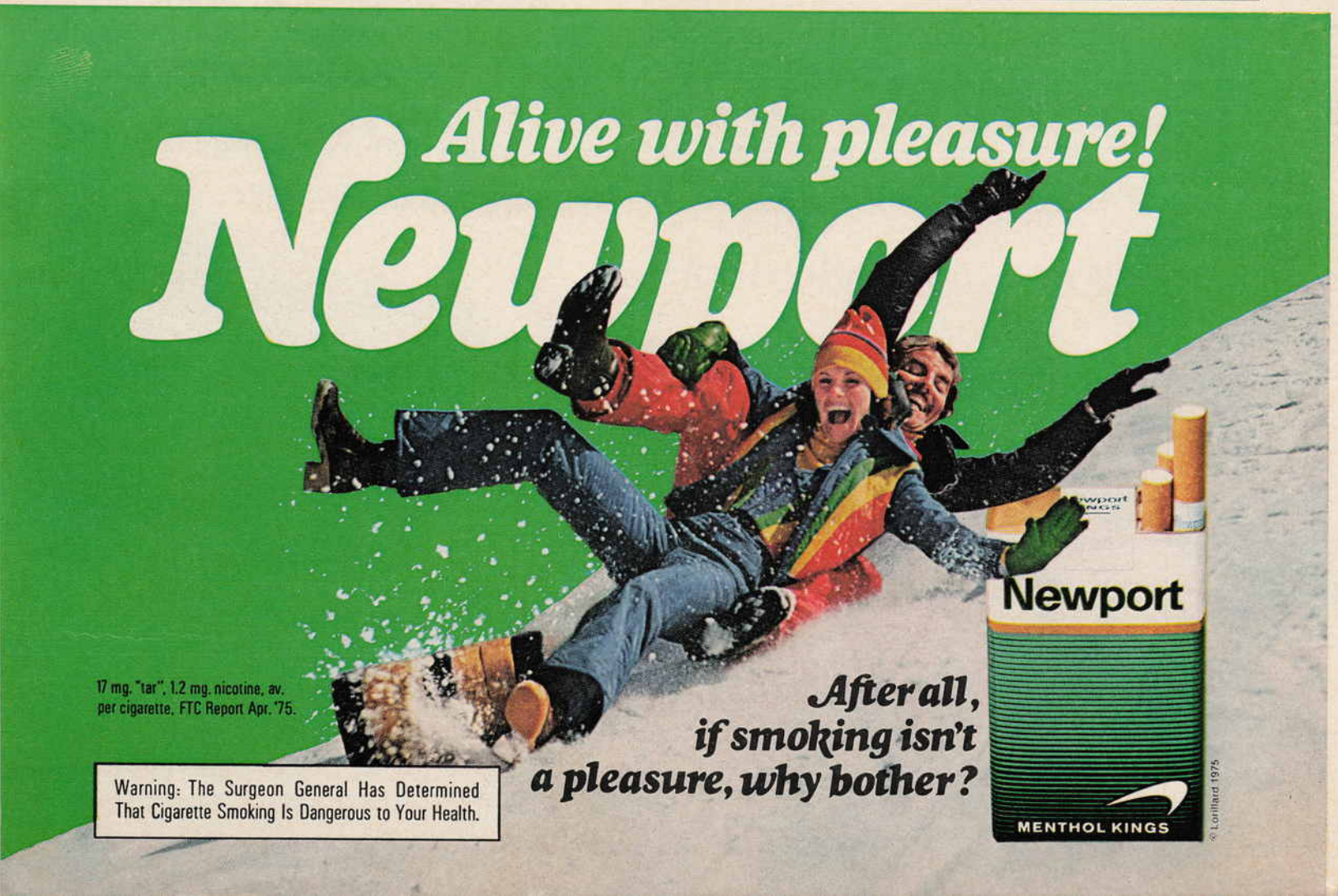
Recently my success in bed with my short hair on top led me to cut my pubic hairs very short. I managed to coax Wilma into clipping her pubic area in a similar manner, and the results have been beyond my expectations. Oral and regular sex have been so exciting for both of us that we often work ourselves to a point of complete exhaustion. I am curious as to how many of your readers have shared in my short-hair "turn-on."—*C.C., Rapid City, S.Dak.*

Sky King shot down

We are members of the Legendary Red Lightnings and the World Famous Hellcats, VF-194, VF-191. We work on the fighter ejection seats onboard the USS Oriskany CVA 34. My fellow shipmates and I read each issue of *Penthouse* from cover to cover and never miss reading Forum. You have a great magazine, just keep up the good work.

We read in your September issue about the Navy attack pilot that likes to beat off as he is making his final approach to the aircraft carrier. Being that we are not officers, we don't fly the aircraft, just fix them. But we can't figure out how the so-called Sky King has the time to perform his jacking off on his final. This is a very critical moment that takes full concentration on the pilot's part. It could cost his life, the lives of others, and, at best, the Navy a lot of money if he fucks up.

We think that he should save his jacking off for an aircraft simulator before someone gets killed. Plus we don't think that he would be a very big hit at the officers club if he was forced to eject from his aircraft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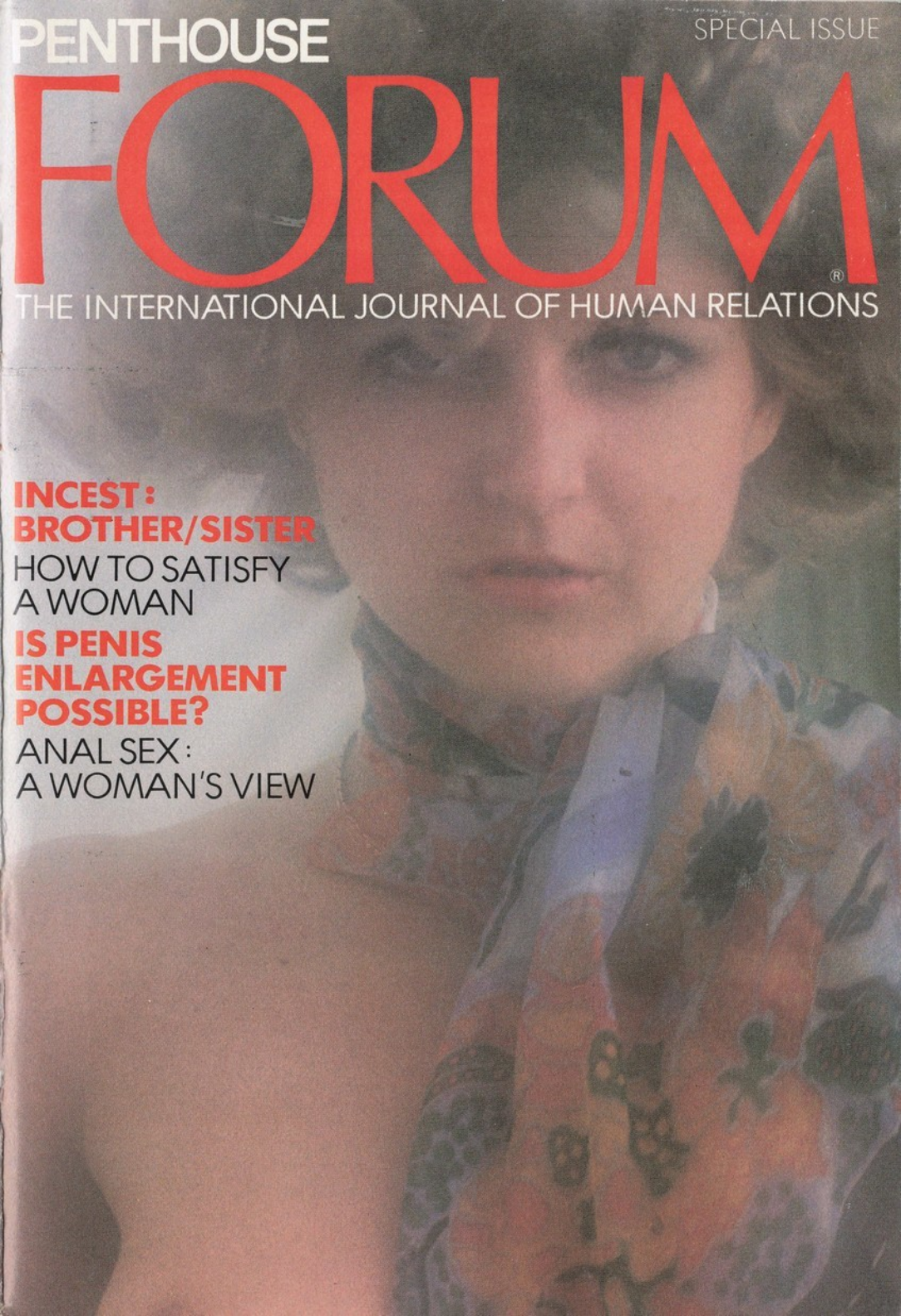

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HOW TO SATISFY A WOMAN

IS PENIS ENLARGEMENT POSSIBLE?

ANAL SEX: A WOMAN'S VIEW

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EDITOR'S PAGE

"Forum is the best thing that has happened to sex since the pill. Let me tell you how FORUM has helped me..." Of the 50,000 letters received annually by FORUM and its foreign editions, many thousands of letters like the one quoted above are simple thank-yous for the help FORUM has provided in the one remaining area of life still filled with guilt and ignorance—namely, sex.

When Bob Guccione started FORUM nine years ago, he was acutely aware of the deep need for a serious magazine dealing with all aspects of human sexual behavior—its joys as well as its sorrows. FORUM was a radical departure in publishing, the first magazine of its kind in the world.

The rest is history. FORUM, with its various international editions (Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Australia, New Zealand), soon became the world's leading journal of sexual behavior, prescribed by many therapists to their patients as a means of opening sexual communication with their partners. Medical students, demanding knowledge and training in sexual medicine which the medical schools were not providing, began subscribing to FORUM as did doctors.

According to the latest readership survey, the great majority of FORUM readers are under 35. They want no part of America's puritanical, sexually-repressive past. They are not afraid to seek and attain pleasure and suffer none of the guilt their parents were

saddled with. For many thousands, FORUM has become the guide to all aspects of sexual play and pleasure.

In FORUM, in addition to the many articles and surveys on all aspects of human relations, you will find the extraordinary person-to-person dialogue—letters in which readers relate their joys, opinions, criticisms and views on the ever-fascinating subject of sex.

Through the pages of FORUM, the reader is able to understand that he is neither unique nor alone with his fantasies and unusual sexual desires. What he thought was "sick" turned out to be one of many variations, shared by thousands, if not millions of other people. Thus, FORUM opened up a new world for many, revealing the vast potential for sensual pleasure while at the same time diminishing sexual guilt.

We at FORUM are delighted to share with the many millions of Penthouse readers this special 50-page edition of FORUM.
(Our regular edition is 100 pages.)

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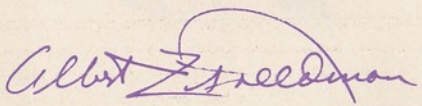
Meanwhile, read on and enjoy.



EDITOR

HOW TO TRULY SATISFY A WOMAN

TOO MANY MEN STILL HAVE NO IDEA.

By Elizabeth Summers

When most men make love, they just want to fuck. They're trying to get sexual gratification quickly. The majority lack self-control, knowledge and the real desire to please and satisfy a woman.

Men fuck, women make love. When women make love together, they try really hard to make their partner relax and enjoy this natural situation. Women also know what women like more readily than any man does.

Perhaps I'm a female chauvinist because I believe that virtually any man, unless he's a very rare exception, is not going to be as good a lover to a woman as another woman.

For instance, most men don't spend anything like enough time on foreplay or on oral sex. Men see oral sex as a means of turning a woman on, but when a woman performs oral sex on another woman, it's a loving thing, and she spends much more time on it than a man would. And it's certainly not outrageous to spend a couple of hours giving satisfaction to someone you love.

The important thing is to remain in the present all the time. Concentrating on what's happening at the moment and not thinking of the results. I try not to think even one second ahead but always remain absolutely involved with my lover's body.

When most men caress a woman, their intention is to produce a response: if I press this button then that light should go on. But when I caress a woman, my intention is to give love to my partner. A lot has been written about "technique" but virtually nothing has been written about the emotional content of touch.

My touch says, "I'm giving you love, I want to make you feel nice," and it feels completely different from one which says, "I'm trying to turn you on, to make you lubricate, to prepare you to

have a climax." Women feel the difference.

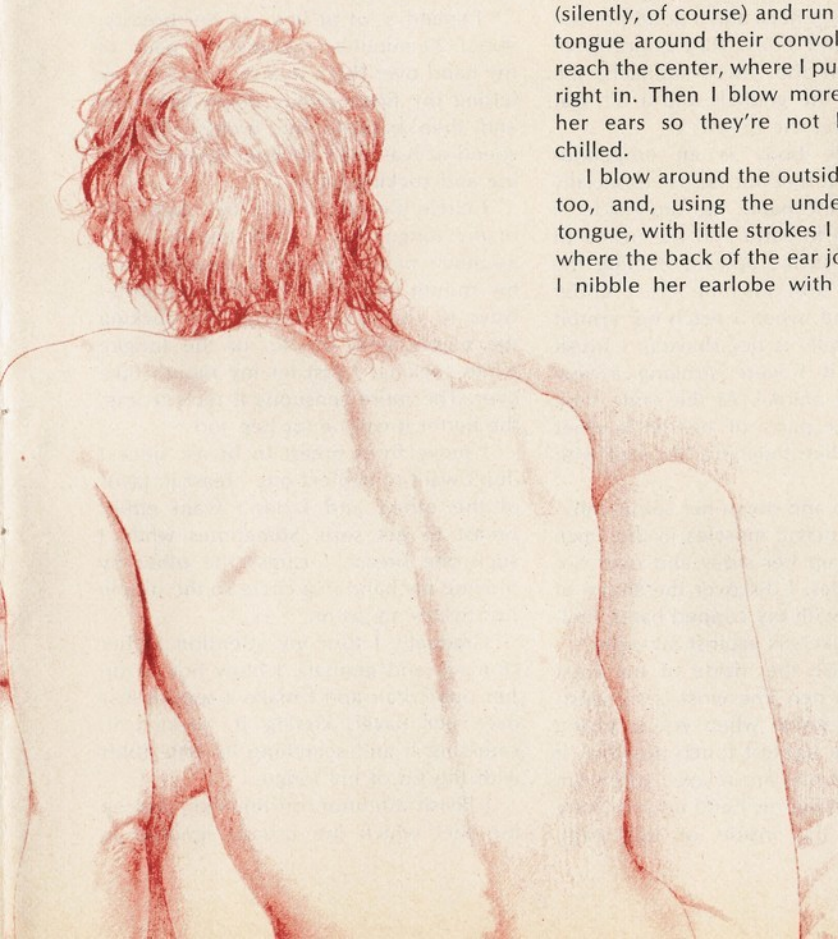
I think lovemaking between two women is on a more sensual level than most men would even dream of. Most of the time I use a very light touch, so light that I often stroke the fine hairs on my lover's body rather than her skin. So when I mention stroking, rubbing or licking, remember, it's a very light touch I'm talking about.

When I make love to another woman, first I hold her in my arms for a long, long time, just feeling her naked body against mine. As we are lying on our sides, I concentrate on feeling every point where our bodies are in contact and harmonize my breathing with hers. After a while maybe I'll knead one of her thighs between mine and then start kissing her mouth, moving my tongue slowly round and round inside hers, gently caressing the palate just behind the front teeth.

Before I get to know her body intimately, I get to know her face. I kiss it all over, delicately, especially on the eyebrows and the forehead, and I blow hot air on her temples. I let myself get totally immersed in the shape and texture of her face, until my lips find her mouth again, and then I gradually increase the pressure on her lips until I kiss her fully, skimming my tongue over the inside of her lips. I spend a long time on everything, as if time is standing still. I never hurry through one stage in order to get on to the next.

The ears are very important. I blow hot air into them gently, using deep abdominal breathing. I kiss her ears (silently, of course) and run the tip of my tongue around their convolutions until I reach the center, where I push my tongue right in. Then I blow more hot air into her ears so they're not left wet and chilled.

I blow around the outside of her ears, too, and, using the underside of my tongue, with little strokes I lick the place where the back of the ear joins the head. I nibble her earlobe with my lips and



lick the little crescent-shaped hollow beneath it.

I kiss her neck, breathing hot air on it, brushing its little hairs with my lips and ruffling them with my tongue.

Next I rub my palms in circles on her buttocks, hips and up her sides. Then I walk my fingertips up and down her in what the French call *"pattes d'arraignee,"* meaning spider's paws, taking lots of time over each part as if I were discovering it for the very first time.

It's nice to touch the genitals in combination with other parts of the body, like just touching the genitals in passing while you're stroking the leg. If you concentrate on the genitals alone, the sexual energy isn't being distributed.

Most men who try to make love to me for the first time practically ignore my arms, legs, face, neck and a good portion of my back and sides. They concentrate exclusively on the lower stomach, the outer thighs, the genitals and a bit, but not enough, on the breasts.

The whole body is an erogenous zone. Don't forget the arms, especially the palm of the hand, the underside of the wrist, the forearm and the inside of the elbow. I stroke upward, feeling the hairs of her arm become erect under my fingers and, when I reach her armpit (which hopefully is *not* shaven), I brush the hair as if I were stroking a very delicate baby animal. At the same time I touch other parts of her with other parts of me, like touching her foot with mine.

I stroke up and down her spine, moving over the pelvic muscles in the small of her back, up her sides and over her shoulder blades. I discover the shape of her buttocks with my cupped hand, feeling her skin like silk against my palm.

I like to use the inside of my wrist when I touch her. The wrist is so sensitive that you know when you're giving your lover the lightest touch possible. If I find her buttocks are relaxed when I'm doing that, I bring my hand up very, very lightly from the inside of her thigh through the cleft so it just brushes the anus and the hair around the perineum. Then, if she doesn't tense up, I do it again, a little more deliberately.

I blow hot air up and down her spine, lingering as I kiss her on the abdomen and, each time I reach the nape of her neck, I plant a kiss there. I run my tongue all over her back, blowing hot air, sometimes accidentally licking the skin but mostly just licking the minute hairs.

Now and again I change pace. I squeeze the soft part of her hip firmly. I give her love bites there and on her side, moving up to the armpit which I nuzzle gently (hoping it won't taste of deodorant). And before turning my attention to the front of her body, I give her lots of rapid, affectionate kisses around the temples.

I spend a lot of time on her breasts; about 20 minutes, rubbing the palm of my hand over them in a circular motion, letting my fingers stray down her body and then back to her breasts. Then I spend at least half an hour kissing, licking and sucking them.

I circle the nipple with the underside of my tongue for a while before I take as much of the breast as possible into my mouth and suck it. There are other ways to caress the breast, like flicking the nipple with the tip of the tongue while sucking. I just let my mouth take over. The more sensuous it feels to me, the better it will be for her, too.

I move from breast to breast since I don't want to neglect one breast in favor of the other, and I don't want either breast to get sore. Sometimes while I suck one breast, I caress the other by moving my hand in a circle so the nipple just tickles my palm.

Gradually I turn my attention to her stomach and genitals. I blow hot air on her pubic hair and I make a special fuss over her navel, kissing it, sucking it, caressing it and searching its little folds with the tip of my tongue.

I lavish attention on the legs, and on the feet which are usually ignored in

lovemaking. I suck her toes one by one and lick them underneath where they join the foot. I give her suction kisses in the hollows of the ankles and on the calves. When I lick the backs of her knees, I use the very lightest touch possible.

The inside of the thigh is one of the most sensual places of the body. I alternate very light stroking with an occasional love bite. From there I move up to the pubic area.

My touch reveals the form of her body to her. It's telling her, "This is how your body is made. Look, isn't it nice? You've got a little hollow there, then the curve of the tendon (good for strong kisses), then another little hollow there. There are little hairs in it and it's very pretty and there's lot of pleasure to be had from it."

I toy with her pubic hair, brushing my palms up over it and then down to the vaginal area and the inside of the thighs. By now she's opening up like a flower. When I begin to explore her vagina, I want to make her feel how beautiful it is. I brush my finger over its surrounding hair and outer lips and then I give it a nice affectionate kiss to show that I'm fond of it and respect it. I give her kisses across the pubic hair and nuzzle her all around the labia so that I can really feel how warm and friendly it is. By now she's beginning to move a bit, which means she wants more erotic stimulation of her genitals.

I blow hot air up and down the vaginal lips. If they're still slightly closed, I make them erect by separating them with my tongue. I blow on them gently and then run my tongue up between them. Gradually I lengthen the stroke so that my tongue runs right from the perineum up to the top of her labia and descends in little circles down the inside of the lips.

I pay attention to her movement, so instead of trying to dominate her as almost any man would, I let her dictate the rhythm of our lovemaking. If she has a positive attitude to her own pleasure, she'll be moving so that my tongue's guided, sometimes to the clitoris, sometimes into the open vagina and sometimes down to the perineum.

I also notice her breathing—my eyes are in just the right place because I'm lying between her legs, facing her stomach—and I dwell on those spots where my touch makes her breath deepen.

I don't go straight for her clitoris when I am trying to create intense sensations. I don't even look for it but just wait until it comes to my notice, which it will when it's ready for attention.

I vary the movements and pressure, circling up and down inside the lips using the underside of my tongue as much as possible; sometimes using featherlight strokes, sometimes using direct penetrating strokes straight down to the perineum and right up to the clitoris again and sometimes drawing the inside of my lower lip upwards over the open labia so I can feel its texture.

Most men just concentrate on a woman's clitoris in order to bring her to a climax, or near one so they can enter her, but for me oral sex play is the kind of sexual caress that goes on and on—for an hour or an hour-and-a-half. The longer the better.

Incidentally, afterplay is very important, too. Don't let your lover feel that she's just a body. I like a lot of fondling, a lot of kissing, a lot of sucking on the breasts, then cooling off gradually and just kissing and hugging and holding. I act in a way that reassures her that I'm warm to her as a person.

Women should take pride in their natural gift of sensuality and refuse the neurotic, get-it-over-with lovemaking that passes for normal in our society. Then they might turn men or to sensuality, too, and the world would be a better, more loving place. ●●

Elizabeth Summers is a therapist and author whose parents were both painters. She is presently editing her father's intimate diaries for publication in 1976.

Is It Possible To Enlarge Your Penis?

MANY MEN DREAM OF INCREASING THEIR PENIS SIZE, EVEN THOUGH SIZE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH SEXUAL PERFORMANCE. BUT CAN IT BE DONE? DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM REPORTS ON HIS INVESTIGATION INTO WAYS OF ENLARGING THE PENIS.

Sexologist Robert Chartham is Penthouse Forum's editorial consultant. He is author of the bestselling books *The Sensuous Couple* and *What Turns Women On* which was recently published by Penthouse/Ballantine Books $1.50.

As a sexologist, I am privy to the confidences of many men. I do not suppose that many others who are not in my circumstances are aware of how significant penile size is for a large number of men. And it's not only the men with the smaller than average penises who are concerned about their size almost to the point of obsession. For instance, in my files I have a letter from a man who says, "My erect penis is only eight inches long. I feel I must make it longer. Please, can you tell me how to do it?" Underlying this concern with penile size is not only fear of inadequate performance or of not satisfying a partner, but fear of ridicule.

Although every penis is basically the same shape, length and girth vary from individual to individual in the same way ears, hands, feet and noses vary in size. There have, however, been numerous surveys which purport to establish an average penile size.

According to a number of these surveys, the average-sized erect penis among white men measures a fraction above six inches in length and about four-and-a-quarter inches in circumference. There are quite a number of seven-inch penises but eight inches and more is rare, while the few nine-inch penises that exist ought to be museum exhibits. There are about as many four-and-a-half to five-inch penises as there are seven-inch-plus penises, while those below four inches are as rare as those eight inches and longer. (By the way, length is measured from the pubic bone to the tip along the upper side of the penis and circumference is measured from about one inch below the rim.)

Until recently, it was believed that there was a definite relationship between flaccid penile length and erect length. According to a recent Forum study, the average length when flaccid is three-and-a-half to four inches long and three to three-and-a-half inches around. When erect, the average was 6.3 inches in length and 4.5 inches in circumference. It was assumed, therefore, that there was a one-third increase due to erection.

Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, however, have recently made an important discovery. After measuring several hundred men, they reported that the longer the flaccid penis, the less its length increases proportionately in erection. For example, a flaccid penis of three-and-a-half inches may erect to five-and-a-half or six inches in length, while a flaccid penis of five or six inches may only erect to six-and-a-half or seven inches.

Masters' and Johnson's discovery confirms what sexologists have been insisting upon for a long time—the man with the small flaccid penis should not feel inadequate since it is the

length of the erect penis that counts.

But, how much it counts is another matter, too. Let me state here and now that the only men who have just cause for complaint about penile size are those who measure three inches or less in length when erect. Anything above this is fully capable of giving a partner pleasure.

Let us examine the facts. When a woman is not sexually aroused, the average length of the vagina is three-and-a-half inches. When she is aroused, the vagina lengthens by about an inch. Therefore, a four-and-a-half inch penis will completely fill the vaginal barrel.

A woman's vagina can be stretched to six or six-and-a-half inches in length without her being aware of it. This is almost the limit of possible male penetration. Only when the vagina is stretched to a length of seven-and-a-half or eight inches does she experience any stretching sensation at all.

But, the only part of the vaginal barrel that is sensitive is the outer third—what Masters and Johnson call the orgasmic platform. Therefore, if the vagina of an aroused woman stretches to a length of six inches, which is far in excess of the average, even then her orgasmic platform is only two inches long. So, a penis that is only three-and-a-half inches when erect will make contact with this vital area.

It is a fact that as climax

SMALL PENIS PROBLEM

I need help. My problem is, of course, penis size.

I have had several sexual affairs and each experience turned out to be frustrating. When it comes to doing the real thing, my partner always remarks on the size of my penis and that kind of remark is the biggest turn-off ever. Once while my partner was giving me a blowjob, she asked somewhat disappointingly, "Can't you get it any bigger?" At that instant, I shoved her off and left her place feeling angry and unsatisfied. Gosh, that's the cruelest thing a girl can tell a guy while making love. My penis measures approximately three-and-a-half inches when erect.

There was also one time when I really thought that the night would be a success because when my date gently caressed my penis, she did not say a thing. However, after the act, which I thought was beautiful, she commented, "You're small and you had better learn how to use it properly."

I need help. At 20 years of age, I cannot see myself going through life trying to please my partner as well as myself and having it turn out to be a blunder. I guess I've become too uptight and paranoid about the size of my penis. Now I am afraid to have sex.

I would like some advice on how I should handle the situation.

Name and address withheld by request

You've probably read Masters and Johnson on penis size and know that the size of the penis doesn't matter because the vagina automatically adjusts to penis size and a woman can reach orgasm with any size penis.

That being said, I hasten to add that you do have a problem. Not a physical or sexual problem, but a problem of sensitivity. You are up against the male myth that penis size is directly related to masculinity and, the bigger the cock, the bigger the man. This is a lie, a well-publicized lie no less.

My first reaction to the stories you relate about being put down by women is that you are just as well off not relating sexually to women who are so insensitive as to tease you about the size of your penis. How would they have felt if you had started making fun of the size of their breasts?

As a way of taking care of yourself, I suggest that you don't get into bed with a woman until you have shared your fears with her and checked out her reaction to what you tell her.

If she really cares about you, she will not be put off by your penis size any more than your body size. You aren't inadequate; you're scared and not without reason. Learning how to take care of yourself in sexual situations is part of growing up. Don't give women or men power over your life. Keep it where it belongs—in you.

approaches, both partners often have a psychological desire for deeper penetration. However, in an experiment with 20 couples, I found that this desire is psychologically fulfilled by the partners pressing their pubic areas against one another. This gives them the impression of deep penetration, whether or not there is actual stretching of the vaginal tissue beyond the normal limit. Thus, the man with the average penis completely satisfies his partner's penetration desire; the man with the seven-inch penis stretches the vaginal tissue to a degree that is just tolerable for his partner and the man with the eight-inch penis goes beyond his partner's tolerance limit.

Penile length, therefore, has NO significance whatsoever in terms of either performance or the capacity to satisfy a woman. It is significant only for those men who have become obsessed with it.

Yet, because this obsession can be a very important factor in the way a man approaches his sexuality, I have given considerable thought to the problem of trying to enlarge the penis.

The methods of penile enlargement that I studied varied tremendously. They included exotic Japanese and African methods for stretching the penis, massaging the penis with a lotion described in the *Kama Sutra*, hormone creams, and so on. As a result of all these experiments, I have concluded that it is a waste of time to try to enlarge the penis once a man has reached physical maturity. It is possible for those who have not reached maturity to acquire enlargements of between three-quarters of an inch and an inch, but even this depends on the structure of the individual penis. After physical maturity, an increase of a half-inch seems to be the maximum, and that happens only in a small number of cases. In other words, it is absolutely impossible to guarantee an increase of even tiny dimensions for any mature male.

However, having said all this, I have recently seen a number of cases in which the mental distress caused by the small size of the patient's penis has been so great that I have decided, rightly or wrongly, that attempts at enlargement can be justified if they help relieve this extreme distress. However, I must stress once again that the combination of methods I am going to suggest does not guarantee success for everyone. Some penises will be resistant to all attempts at enlargement, others may be responsive to the methods only as long as the treatment is continued.

The most successful method of penis enlargement that I have found is really a combination of three methods—exercises, massage and the use of a vacuum developer.

A vacuum developer, or penis enlarger, consists of a thick, one-piece, unbreakable plastic cylindrical chamber. A soft rubber gasket is placed at the bottom of the chamber to insure an airtight fit. From the top of the chamber, a tube leads to a manually-operated suction pump which draws the air out of the chamber causing the penis to stretch and swell.

After several applications of the vacuum developer, the penis will begin to stretch very slowly, and I do mean slowly. No overnight miracle should be expected. For the first few weeks the penis will revert to its normal flaccid size as soon as the vacuum tube is removed. Then it will begin to remain larger for an hour or so, then two hours and hopefully it will eventually remain larger permanently.

The average-sized erect penis among white men measures a fraction above six inches in length.

The longer the flaccid penis, the less its length increases proportionately in erection.

This vacuum tube was independently tested by a leading urologist who reported that no damage could be done to the penis when it was used according to directions.

I will describe the program I used to test out this combination method of penis enlargement with the help of a team of volunteers. For the first two weeks, we did the exercises and then put hot compresses (be careful not to have the water too hot) around the penis for about ten minutes. As the compresses cooled, we reheated them. A washcloth dipped in hot water and then wrung out, works very well.

Next we applied a liberal amount of lubricating cream to the penis and, standing with legs apart or sitting on the edge of a straight-backed chair, we began the massage. We used a milking action, always beginning each stroke at the base of the penis, using both hands to push up toward the glans. Before the top hand was taken from the penis, the other hand was already grasping the base, ready to follow it. Strong pressure was applied, and the penis was stretched as far as it would go with every stroke, until it hurt just a little. Once the massage is started, the hands should move in a continuous rhythmic motion. The rate of the stroking should be fairly slow.

During the first two weeks, we continued the massage for ten minutes. Immediately after the massage, we applied the vacuum developer. As a rule, the penis was already so well-lubricated by the cream that we didn't need more lubricant to facilitate the insertion of the penis into the tube of the developer.

When using the developer, the penis should be stretched by the vacuum until there is a *mild* pulling and aching sensation at the base of the penis. We applied the vacuum for ten minutes. At the end of the first two weeks, we noticed that the penis remained "inflated" for noticeably longer periods after the tube was removed—between 15 and 20 minutes.

For the next two weeks and thereafter, we did the exercises in the morning, and then performed the massage and used the vacuum developer at some convenient time during the day. We increased the massage time and the developer time to 20 minutes each. For the remainder of the four months of testing, we followed our daily program strictly. We did the exercises in the morning, massaged the penis for half an hour and applied the developer for half an hour.

I must stress that the exercises are absolutely vital. As well as toning up the sexual apparatus, they also increase the blood supply to the penis. This not only produces fantastically strong erections, but keeps the enlarged flaccid penis from reverting to its previous size.

Finally, please take my warning—it may not work for you. But, if you are psychologically eager to enlarge your penis, I think that this method stands as good a chance, if not better, than any other. ●●

For additional information on penile enlargement, write to Department W, 20th Floor, 909 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022. Ed.

Forum has recently completed a comprehensive new survey of penis size. Look for the results of the Forum Penile Survey in an upcoming issue.

PROLONGING PLEASURE: An Exotic Technique

"EROTIC SEX AIMS AT REPEATEDLY DELAYING GRATIFICATION UNTIL IT BECOMES UNBEARABLY RAPTUROUS AND EXPLOSIVE." *By Robert Meister*

EROTICISM is the art and science of sex. Sex is the match, eroticism the fire; sex is the grape, eroticism the wine. And, as the match knows nothing about fire, nor the grape about wine, it can be said that sex without erotic awareness is no more than fucking.

It is erotic awareness that imbues sex with the creative tension and without it sex can never rise to sublime heights. Ordinary sex amounts to more or less instant gratification, while erotic sex aims at repeatedly delaying gratification until it becomes almost unbearably rapturous and quite explosive.

What, then, is erotic mastery and how do you acquire it? It calls for the revival of practices invented many centuries ago by infinitely imaginative Indian, Chinese and Arab voluptuaries.

The Arabic word *imshak* conveys the essence of erotic mastery. Freely translated, it means the prolongation of pleasure by protracted penetration and withholding of ejaculation.

By contemporary standards, the "prolongation of pleasure by protracted penetration" requires a stud of exceptional stamina thrusting away with vigor, and the "withholding of ejaculation" is regarded as a special talent.

But by erotic standards, these ideals can be achieved by virtually every man; you don't have to be particularly virile, and you don't need to possess exceptional stamina or ejaculatory control.

Erotic sex can be achieved by synthesizing the time-honored techniques of coitus interruptus, coitus reservatus and sphincter control.

In its original meaning, coitus interruptus consisted of withdrawing the penis just before ejaculation and messing up the sheets. In coitus reservatus, orgasm was reserved altogether and the whole exercise was fundamentally spiritual in nature. Both techniques were used primarily for birth control.

Sphincter control involves the systematic development of the woman's vaginal sphincter muscle, with the resulting ability to grasp and "milk" the penis. Thus the man can ejaculate without making any thrusting movement at all.

Sir Richard Burton tells us that Ethiopian women were famous in the 19th century for their control over their sphincter muscles and fetched three times the money paid for other concubines.

Knowledgeable voluptuaries would travel long distances to obtain a woman with sphincter mastery, called a *casse-noisette* ("nutcracker").

Nevertheless, the difficulties in executing these erotic feats are more apparent than real. You, too, can become a *casse-noisette* by the regular, daily exercise of the sphincter using Kegel exercises. Maximum control can be achieved in only two months of faithful daily practice.

By combining the techniques of coitus interruptus, coitus reservatus and sphincter control, the erotic couple will reach the ecstasy of coitus prolongatus, which is nothing more or less than the "prolongation of pleasure by protracted penetration and withholding of ejaculation."

The following method has been devised and tested in order to synthesize these three techniques into a fully erotic fuck. Vaginal entry is made after erection has been attained by preferred means.

At this point, the man remains motionless, exerting only pelvic and erectile pressure, while the woman creates friction on her clitoris with her fingers. Sphincter control, first gentle, then more vigorous, will prevent detumescence.

In time, and hopefully it will take longer and longer with practice, ejaculation will become imminent. Thereupon the man withdraws, but does not ejaculate—the key to this method. In two or three minutes, the ejaculatory urge subsides, but the couple will still be in a fairly advanced state of stimulation.

Now, they begin a sustained period of tender, gentle, mutual caressing of each other's bodies, without touching the genital areas. Caressing will inevitably lead to kissing which, in turn, will inevi-

tably lead to intensified passion, resulting in renewed erection.

The first act is now reenacted. Again, the man withdraws in time and does not ejaculate. The only difference this time is that the couple will be in a more advanced state of stimulation and so the second caressing-kissing phase will be markedly more exciting.

The third entry is certain to produce the first orgasm or orgasms in the woman, purely by means of sphincter control and pelvic-penile pressure creating a state the Arabs call *es-sibfahheh* ("soaking" or "swimming"). Again, the man will still be able to withdraw without ejaculating.

In time, and with practice, this highly erotic process can be repeated many times over a period of hours and result in multiple and progressively more and more intense orgasms in the woman, while ejaculation is delayed.

As for the man, everything depends on the degree of his erotic mastery. At a less developed level, by responding to the sphincter, or because he is unable to resist thrusting, he will probably ejaculate on the fourth or fifth entry.

At a higher level, he will achieve as many as ten entries with ever-increasing pleasure. At the highest level, he will be able to reach a heightened state of physical, mental and spiritual bliss.

Some men may regard this method as excessively masochistic, because it seems to enhance the woman's pleasure at the man's expense. This is not the case.

After the fifth or sixth entry, such an advanced state of stimulation is reached that the mere touch of a fingertip becomes an orgiastic act. Every movement, every touch becomes so erotically charged that most men completely lose sight of the need to ejaculate and give their total concentration to each minute detail at hand.

And ejaculation, when it finally comes, will seem like a Lawrentian wave of "oceanic" release.

When the erotic couple reaches this stage of accomplishment, they will want to alternate motionless-sphincter control entries with thrusting sorties. At this point, the man has achieved ejaculatory control and is able to follow a motionless entry with a thrusting one, without ejaculating.

Inspired thrusting, as opposed to plain fucking, is the highest form of eroticism.

The erotic couple will develop their own pattern of rhythm through experimentation, although they will do well to keep the following principles in mind.

First of all, thrusting is most pleasurable in series of ten, always moving from shallow to deep, but alternating between slow and quick. Preferably orgasm should be reached on a slow-deep thrust. The best thrusting method to follow is this: three shallow, two quick-deep, three shallow, two slow-deep.

Secondly, always stop thrusting after each series of ten has been completed. Withdraw and let erection subside, then follow the technique described for the motionless-sphincter control method.

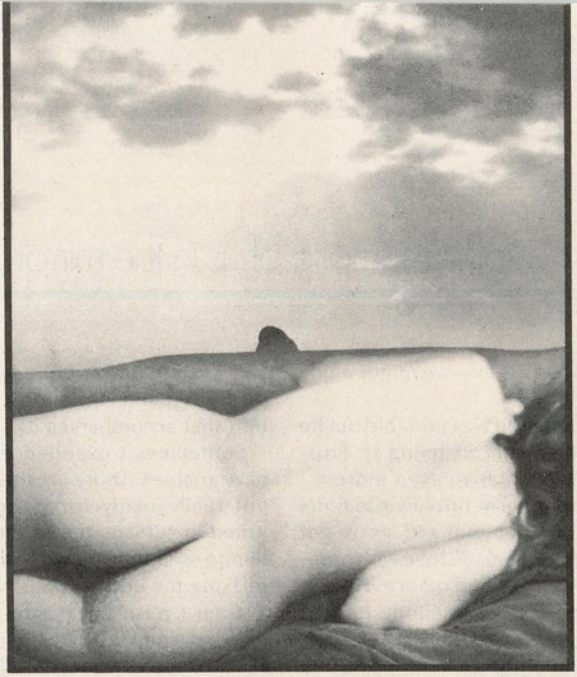
For ultimate pleasure, alternate the two methods until ejaculation is wanted by both partners. At that point, culminate by repeating the thrusting cycles to orgasm on a slow-deep thrust.

It should be emphasized that, barring physical disability, anyone can master these techniques with practice.

Start practicing, you out there. Tighten those sphincter muscles, work on that self-control. You can prove to yourself the ancient Taoist and Tantrist doctrine which held that the prolongation of sexual intercourse is spiritually, physically, mentally and supernaturally beneficial.

Forget Dr. Rubin and everything you ever read in sex manuals, and you won't even need a guru, ever. ●●

Robert Meister is a freelance writer and author of A Literary Guide to Seduction.



ANAL SEX: A Personal View

JAY ANGEL SHARES HER PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH THIS RARELY DISCUSSED SEXUAL VARIATION.

ANAL SEX. It's against the law in nearly every country on earth and practiced in all of them. What little written material is available on the subject leads us to believe that it's something only homosexuals or perverts do. In fact, anal sex is a great sexual variation for everyone.

Recently, I was talking with a friend about sex. We exchanged anecdotes about our libidinous experiences, oohing and aahing and laughing a lot. When the subject of anal sex came up, I mentioned that I had tried it once some years ago. She looked shocked.

I continued, telling her that on that occasion, I had disliked it intensely. Recently, however, I began doing it with my current lover and found it fantastic.

Although she continued to make faces, her eyes lit up with excitement and I knew I was talking about something that really turned her on. She asked me about it so I explained.

Some months ago, I asked my lover if he had ever tried anal sex. He said he had but found it awkward and even painful. He didn't like it. I confided my own experience and we agreed that it was not something we'd ever want to do.

However, my libido must have been tickled by that conversation because, subsequently, I found myself fantasizing about it. I wondered if it would feel the same as before. I was curious about positioning. I squirmed in pleasure as I imagined his delicious cock going into my backside.

Within a couple of weeks, I mentioned it to him again. I said maybe it would be different for us; maybe—because we enjoyed

I caught a glimpse of us in the mirror...

so many variations in sex—we might enjoy anal sex as well.

He said he thought it was possible but he really wasn't interested in trying it. Frustrated, I began to fantasize even more.

One night, we were in our favorite hotel room, sharing our first joint and, as we got higher and higher, we made love with more abandon than we ever had before. Finally, with a sense of absolute freedom, I asked him to put "it" in my ass.

Without commenting, he flipped me over, inserted his finger in my anus for a few minutes, gently turning it and thrusting it, and then replaced his finger with his penis. It was incredible!

The pain I expected to feel was absent. The pleasure I had fantasized was there—and then some! I was overwhelmed by the most erotic sensations I had experienced in many, many years.

Part of the pleasure was the pressure of his cock sliding in and out of me. Part of it was positioning—while lying on my face and knees, he had absolute control of my body and our sexual activity.

And, some of it was in my mind as I imagined what we looked like as he was thrusting his big cock into my rear end.

Although I didn't come off just from having his penis inside my ass, in no time at all, I reached my hand down between my thighs and, with a little determined touching, brought myself to a glorious climax. He was so excited by my coming that it triggered his own climax. We were two exhausted, but very satisfied, lovers.

Since that night, we have had anal sex about twice a month, on the average. Although I don't believe there is any harm involved in placing a cock in a willing ass, I do believe that part of the excitement of anal sex is in the infrequency with which we perform it and, therefore, in the anticipation that accompanies it.

Sometimes I experience pain when we have anal sex. Those are the times when I'm not really ready for it; my head is not tuned-in sufficiently. At those times, I ask him to stop moving while I concentrate on relaxing my body.

Then I push back onto his cock rather than have him push it into me. Sometimes I am so much in the mood for it that we forego the use of lubricating jelly since, at those times, the lubrication from his cock is more than sufficient for the big push.

For a long time, we believed that the only possible position for anal sex was as I described above: me face down on the bed, knees bent and brought forward and my ass high in the sky.

Since then we have discovered that we were somewhat limited in the use of our imaginations. For instance, when I'm so ready that his penile lubrication is enough to allow for easy penetration, we can do it on our sides, my back to him.

There are times when we are screwing missionary style, really going at it, and he withdraws from my vagina. Then he places a pillow under my backside, puts my legs over his shoulders and inserts his thoroughly lubricated cock into my ass while we're in that same face-to-face position.

And then there was the time we were doing it on our sides, my back to him, and I began to "space out." Whatever inhibitions I had disappeared entirely. I felt totally free and the feelings I experienced were as good as being stoned.

That time, we pulled apart, he lay on his back and I sat down on him. Wild! I was facing him, my body in a squatting position.

Anal sex represents the ultimate in submission...

Then, I turned myself around and still squatting but with my back to him, I began moving up and down.

I accidentally caught a glimpse of the two of us in the dresser mirror and that triggered an explosion so fantastic that it frightened me. I had no idea I was capable of coming off like that. It was a wild scene that excites me even now as I write about it.

Anal sex is not for everyone. Certainly it is not for those people who are uptight about their bodies and bodily functions. They'd never be able to relax their sphincter muscles sufficiently to allow for the insertion of the penis, no matter what its size. Certainly it is not for those people who suffer from hemorrhoids.

But it sure as hell is for all those other people who enjoy their bodies, enjoy sex, have no physical problems and sincerely wish to extend the range of their sexual enjoyment.

For a woman, anal sex offers the joy of having another body cavity filled with a cock. It represents the ultimate in submission (barring bondage and sadomasochism), and even the most demanding and dominating of our species likes to be submissive from time to time.

For a man, anal sex fulfills all kinds of dominance needs. It gives him a sense of control over his (and her) sexuality that he cannot achieve otherwise, except through bondage or sadomasochism.

It gives him another hole to fill, a nice tight one. And, for an enterprising man, it provides him with one hole to fill with his cock while he's filling another with a vibrator or dildo. Don't think that doesn't do something for him.

When my man has a dildo in my vagina and his cock is in my anus (or vice versa), he can feel the dildo rubbing his cock and it gives him incredibly erotic sensations.

For beginners, there are a few points to consider and remember. First, it is absolutely essential that the penis is scrubbed clean and that it doesn't go into the vagina or any other part of the woman's body after it has been in the anus without another thorough washing. That way, infections are avoided and anal sex remains exciting and pleasurable.

Secondly, his penis should be well-lubricated. Use vaseline or, better yet, *KY Jelly*. If possible, of course, use your man's own lubrication. For whatever reason, it feels sexier that way.

Finally, air may be pushed into the anus during anal sex and, upon withdrawal of the cock, that same air will come back out again. Until you learn to control your sphincter muscles, the air will make noises.

If this happens, all you can do is laugh and run to the john. Later, when you've learned to control those muscles, you will no longer make any noise at all and there's no chance of embarrassment.

One problem that *doesn't* exist is uncontrolled release of the semen that's inside of you. It will no more come out of you unwillingly than does anything else.

In my case, after the proverbial cigarette, I go to the john and push out as much of the semen as I can. Thereafter, for about a day, I seem to lose a little at a time whenever I normally use the john.

Anal sex is not for everyone, and it is against the law. However, it's one great sexual experience and an interesting alternative to "straight" intercourse. If you like it, and you take pains to be clean and careful, it's something to be enjoyed for as long as you please. ●●

Illustration by John Gregory
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SEXUALLY LIBERATED FEMALES

IN THE PAST, WOMEN WITH HIGH LIBIDOS WERE CALLED NYMPHOMANIACS OR WHORES. TODAY THE OLD DOUBLE STANDARD IS CRUMBLING.

By Donald Lehmkuhl

Is there a difference between male and female promiscuity? Many people still insist the answer is yes and classify a woman who sleeps with someone other than her husband as loose and immoral. Even the promiscuous male — Don Juan Junior — strews her with unsavory epithets like "easy lay," "sex fiend," "willing whore," "hot pants," "horny bitch" or "itchy crotch."

But what is promiscuity, anyway? To my grandmother, anybody who's been to bed with more than one person is a candidate for hell. To me, anybody who's been to bed with only one person certainly knows nothing of heaven.

Recently I talked to 10 women about their sex lives. All are between the ages of 30 and 40. None of them knows each other. They all come from different parts of the country, and all have different kinds of jobs. What they all have in common is a high intelligence and a large number of sex experiences to their credit.

I shall not quote them all, because what they have to say is strikingly similar. None of them, by the way, considers herself promiscuous.

Martha, 36, works as a magazine editor. She has been married once but has no children. She lives in a garden apartment — "usually alone, but occasionally I enjoy a live-in lover.

"I was 15 when I had my first real sexual experience. My brother had brought a school friend home for the Christmas holidays. He was 16 and very enthusiastic, as I remember him. Anyway, he came on strong and I thought him sophisticated and experienced.

"On his second night in our house he crept into my bedroom, and we made it together. I suppose I enjoyed it because I did it several times with him. I had an orgasm on that first occasion and am always surprised when friends say that orgasm is unknown to them.

"About six months later I went to bed with my brother, too. (Does that shock you? It seemed very natural to me, and I liked my brother even more after that.) So my brother was my second man. I was a bit shocked when I discovered that my brother and his school friend were also sleeping together.

"My brother told me not to be silly, that sex is sex and that it's best to go to bed with somebody you actually like, no matter who. I still don't understand how my brother developed so advanced an attitude at so young an age (he was 18). I was shaken and became shy of men for about a year.

"I was married at 18, and that was awful. My husband was the fourth man I'd been to bed with and the lousiest I've ever had. I've been to bed with over 100 men now, and I can't imagine how I remained married to that prig for more than three years. When I got rid of him, I really let myself go. I took on every comer, every reasonable man from 16 to 60. I fucked left, right and center.

"I went to bars every

night, parties of every imaginable sort. I hunted out men in offices I worked in. I picked men up in the street, but I let them think they were doing the picking-up.

"Small movie houses were a surprising source of sexual encounters and very reliable, especially in winter. Discotheques were, for me, the worst, because everybody seemed to be on an exhibitionistic kick and ultimately too drunk to function properly. During this period I caught the crabs twice. When I look back on it, I'm amazed I didn't contract some worse disease.

"Today I'm less restless and much more discriminating. If I'm interested in a man, I ask him for his phone number and then call him up. I invite him to dinner or to a play or the movies—whatever I think may interest him. I take the initiative; and I make them all my friends.

"Most men have been as pleased to be as casual as I. I do not regret any of my sexual experiences, not even my husband. But now I do agree with my brother — it's best to go to bed with somebody you actually like, no matter who."

I asked Martha, as I asked all the other women I spoke to, how she viewed the sexual act. Was she having or being had? "I'm having, never had. And the man I'm with is having also. Correct sex is two people having. No one should ever be had.

"The only time I was ever 'had' was by my husband. And I mean really had. There was no exchange between us. He just wanted a straight in and out. He wouldn't even neck, and that is the most humiliating thing for anybody. Never go to bed with a person who will not kiss, or even a person who doesn't kiss well. If they can't meet you face to face, they're not worth meeting at all."

"I've been to bed with about 50 men so far. There will certainly be more."

Roberta is 32, divorced, the mother of young twin daughters whom she supports. She teaches history at a university. Of all the women I spoke to, she alone still feels some apprehension about her "easy" behavior.

This is what she had to say: "Although I was born a Roman Catholic and had a conventional marriage, I've been to bed with about 50 men so far. There will certainly be more. As I look at my sex life and think of my age, I feel that I've only just started. Nevertheless, I sometimes doubt that this is really good for me — Catholic guilt, you know.

"It may sound crazy, but I consider myself to be fairly faithful and monogamous. But I have to go to bed with men. I really need it. I love screwing. In the ideal world that we're all taught to believe in when we're young, the world reflected from the eye of a benevolent God, you expect to have a marriage where mind and body are satisfied. But it didn't turn out that way for me. Does it turn out that way for anybody?

"The only thing my mother ever said about sex is that it was for men. As far as she was concerned, a man's sexual demands were a woman's true curse. Even as a kid I couldn't believe this. I mean, when I was a girl of 15 I would become so sexually excited by simple necking that I would literally start dripping down the inside of my legs.

"Long before I was penetrated—at 17—I'd be sitting in the back of a car or lying in the grass with a fellow, and I'd feel his hands going down my pants or running over my breasts, and I'd be out of my mind with desire. But at the same time I'd be thinking, 'If I let him, I'll have to go to a priest and tell him I've lost my virginity.'

"Then I felt as if I'd

have to go and shoot myself. The next day, after I'd been with one of these guys, I'd be walking to school and not thinking about schoolwork at all but thinking about those hands again. I could feel them going down my pants once more, running over my breasts, and I'd get soaking wet again.

"Somehow I still believed my virginity was sacred. Once I'd lost it, I felt a delicious guilt about my premarital affairs. The guilt added zest. Then I got married, had the twins, got divorced after six years. During those six years I went to bed only with my husband.

"Since then I've been to bed with men as often as I can. So I've had 50. I suppose by a man's standards that's not very much. But it's nothing compared to the number I could have had. I've exercised a lot of self-restraint. I have firmly rejected at least 300.

"I occasionally go to bed with women, but they have to take the initiative, and, of course, they haven't got cocks. I want a penis, and vibrators horrify me. With men, I just go over and put on the make. Where I live, bars are the only place I can really meet new men. There aren't many outlets in the country. I try to avoid the university students, though they certainly interest me.

"But I can't risk losing my job if some unanticipated event should occur. I don't care if I have construction workers or nuclear physicists. I want a cock inside me. I confess that I use men. You know, men are always said 'to use' women. Well, it's not a one-way street. Women use men, too.

"Most people enjoy being used. In sex, both are giving, both are receiving. You can't wear yourself out with sex. The more you give, the richer you become.

"My great fantasy is the Harlem Globe Trotters. I've never had a black man, and I'd love to. The whole team.

"I don't consider myself promiscuous because every encounter I have is absolutely necessary at the time, and almost always satisfying. I always have an orgasm. In one session I counted 13. I'm sure I'm capable of more.

"We're all capable of so much pleasure, be it with a man or a woman. I don't think it matters a damn. I feel I've contributed to the total sum of human pleasure, and I'm glad."

I asked Roberta if she found herself thinking about sex all the time. "To tell you the truth," she replied, "I feel as if sex were thinking about me all the time. I'm sure it's psychological, not physiological."

"Why psychological?" I asked.

"Because when I was younger, I assumed, despite my mother's gloomy attitude, that everybody experienced my own sexual impulses. Now I know that's not true. So it must have something to do with my mind."

"Aren't the mind and body one thing?" I said. "Don't we also think with our bodies and feel with our minds?"

"Yes," she answered, "but how do you explain the apparent difference between my incessant needs and the absence of those needs in most women?"

"Repression has not been completely successful in your case," I said. "You have resisted the training your mind has received to cut off your body —that's what makes you feel different. Presumably all women have a very powerful sexual drive, but they have been taught to deny it or not notice it."

"I wonder," she said, "I just wonder."

Martha, Roberta and all the other women I interviewed admit to a strong interest in sex, and they act on that interest. They are helping to liberate other women who are still bound in the restrictive chains of chastity.

These women are pioneers in the wilderness of repression. Surely, they should be thanked; perhaps, indeed, blessed. ●●

Donald Lehmkuhl is an American writer presently living in London. He is in his 40s, unmarried and also a writer of brilliant compulsive letters which delight his many friends.

INCEST: Brother/Sister

A FORUM CASE HISTORY

My brother, who is 20 months older than I, slept with me regularly for five years beginning when I was 14. It happened at least three times a week, and usually more often. I can testify that it was good for us, both as a method of achieving adult sexual proficiency and experience and as a method of relieving sexual tension.

There were no bad effects whatsoever. In its way, it was as natural and fulfilling for us as marriage has been since for both of us.

In high school, at least three close girlfriends slept with their brothers regularly and, in college, two of my roommates also did so.

My brother knew of numerous friends who screwed their sisters with equal pleasure all around. And, just in the last two years, we have learned that our father had sexual relations with his sister when they were growing up and her husband screwed two of his sisters when he was a boy.

In almost all these cases, the boy was slightly older than his sister, and there were either no other children in the family or none in their immediate age bracket.

Incidentally, so far I know, all participants also had sex with other partners frequently, and had been initiated into sex before they began having relations with their sibling sweethearts.

I can't speak for my aunt or my uncle's sisters, but all the girls of my generation thought their brothers were wonderful, tender, considerate lovers who were as horny for them as they were in return.

I began playing with my brother's penis when we were very young. I was about seven, I guess. I was fascinated by watching him urinate, making designs in the dust or against a fence if we were outside, or making a big splash in the toilet bowl at home. Naturally, my brother was equally fascinated by watching me urinate.

This wasn't sexual play, just childish fun for us both. Incidentally, we had no other siblings and there were no other children nearby to play with since my father was a forest ranger and we lived in remote areas of the mountains.

My parents would have been horrified if they had known about our games and we knew better than to get caught. Our parents encouraged family nudity at shower time and we often enjoyed family skinny-dippings in an icy stream or mountain lake when no tourists or government supervisors were around.

My parents felt that nudity was educational. They also believed that it built character and could be practiced at home to satisfy our curiosity and quell our budding sexual desires.

When I was about nine, my brother's occasional erections fascinated me. I wanted to feel his hard-on. He began to masturbate soon afterward and I loved helping him. We would pump away until our arms were ready to fall off. (Our parents, incidentally, had never told us anything specific about sex. They thought it was unnecessary since we were young and had no contact with any other kids.)

One of my biggest thrills was masturbating my brother the first time he ejaculated—much to our surprise since neither of us knew this would happen. We both tasted his sperm and were amazed by how salty it was.

By that time, we knew we were engaging in "forbidden" play. But there was no specific attraction between us.

Neither of us knew that girls could also masturbate and, while I would sometimes rub myself when I got worked up playing with my brother, I was hardly

aware of what I was doing. He masturbated alone quite often, but I helped him out once or twice a week.

When I was 11, my dad was promoted to a desk job so we moved to the city. We went to big schools, had neighbors who were our age, and, best of all, we lived in a house where my brother and I shared a bath across the hall from our separate bedrooms which were located one floor above my parent's bedroom and bath.

Our quarters were as private as if we'd been in another house and when I say we "shared" the bathroom, I'm not using a figure of speech. We never shut our bedroom doors or sought privacy in the bathroom.

Within a few months, my brother began having sex with a girl in his class at school. He told me all about it and, of course, I wanted to know if it was better or different than jerking off.

That first summer in the city, my folks sent me off to camp for a month. I made several close friends, learned to smoke and, most important of all, I learned how to masturbate myself.

"We were as close as man and wife and we fucked each other almost every night when we weren't out with others."

For the next year, my brother and I were busy with friends of our own sex and we had much less to do with each other. We were not angry with each other, we were just otherwise occupied. He was broadening his experience with real fucking. His first two partners were his age, and the third was one of my best friends.

My first fuck, at age 12, was another high-water mark for me—he was very experienced, got me worked up until I thought I would explode, and then broke my maidenhead tenderly with what I thought was the biggest penis in the world. I only bled a little. He fucked me many other times and introduced me to other boys who paid similar attention to me.

For more than a year, my brother and I were happily fucking with friends and telling each other all about it. Each of us fixed the other up with the brother or sister of one of our friends.

Then when my brother was 15, he fell in love with a girl of 17 who was a terrible "prick-teaser." She led him on, encouraging him to strip her to the waist and play with her breasts. On every date she told him she could hardly wait to "swallow" his cock—meaning intercourse, not fellatio—and would stroke his erect penis through his trousers.

She would let him feel her through her panties, telling him how naughty he was, how masterful, what a real he-man lover he was, and so on. But she would not let him even get a finger in her panties or let him take his cock out of his pants so she could fondle it.

If he tried either of those ploys, she would freeze up, get dressed and demand to be taken home. At the door she would practically take his tonsils out with her tongue when she kissed him goodnight and then tell him "Maybe next time" as she stepped in the door.

He would come home with a hard-on that wouldn't go away for hours. At first, he was ashamed of his "failure" and didn't want me to know, but I caught him jerking off several times and then I began to help him relieve himself.

This became a regular event. After he came home from a date with her, he would come into my room, strip and let me take over. I often had to bring him off two or three times, and I was as angry at his girl as he was.

To keep semen stains off my sheet, I started sucking his cock. I'd tried it just once before, but the boy I had been with was so young and inexperienced that he came immediately and I didn't get the fuck I had been expecting. But, I knew some girls who had done it and one of my brother's earliest girlfriends had

sucked him and he had told me about it.

So I tried to relieve him as lovingly and thoroughly as I could, substituting my mouth for my hand. He would bring me off manually while I was sucking him. This was something new for us.

I suppose this went on for a couple of months until one day we started to fuck. It was the most natural, obvious and ecstatic thing in the world, and we both kicked ourselves for not doing it sooner.

I think the first few times we made love, he came inside me eight times each night. Later, as we got more experienced, I began to have my first multiple orgasms. How fantastic it was to be fucking each other, how perfect, how special.

We could hardly get enough of each other. Soon after we started making love, he broke off with his "prick-teaser" girlfriend. He would have done so anyway or he'd have murdered her out of frustration.

Well, that's how it started. It went on for five wonderful years. We were as close as man and wife (or closer) and we fucked each other almost every night when we weren't out with others.

We always tried to fix each other up with others, by the way—I would build him up to the girls I knew he would like and he would introduce me to friends of his who turned me on.

I want to emphasize how good it was for us and that everyone I know who has had an incestuous relationship with a brother or sister has said they feel the same way. My brother was the best lover I ever had until I met my husband. Besides the security, relief from tensions and social pressure and all the other benefits our lovemaking brought me, it also served to protect my reputation.

I am a strongly-sexed person, and I have no doubt that I would have been labeled as a promiscuous little tramp had it not been for my relationship with my brother. As it was, in the 10 years from my first fuck until my marriage. I had not more than 25 or 30 lovers, compared to several girls I knew who had several times that many.

My parents never realized what we were doing. We used condoms at first, but I got a diaphragm when I was 16, which was much better for both of us.

I do not know how two people could have been closer. He was like a second self to me and I never felt so good as when he slid his beautiful cock into my cunt as far as it could go. It was really heaven, the best teenage years any kids could have.

Now I have a boy of six and a girl of four. While I would never force them to do anything, when they reach adolescence I'm deliberately going to give them every opportunity for privacy.

Of course, I'm going to teach them all about sex and masturbation and lovemaking long before that. They already know a great deal, by the way.

I really hope they do screw each other because they are so close and they already love each other.

My brother and I ended our sexual relationship when he joined the Marines. I married while he was overseas and he also married. His wife is one of the cutest, sexiest, Dutch women you can imagine.

My husband never had sisters close to his age, so he had no chance for incest. He knows all about my brother and me, and insists that he is grateful for the wonderful experience I had with my brother.

As for the final question, yes, I had sex several times with my brother after I was married and before he married, for old times' sake. I didn't tell my husband at the time, but I have done so since. He is an angel and understands that he has no reason to be jealous, that what we had between us was just a special brother-sister love.

Except for the details, I'm sure my experience is not unique. I imagine there are thousands of families where this goes on and always will. ●●

Because of the highly sensitive nature of this article, the author has requested that we withhold her identity.

THE JOYS OF EROTIC LOVE

FOR MY FRIEND TO ENJOY MY WIFE GAVE ME ENJOYMENT AS WELL.

by Dr. Martin Shepard

Last night afforded me some of the richest and most meaningful moments I have ever spent.

Nine months ago Vincent and I met in a Chinese restaurant to discuss the applicability of videotape (with which he was then experimenting) to encounter groups.

At first sight, I was put off. Although he was an attractive man in his early 30s (he looked like a cross between an Italian street urchin and a young Karl Marx) his seediness seemed guaranteed to put people off.

His face had not been shaved for several days, giving his olive complexion a particularly begrimed appearance. And the gray jump suit he wore seemed never to have been washed.

The most prominent stains on his suit were above his pelvis and along the inner thigh, and looked to me to have been the result of old urine and semen.

But as soon as he began speaking, it all began to change. The man was obviously a genius, and had been traveling along so many roads of the exotic and mundane that it would have taken a hundred other bright young men, each on separate disciplines, to match his breadth of awareness and experience.

In his youth he was a devout Catholic and a brilliant scholar. Later he left the Church and went, while in the service, to Japan. He met and married a Japanese woman, and studied Zen and other Eastern religions.

Returning to America and the university scene, he majored in psychology. He divorced his wife. He allowed himself to go mad. He saw a female psychotherapist and was seduced by her.

He was exploring the Esalen "touch and feel and fantasy" type of therapy before Esalen ever existed. He has seriously tried every drug that he has come across. And every guru as well—from Gurdjiefians to Krishna Murti; from psychoanalysis to "all the crazy little therapies —body therapy, nose therapy and asshole therapy."

He has wandered about the country "fucking hundreds of women and sucking hundreds of cocks" in every conceivable combination and permutation. Earning his living now as a writer of pornographic novels, he considers himself, quite rightly, a "sexual guru."

He is more sensitive to other people's experiences and turmoil than any other person I have ever met. If he is a degenerate, he is certainly the most gentle degenerate of them all.

Vincent is preoccupied with the meaning of death—and of life. Later on we would spend hours talking about sex and death with one another, as befits fellow Scorpios.

Within five minutes of our first meeting we became as close as two friends could possibly be. I had known him for five hundred thousand years. And he knew me for at least as long.

So when he called on Tuesday it was a special delight. Of course I invited him out the next day, and of course he accepted. It would be good to talk with a friendly soul, particularly since Eivor, my wife, was continuing in her foul mood.

On Wednesday I met him at the station and brought him home. Eivor soon returned from her tennis lesson and greeted him in a friendly way, for Vincent is one of my few "hippie friends," as Eivor calls them, whom she likes.

The two of us spent the afternoon on the beach, mentally fucking every bikini-clad woman between 14 and 44, while we talked of life and love, absurdity and meaninglessness, death and fate.

In the evening, after supper, Vincent tried to bring about a threesome. He did it skillfully and with great artistry, talking about how, underneath all of our proper and friendly conversation, we were all playing roles: Eivor the faithful "talk-me-into-it" wife, I the experimental freak, and he the sexual catalyst.

"Needless to say, if we eliminate all of the games, we would all be making love."

"I don't know," said Eivor, still true to her part, as her voice trailed off.

For my part, I really didn't care what happened. Had Vincent laid this rap down a few months ago, I would have been taken in by his idea that I was really trying to engineer this threesome.

"Jealousy was nonexistent. For my friend to enjoy my wife gave me enjoyment as well. Love flowed everywhere."

But for some time now I had pretty much decided to stop trying to force, push, argue or manipulate Eivor into sharing my journey of sexual liberation.

For two years we had been (under my initiative) open and honest with each other about our desires for others and our intimacies with them. But the strain that such honesty imposed on the marriage had recently led Eivor to suggest that we each do our own thing and not tell the other about it.

To me, attempting to share these experiences with her, while rewarding at times, was not really worth the effort.

So Vincent's attempts to get us started fell on Eivor's unreceptive ears. I was truly neutral. Finally, near midnight, Vincent said, "Look. Fucking aside, I don't like to sleep alone. Would you mind if I just shared your bed, in a friendly way?"

"It's okay with me. Whatever Eivor says."

Eivor looked at Vincent, who suddenly seemed quite vulnerable, and said, reluctantly, "Yes. I guess so."

We all made our way to the bedroom. Vincent and I undressed and slipped under the covers. Eivor put on pajamas. "Why don't I sleep on the outside and you two next to each other," she said, on seeing the open space between us.

I declined, joking that it would put me into a homosexual panic. In truth,

in spite of my love for him, I had no desire to fuck or suck Vincent.

It was warm under the covers, but given Eivor's reluctance and her pajamas, I did not really expect anything to happen. So I turned over to go to sleep.

Just as I was falling off, I was awakened by Eivor's hand, moving rhythmically on my back, followed by her soft kisses on my neck (Later she was to tell me that it was out of guilt over having been aroused by Vincent, who was lying behind her and holding her close.)

I rolled around, opened my eyes and saw her, with her eyes closed, blissfully experiencing Vincent's touch.

I began to play with her right breast. Her chest heaved up to meet my hand and the nipple grew firm under her silk top. Without a word and with great harmony, Vincent began to play with her other breast, and next I was slowly and deliberately unbuttoning her blouse.

She opened her eyes for a minute, looked at us with shameless desire, and closed them again, a smile dancing on her lips.

Vincent and I lowered our heads on her until the three of us were connected in the most delicate of motions.

I removed Eivor's bottoms and maneuvered my cock into her cunt.

It was so incredibly beautiful, fucking her and seeing her clasp Vincent gently to her breast, that I came almost immediately. Slipping out of her, I took over the breasts while Vincent worked his prick back and forth within her.

Within minutes I was erect again, so sensuous was the experience. Eivor rolled over on her belly and Vincent hovered over her to enter her from behind. The moon was full and flooded light into the room. Seeing her buttocks rise rhythmically to take his cock into her, watching her glide and slide along its shaft, I felt that I had never seen more beautiful or harmonious motion in my life.

It was as if the Indian cave carvings at Ajanta had come to life. Copulation and its ripples of motion were at the heart and soul of the universe.

I worked my way to her head, where she feasted on my resurrected cock, all the while dancing on the point of Vincent's organ. With moans and groans and bursts we came, and then fell silent.

After some *whooshes* of disbelief, we bid our goodnights. But the intensity of the moment was such that lying behind Eivor, I became erect again, and once more entered her waiting cunt.

And again it was Vincent's turn. Were it not for Eivor's getting up to sleep elsewhere, I am sure we would have continued that way throughout the night.

I had never, prior to this moment, fully appreciated the voluptuousness of my woman. The ballet of the fuck was never so clear when I was immersed in it myself. I understood, perhaps for the first time, why people fuck in front of mirrors or watch pornographic films.

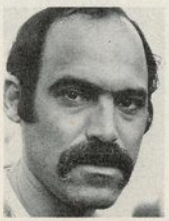
I needed this stepping back and watching the two of them to truly appreciate Eivor's ripeness and rhythm and beauty.

Jealousy was nonexistent. For my friend to enjoy my wife gave me enjoyment as well. Love flowed everywhere.

There was no hesitation or self-consciousness here at all. We were—all three of us—seemingly caught up in a choreography that expressed the Deity itself. It was witnessing creation.

A year-and-a-half back, Eivor and I had shared our bed with Sara. To be joined with the two women I love most had been the holiest and most ecstatic moment in my life, one that I thought could never be equaled.

Until now. ●●



Dr. Martin Shepard is co-director of Anthos (a New York City based growth center) and a consulting psychiatrist to the New York City Department of Correction. He teaches courses in encounter group techniques and has written three books.

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SOUTHEAST ASIAN BROTHELS REVISITED

I was prompted to write this letter to you because of your article "The Pleasure Dens of Southeast Asia" by Sarah Webb Barrell. Now I would like to share my impressions of Bangkok.

The area I know is Udon Thani or, as the GIs call it, Udorn. This area is mostly occupied by the overpaid and oversexed zoomies (Air Force) along with us grunts (Army) of the 7th Radio Research Field Station. Since the end of the Vietnam War, many air bases and army bases have closed down. Only a few of us still remain here.

As you look out our front gate, on the opposite side of the street is what is commonly referred to as The Strip. It is an array of bars with apple-pie names like Mom's Place. But oh, if Mom could only see her place. As I walked into the bar in my bib-overalls and a T-shirt I was met with hardcore porno flicks and a flock of hammers (prostitutes) who ran over to me yelling, "Sawatdee Super Baht (Hello, Rich GI)."

No sooner had I sat down than one of the hammers was on my lap playing with me and trying to push the Mekong and the coke. She played around, kissing and tickling me, and then started to get down to work. In my case she unfastened my bib and began flopping my dong out in the dimly lit bar while my other friends, from what I could see, were under the same attack.

I was sitting in the bar half-undressed with my hands wandering up her shirt. Her shirt had "Jesus Christ Super Star" written on the front and underneath her little gnomes were dangling freely and her large brown nipples were sticking out a good inch-and-a-half. All this time she was whispering in my ear that she wanted to make love to me desperately. She told me she couldn't wait any longer. I pushed her off me for a while and continued to check the goods.

After I got a bit aroused (hell, who wouldn't?) she started beating me off right in the bar. I moved down to check the most important part of my mission. Unzipping her jeans, I found a cute pair of silky, pink see-through panties which barely covered her almost bald cunt.

By running my finger inside, I received some prefabricated moans and groans and passion. I removed my finger from her cunt and pretended to scratch my nose to get a whiff of the goods to make sure there wasn't any possibility of getting a dose. Assuming my nose was correct, I decided to engage in her little game of passion and proceeded to talk the price down.

The Papasuan (bar owner) smiled and asked 30 baht ($1.50) for the room and then handed me a dated receipt with the girl's name and number on it. Before I could get away, he mumbled something, laughed and gave me a couple of rubbers. Off we went.

Without much hesitation we were both undressed and on the bed engaging in what some people might call foreplay. It was like trying to warm up a block of ice in a cold locker room. She started her prerecorded job only to be interrupted by her little seven-year-old son who wanted to know where he was going to sleep and by the other hammers of the bar who wanted to know what my lady was doing in their room.

Finally she got down, and I mean down, to business and resumed her robot motions by kissing my neck and moving slowly down to my crotch. When she finally got to my area of interest, she started kissing and tickling my dong. At last she took my penis into her mouth and began bobbing up and down like a basketball, gently playing with my balls at the same time. I must say she knew her job well.

When her work was done, she grabbed for a towel which she just happened to have handy by the bed and spit my shortcomings into it. Then she reached for her Listerine bottle and quickly ran to the bathroom to rinse her mouth. She returned seconds later to make sure I was still hot enough for the rest of her treatment.

After resting for a few minutes, she talked about how little baht (money) she had and then rolled me over onto her and presented me with the rest of the show by clawing, groaning, sweating

and digging her fingernails into my ass so hard that she could have ripped off a piece big enough to chew. Even though the show was unreal in her mind, it was still real enough for me and I humped until I shot enough into her to make her eyes float. Finally I got relief and she quickly pulled me off, shoved tissue paper up her vagina and threw a towel at me saying, "We take bath now."

So we did. First she washed me down, making sure my dong was cleaned better than it had ever been cleaned before. Then I returned the gesture and washed her, paying attention to her demands that I clean her cunt well if I wanted to get back into it the next morning.

When I awoke the next morning her hands were still tightly clenched around my crotch area to assure that I wasn't going to get away without paying her. She rolled around playing with me until I got it up again. At six in the morning, that isn't the easiest thing in the world to do. I knocked off a quick piece, repeated the shower routine, laid 100 baht ($5.00) on the bed and left. As I walked down the stairs, she screamed, "I wait for you tonight, GI. Come back."

M.F.,
Thailand

FANTASIES

I would like to relate an experience that my husband and I had in hopes that it may expand the horizons of others.

It all started when my husband came home with a vibrator. At first I was turned off to it, but soon I was having the most fantastic orgasms when we used it as an adjunct to intercourse. Then my husband bought a rubber cock to fit over the vibrator.

He used it to stimulate my clitoris and vaginal lips while we were in the *soixante-neuf* position.

Later he confessed that it really turned him on to see me taking another cock while I had his in my mouth. I didn't tell him at the time, but I fantasized about having two big cocks at the same time, too.

Gradually we shared our fantasies and now my husband fucks me with the vibrating rubber cock while I suck him. He verbalizes a lot and tells me to fuck him good while I move my hips just like the real thing.

What is best is that I have the strongest orgasms this way. So strong that all my husband can do is wrap his arms around my closed thighs and bury his mouth on my clitoris. The sensations with the vibrating cock still in me are fantastic. I am completely immobile and so extremely sensitive that my husband dares not move.

After the sensations subside a little, my husband removes the rubber cock and then I take a second cock (his) for another good session. We fantasize about my playing with two other cocks; how I suck another cock while he is fucking me and how I take the other cock while my husband is watching me. It is a real turn-on to screw another 'cock' while my husband watches.

Someday I know we'll actually try out our fantasy but for now we're content this way. We see nothing wrong with our fantasies and that wonderful little machine has increased our enjoyment tremendously.

(Mrs.) Name withheld
by request
Virginia

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

This is the first letter I've ever written to your magazine, but I'm just turned on enough to do it. I've been reading Forum for a while now and I think your heart's in the right place. But there's still a lot going on that you haven't begun to talk about.

I can speak with some real knowledge because I'm a call girl. I'm not ashamed of my work. It's an honest job and I earn my pay by giving good services for money received—just like any business person. I work in Los Angeles, and among my clients are men whose names and faces are familiar to millions. If their fans and admirers had any idea how "bent" they were, they'd go out of their minds.

For instance, I know a producer that I service about once a month. He gets his sexual kicks from having me shit on his face—he loves it. In fact, that's the only thing that turns him on. I know this for a fact because, out of curios-

ity, I've offered him other trips for free and he's turned them down. Well, as they say, there's no accounting for taste.

Then there's an actor who would be recognized by just about anyone in the country. There are thousands of women who would pay to go to bed with him and yet he's impotent! He gets his kicks by hiring six women (believe me, he can afford it) and then going down on them, one after the other, for hours, until he's exhausted.

I also know a famous couple who hire me and another girl to do a lesbian show for them. After we're into it a while, the wife joins in, and then the three of us go at it hot and heavy until the husband gets completely turned on and balls his wife. What's strange is that he's never touched me or the other girl. It's a weird kind of fidelity that he's into.

I've also been seeing a director for a few years, a man who's done half-a-dozen top pictures. He's into a completely masochistic bag. He loves it when I insult him, call him vile names and walk on him with spike-heeled shoes. The more I degrade him, the more he loves it. When he gets really turned on, he masturbates and, after he comes, he crawls away and gets dressed without even looking at me.

My favorite is a writer, a very intelligent guy, who wants me to put a dog collar around his neck and lead him around on a leash while he barks. He makes me wear miniskirts so he can look up my crotch while he's walking on all fours. I'm supposed to pretend he's a real dog and, after half an hour of putting him through his paces, he goes down on me while playing with himself. He's really a character.

I could go on and on, but I just wanted you to know that there are a lot of weird things going on behind closed doors in this country. And from my experience, the richer they are the stranger their sexual appetites. However, I can't complain. They pay well.

Miss B.L.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

PASSION FRUIT

One night, two friends and I were sitting around in my college apartment reading your magazine. We were really interested in your letters section and now we have an exotic experience of our own to reveal. We do not consider ourselves perverted, because we all engage in regular, heterosexual relations with our girlfriends. But one night we were drinking and got to feeling particularly horny.

Since we live near the watermelon capital of the world, Poag, Illinois, there are many jokes going around about watermelons. We heard one story about a man who had coitus with a watermelon and we thought this was pretty funny. We cracked a lot of jokes about it but, as our drinking persisted, the jokes became a reality. We had a watermelon on hand and decided to try the pleasures of this "passion fruit" for ourselves.

We carefully cored three holes of about one-and-one-half-inch diameters in the melon. We felt that this size would give sufficient friction to our penises. Because we are athletes and used to seeing each other nude, it was no big thing to strip down in preparation for this activity. Upon achieving erections, we inserted our penises into the melon. It was a chilling experience, to say the least.

Since we are all fairly well-built, our thighs supported the melon between us while we used our hands to steady ourselves. It was embarrassing at first but, once we relaxed, the three of us really got into it. We all ejaculated at about the same time and we just couldn't believe the pleasure we experienced.

Although we have not repeated this activity together since then, we have all tried it individually. Personally, I feel this is a very relaxing and exciting way to have sex. A melon of average size which is just turning ripe is best. Smaller melons are also fine.

If other readers have had similar "fruity" experiences, I'd love to hear about them.

W.B.,
Cahokia, Ill.

ATTRACTION FOR FISH

I am sexually excited by the sight and smell of wet fish. As a child I often stayed with an aunt and uncle who had a fish-and-chips shop. I used

to watch my aunt cutting and skinning the whole fish. I was young at the time and to me she was the sexiest woman in the world. That was a long time ago, but the fact remains that all my life I've been sexually aroused by wet fish.

I am now 45, married, and have a family of five, but still feel this attraction for fish. I often purchase a fillet of fish, take it up to the bathroom (on pretence of having a bath) and rub and caress my naked body with it. After doing this for several minutes, I have an ejaculation without even touching my penis.

My wife knows about my fetish for fish but says she hates fish herself. However, I have, on occasion, taken a small fillet of fish to bed with me and, when my wife was asleep, rubbed her naked breasts with it. I always have an ejaculation soon afterwards.

One night she woke up and did not seem to notice that while making love, I continued to caress her breasts with the fish. For me it will always be my most satisfying experience.

For a long time, one of my pastimes has been the making up of composite pictures of nudes or leather-clad women cut from magazines and pictures of fish cut from pages of fishing magazines. Being a bit of an artist, I get some quite good results.

W.B., England

A SURE/FIRE TECHNIQUE?

When I got married four years ago, I had difficulties with my sex life at first—my wife has a large vaginal passage and my penis is only four inches long. There was no feeling at all when we had sex, and she had difficulty reaching a climax. Then one day I told her of a method I learned while doing service in the Pacific. It has worked for us, and perhaps it will help other Forum readers with this problem.

I was stationed on an island in the Philippines for five years and a very attractive native girl taught me their method of sexual approach.

First, we washed each other's genitals thoroughly—they are very keen on hygiene. Then we lay on a mat or bed. I would rub her all over with delicate coconut oil, which was perfumed, then we would play with each other. When my penis was hard, she rubbed it with clear honey.

For intercourse, she would lie on her back with her legs raised and her knees drawn up to her chest. With my legs apart and my back to her, I would guide my penis slowly down into her vaginal opening. At the same time, she would lower her legs onto my back, crossing her legs and contracting her thigh muscles.

As I moved slowly up and down she would contract her vaginal muscles which, together with the honey, increased the vaginal friction.

At each thrust, the honey produced a wonderful, stimulating sound which added to the excitement.

Since my wife and I have been using this technique, she can now achieve five orgasms at a time and will not have sex any other way now because she enjoys it so much!

My daughter was having trouble with sex in her married life until she tried this method. Now, she and her husband use it almost exclusively.

The native girls who taught me this technique believe that it makes the man's sex organ stronger and that the honey will give him strength. They swear it strengthens the woman's vaginal muscles and also develops the bust. This certainly seems to have happened in my wife's case.

G.B., Conn.

NIGHTS OF DELIGHT

My wife and I were married, both as virgins, during the early months of WW II. We only had time for the missionary position before I was sent over to the Mediterranean, where I tried my hardest to maintain a state of celibacy.

Soon the war was over and, after almost three years of separation, my sweetheart and I found ourselves busily reacquainting ourselves both spiritually and sexually. One night, when I was overcome with more than a large share of sexual energy and affection, I suddenly found myself kissing her pussy. What a revelation! What a great and happy discovery—for both of us. She was saying,

"Honey, oh honey!" and in a few moments she was bringing my legs around so that she could return the honors.

That was 30 years ago. In the intervening years, I estimate that I have had my face buried between my wife's legs for a total of 540 hours. This is a conservative estimate and it is based on what we have come to term our "special parties."

They begin with a few winks and knowing looks in the living room and then a few tender kisses. Then one of us will wander off to the shower, as cleanliness is of prime importance. Once in the bed, I have to make a conquest even though we both know full well what is going to happen. After some caresses and some kisses, I start to pull her nightgown off. She makes a big deal of it by asking me what I think I'm doing and saying she was planning to go to sleep, etc.

Then I kiss her bosoms a bit and work my way down to her heavenly triangle while she makes me force her legs apart. What a lovely, delicious woman.

What are the ingredients that make cunnilingus such a delightful feast? There are several: taste—a delicate sweet flavor; fragrance —a faint, musty bouquet; texture—soft and baby tender; an emanating warmth and, finally, a mysterious configuration that makes my gonads fibrillate, my toes tingle and the birdies sing.

There are some who say that the crotch area was intended for elimination and reproduction and that oral love is unsanitary. Actually, one should be more careful kissing mouth to mouth. The inside of the mouth can be a veritable cesspool of germs.

Anyway, she is relaxed—just enjoying it and getting in the mood. I savor the sight of her breasts and little pink nipples as I look up from my work. And, of course, my hands are always busy here and there. Fun, fun.

Then it's nice to shift gears for a while and so we assume the missionary position which, all things considered, is really our favorite. We can kiss and talk and just enjoy the exquisite closeness.

Then back down between her legs. I begin to speed up the activity now. Flicking her clitoris a little more vigorously, moving down one set of labia, into the vagina with the exploring tongue, and then back up the other side—I can taste it now.

Soon, she will give a little signal and I know it is time to change polarity and assume the sixty-nine position. In a moment or two I can feel her begin to kiss the glans and caress the shaft lightly with her fingers. Then I feel that first delicious sensation of her taking my penis deep down into her mouth. There are no words in my lexicon that can be used to describe that voluptuous feeling.

This stage in our loving will go on for five or ten minutes until she says "Put him in, honey." Now this is something else. It takes a good deal of sphincter control to keep from climaxing. If I do climax, then it's all over.

Two or three minutes inside her and then maybe there will be a little horsing around—it depends upon her desires. I may lie back while she does whatever turns her on. Now and then she likes to sit on my penis or we may sixty-nine for a bit with her on top. Usually she goes to work on my penis like she is going to devour it. Sometimes she gets so carried away she is tempted to bite me. Likewise, I am concentrating on her vulva and she will soon say, "Oh honey, don't stop, don't stop, oh, that's it, right there, don't stop, oh, now there, oh."

Finally, her legs will snap shut and she will push me off and say frantically, "Put him in now, honey, and hurry!" I don't want to hurry because I know that if I do, all of this beautiful, delicious, happy, wonderful, sweet fun will abruptly come to an end. But she is the boss—and right at this particular moment she has a superior psychological advantage over me. I scurry around as fast as I can and jam old Charley home, and then that lovely machine of hers takes over. Grand Coulee Dam bursts! Fireworks go off. Sirens wail. And as the chimes begin to ring wildly, I collapse on the poor girl. I am like a limp rag, or maybe even a squashed worm. But what glorious, glorious fun I've

had! And what ecstasy!

The next day we wink at each other and laugh and giggle. Our kids think we are nuts. Perhaps we are—but we have agreed that we will settle for this kind of insanity any day.

M.B., Virginia

TRICK OF THE TRADE

My wife and I enjoy the many delights of fellatio and cunnilingus, and I have recently overcome a problem which was shortening these happy interludes.

In the sixty-nine position, I was having great difficulty in breathing and frequently had to "come up for air," which lessened the enjoyment for my wife.

After a great deal of thought, I procured a nose snorkel which I made from an ordinary swimmer's snorkel, a dissected Halloween mask and plenty of tape. Held in place by elastic, it enables us to spend many happy hours at our favorite hobby.

Name and address withheld by request
Patent pending, we presume? (Ed.)

FOWL PLAY

Despite the fact that I'm heterosexual, I've always had a strong desire for anal sex. So far, I have not been able to bring myself to get involved in a homosexual relationship. However, I have found what I believe is an unbeatable substitute.

Take the skin of an uncooked chicken or turkey neck and turn it inside out. Tie one end with a strong piece of thread. Then turn the skin right side out and insert a piece of a broom handle which is the same length as the skin.

Run your fingers over it. It has an amazingly real feel, very similar to that of a penis.

Before I insert it, I dip it in hot water. This softens and moistens the skin so that I never need to apply vaseline or any other lubricant.

I manipulate this fake penis with one hand, while I masturbate myself with my other hand. I can guarantee that you will have the wildest orgasm you have ever experienced.

My girlfriend uses this fake penis when she masturbates, too. She says it feels almost as good as my cock.

J.N., New Jersey

SYMPHONIC SEX

I have been reading your magazine for the past six months and have found it to be both interesting and absorbing. I would like to share my strange problem with other Forum readers.

It all started when my husband and I were courting. He found that he could only achieve orgasm by playing rock and roll music during the sex act. I tolerated this since I was anxious for stimulation. But on our wedding night when he insisted on playing a record of Buddy Holly, it annoyed me no end.

After two years of marriage, he turned his attention to classical music because of my dislike for rock and roll. He found that the Brandenburg Concertos provided the most stimulation.

Ever since, he has been spending lavish amounts of money on hi-fi equipment. His latest purchase is a quadraphonic system costing $2500. Our guests seem to enjoy it, but they must have noticed that every time he hears the music he finds it difficult to resist hysteria.

As I said, I have tolerated this so far. But last week, at 9 pm, a string quartet appeared at the door. It seemed that he had booked them to play in the next room while we were to make love. He seemed upset that I was angry so once again I decided to put up with it.

Yesterday, however, came the straw that broke the camel's back. He said that he couldn't hear the group properly from the next room. He expects me to lie, completely nude, in the same room as the musicians, while they play the Third Brandenburg Concerto!

I feel that I cannot humiliate myself to such a degree but I also know that I would never have any erotic pleasure if there was no music. I would very much like to hear from other "music fetishists" or their wives for their comments and suggestions.

Mrs. K.L., Canada

NAUGHTY NEW ORLEANS

On a recent visit to New Orleans, a friend took me to a number of night spots and then suggested that we visit

what he called a "sex exhibit." It turned out to be an old, two-story home just off the French Quarter. In each room, guys and gals were putting on exhibitions, some together but mostly alone. A guide took us around and gave a running commentary.

In one room there was a stupendous broad who did all sorts of tricks with her vagina, such as smoking cigarettes and blowing out the smoke, putting a huge dildo into her box and making it jump up and down and filling her crack with talcum powder and expelling it in a great stream.

The performance that intrigued me most was put on by a guy. When we entered his room there was a sign beside his bed that said "Compulsive Masturbator."

There were manacles around his wrists which were attached to the bedposts. The guide claimed that the guy was such a madman about jerking off that he would be pulling it all day and all night if he weren't restrained. He was a pale and sort of anemic looking guy of about 22 or 23. He was naked and had a beaut of a hard-on.

The guide asked him if he wanted to beat it and the guy just nodded in response. He didn't look at us and seemed very shy. As soon as the manacles were unlocked, he grabbed his cock with both hands and began to jerk it violently. When he came, he just let his come spill all over himself and then he closed his eyes. The guide wiped him up and put the manacles back on.

I thought the whole thing was part of a fake act so I pulled the guide aside and asked him to level with me. He said it was no fake, that if he weren't restrained he would jerk himself off to death. He estimated that the guy goes off at least 50 times a week. I'm still skeptical although a doctor told me that the guy may be afflicted with satyriasis. Sounds like a nice affliction.

Name withheld by request
New York

EROTIC ARMPIT

My job as an executive for a computer manufacturer takes me all over the country. On a flight to Denver, I met a stewardess who introduced me to the most unusual sexual experience I have ever had.

While serving dinner to a lady across the aisle from me, her skirt rose way up her legs as she bent over, affording me a scenic view of her creamy thighs and silky panties. When she turned around, she couldn't help but notice the smile on my face and the bulge in my pants. She smiled back and asked, "Are you ready to eat, sir?" I certainly was.

It wasn't a crowded flight, so I struck up a conversation with her after dinner. We soon discovered that we were staying at the same hotel, so we arranged to meet in the bar later that night.

After a few drinks, she invited me up to her room "for a nightcap." In the elevator she leaned against me, her breast pressing against my arm.

As soon as she had locked the door to her room, she unzipped my trousers and put her hand inside to find my hardened member. We were both in bed and naked within a minute.

As I kissed her neck and breasts, she pushed my head over to her armpit and purred for me to continue kissing her there. I found this really excited her. She writhed and moaned as I ran my tongue around the ever-so-slight stubble.

Next she rolled me over and moved around, bringing her thighs around my head for what I thought was the start of a good sixty-nine. To my surprise, however, it was not her mouth, but her wet armpit and those delightful stubbles that were wrapped around my turgid cock. She moved her arm, clenched tightly against her side, in a circular motion while I started thrusting. I nearly went berserk.

I couldn't have lasted more than 30 seconds before I came for what seemed like an eternity. To my surprise, I discovered that she had come also!

Name and address withheld by request

BIG BULGE

Some time ago I read a letter in Forum about tight-fitting clothes reducing sperm count because of excess heat. I decided to start going without underwear because my wife was having trouble getting pregnant.

To my surprise, the length of my organ seemed to get longer after I stopped wearing underwear. This not only resulted in a larger turn-on for my wife but I often get some stares from others while I'm out shopping.

Both men and women give a look at the large bulge on the side of my leg.

My penis hasn't increased in size when it's erect, only when it's flaccid.

Most guys feel inferior when they see a bulge in a guy's pants that's larger than theirs. I say they should try discarding their underwear and see what kind of results they get.

G.B.,
Chicago

EXPERIMENT

Thanks for that good, fact-filled article on anal intercourse. I wish my boyfriend had read the article before he introduced me to the practice.

The first time was somewhat painful because I was very nervous and therefore tensed my muscles. In addition, my lover was so anxious to try this new sexual experience that he was not as patient as he should have been. I trust him and I went along with everything. I'm glad I did since now I think anal sex is a wonderful turn-on.

I never fail to reach an exhilarating orgasm when we have anal intercourse. I also have engaged in anilingus with my lover and he appreciates the loving caresses of my tongue. I enjoy it myself and I cannot imagine why I thought the whole idea of anal sex was disgusting when my lover first mentioned it. Like everything else that's new, it takes some getting used to and it also takes a lot of trust in one's partner.

My experience with anal sex has taught me that experimentation is worthwhile in sexual matters. Getting locked into one type of sex just because you're afraid to try something new is silly. All it takes is a certain amount of faith in yourself sexually and a partner whom you both trust.

Ms. C.T.,
California

THE ART OF FELLATIO

My wife and I recently came across a paper on the art of fellatio that contained some very interesting points on the techniques of oral sex. We think all Forum readers should be aware of them. I suppose that each couple make their own rules but, after much experiment, I would like to report our own experiences in following the general instructions in the paper and fitting them to our individual needs and desires.

I think position is number one in importance when it comes to performing fellatio, and the best position is with the man standing and the wife kneeling.

The position with the wife supine with the man kneeling over her has some disadvantages. It does not allow free play of both partners' hands. If the husband becomes excited, he may thrust his penis down her throat causing discomfort and gagging which can be unpleasant for both partners. We have discarded several other positions as being inferior to the standing position.

When standing with his thighs slightly apart, the husband can play with his wife's head, hair and face and he can also play with his penis shaft while his wife is tonguing the glans. Because both the wife's hands are free, she can sometimes embrace her husband's thighs or play with his testicles or soothe his parts if he seems near to ejaculation. A skilled partner can keep her man going all night by holding him just at the point of ejaculation. We have perfected this last technique to the extent that, after a few hours of frustrating the climax, my ejaculatory muscles have actually given a few desultory spasms (delightful) and have expelled no semen at all. We were both delighted to discover that, at this point, there was no worry at all about losing my semen.

There is, of course, much more to the art of fellatio, but I thought my comments might help some couples in their search for pleasure. A word of caution: the female mouth, tongue and throat are so delightful to the male that a return to the cold vagina is a terrible letdown . I am afraid I have become hooked on fellatio ever since I learned the techniques that I have described.

A.N.,
New York

FORUM ADVISER

You are invited to submit your queries or problems to Forum's panel of over 30 consultants, for expert advice on every aspect of sexuality. Send your letter to **Forum Adviser,** 21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022, for answers in these columns (we regret that consultants cannot reply privately). Your identity will be withheld.

GOING SOFT

I have a sex problem that is gradually undermining my sex life. Every once in a while when my wife and I are balling, my penis goes soft. Sometimes it goes partially soft and, when I realize what's happened, I start worrying and then it goes completely soft. Naturally, when I start worrying, there's no hope for me to revive my erection.

Once something like that happens to me, then the next time we ball, I'm really worried that it will happen again. Now it only happens once every ten times we make love.

I just can't put it out of my mind, even though I know that worrying only makes it worse. If that were the only reason for it then I could deal with it, but sometimes the thought doesn't enter my mind and I'm neither tired nor turned off but it happens anyway. Usually I can get it up again after waiting a while but sometimes I feel so sad about it that I don't even want to try.

I don't think I'm selfish at all in bed. It is more important to me that my wife comes and I'm about 99 per cent successful with that.

We are not all-night athletes; one good one is usually sufficient to satisfy us completely. We have a pretty good variety in our sex life

and I am still turned on by her just as much as the first time we ever balled. And, she is quite turned on by me.

Is it possible that there is something physically wrong with me? Or can performance in bed be affected subconsciously?

Actually, I'm very sensitive about my prowess and, if anything goes wrong or if something I do doesn't turn her on as much as it usually does, I feel unsure of myself.

When our sex life is good, it's very good. One night she came seven times by the time I had my orgasm; usually she comes once or twice to my one. Once we have made love, it usually takes 15 or 20 minutes for me to get another erection. That's something I've always regretted. But I've come to accept it now.

My wife and I are completely open about our sex life. We talk about what turns us on, what turns us off and what's bothering us. That makes the situation a lot easier for me to handle, but it hasn't solved my problem.

My wife is very patient and understanding; she never gets angry when my erection goes soft and she's always willing to try it again.

Can you please help me or at least help me to understand my problem?

L.L., Canada

"I'm very sensitive about my prowess, and if anything goes wrong, I feel unsure of myself." In these words you show clearly what your problem is when you lose your erection. In a word, you are on a performance trip, and a victim of the traditional male sex role that says to men that it's not okay to lose your erection when you are having intercourse. What you have to do is raise your consciousness. Learn to accept the fact that you are a human being, not a sex machine. Your sexual activity should be examined not in terms of how many orgasms you or your wife have, but in terms of how comfortable both of you feel when you are making love. You need to give yourself permission not *to have erections from time to time, and to* lose *an erection sometimes. You don't have to have an erection in order to make love with a woman; often using your mouth or hands can be much more tender and stimulating to a woman than using your penis. Try making love the next time without having intercourse; your wife might find it very satisfying, and you will learn how to make love with your whole body, not just with your erect penis.*

BIG PENIS PROBLEM

First I would like to say that you guys with small and medium penises are lucky from a practical standpoint. Measured by my girlfriend a week ago, my penis (hard) is 9½ inches in length, 7½ inches in circumference at the base and my balls hang approximately 5 inches from the top of the sack to the bottom. From an appearance standpoint it is really cool having this "gift" of size. In the summer when I am at the beach, I wear a racer's swimsuit (almost a bikini in size) and it looks as if there is a grapefruit inside. I have picked up many girls just by parading up and down the beach. But as to the practical side, because of my large size I have only been able to have sex and enter my present girlfriend once, and that one time caused her great pain. We are both very frustrated and were planning to get married soon. Do you have any suggestions?

H.F.E.
Tennessee

I sympathize with you because I know this is truly a situation where you can have too much of a good thing. You don't have to worry about the width of your penis because if a vagina stretches during childbirth to accommodate a baby, it can certainly stretch to accommodate your penis during intercourse. However, you will have to make sure that your partner is sufficiently free of anxiety and that her vagina is well-lubricated before attempting penetration. You may need to apply some additional lubrication to your penis and her vagina.

Do not expect her vagina to accommodate the full length of your penis, but if you attempt entry from the side, rear, female superior or scissors position, your partner will have some control over the amount of penetration she can tolerate. She might want to start in the female superior posi-

tion because this will give her the most control.

The main thing for you both to remember is that with time, patience and maybe (if necessary) with some professional sex therapy, you can work out this problem.

ALL BOTTLED UP

As a reader of your magazine, I felt that you could answer some questions that have been puzzling me for about a year.

My husband is away a lot of the time and I have been forced to indulge in masturbation in order to remain faithful to him. After his last trip, he confessed to me that he had met a girl who had entertained him in a very unusual way.

He told me that this woman's husband didn't satisfy her sexually so she indulged in all types of masturbation practices to satisfy herself. Although my husband did not actually have sex with her, he admitted that he was turned on by watching her masturbate.

He said that this turned him on even more than his masturbating himself and he told me that he would be very happy if I would let him watch me masturbate. I did as he asked and found that this turned me on even more than actually having his penis inside me. And, when he talked me into using a candle instead of my fingers, it was fantastic.

On his next business trip, I tried something that I had been very reluctant to experiment with. By using a banana and watching myself in the mirror, I achieved many more orgasms and they were much more intense. Next, I used a large cucumber which I found to be even better.

When my husband came home I told him of my experiences. He replied that he did not believe that I did it, so I showed him my new techniques.

This has become a large part of our sex life but I have the urge to use something even larger on myself. One night we talked about using a soda bottle. Would this do any harm to my innards? I would like to work from the small size up to the 32-oz. size.

Mrs. M.W.
Illinois

I see nothing wrong in using various forms of dildos for one's sexual pleasure. The walls of the vagina, with the exception of the upper front area where the roots of the clitoris are located, are somewhat insensitive because they contain only a few nerve endings.

However, many women experience heightened sensual pleasure from stimulation of the nerve endings of the vaginal muscles that encircle the vaginal opening and from pressure against the cervix as it in turn moves the uterus and its supporting broad ligaments.

Your cucumber and banana are probably effective in stimulating the cervical area as well as the sensitive vaginal opening. It is unlikely that anything larger will provide you with more effective stimulation.

However, you can always progress with increasingly larger objects, provided they give you pleasure and no pain. A 32-ounce bottle closely approximates the width of an infant's head and I suspect it will give you far more pain than pleasure. It is likely to stretch the vaginal opening and possibly the vaginal barrel, making intercourse less pleasurable for your husband. A bottle is also very dangerous because of the possibility of its breaking and cutting you.

Dildos in various lengths and widths can be purchased at a sex boutique and these would be preferable to a bottle.

A NORMAL FANTASY

Please tell me if you think this sexual practice and the accompanying sexual fantasy would be considered reasonably normal for a 25-year-old male like myself.

First, I would like to describe some background material that I read recently that concerns my question on male sexual behavior. I read a book on the subject of women's sexual fantasies entitled *My Secret Garden* by Nancy Friday. The book deals with a number of categories of fantasy, but the ones that interested me in particular were daydreams and masturbation fantasies.

The text described a number of inventions that women used as masturbatory tools. Included in that category were fingers, dildos, vibrators, electric toothbrushes and, last but

not least, vacuum cleaner hoses. One woman who was interviewed in the book said that she reached a terrific orgasm when she "played the hose of the vacuum cleaner lightly over her pubic area."

I had thought that this technique of sexual stimulation was not possible for women due to the structure of their anatomy.

This bit of information about using vacuum cleaner hoses as an aid brings me to my question. Since I was ten years old, I have been playing with the vacuum cleaner when I masturbate. I put the sweeper hose over my penis and I thoroughly enjoy it. I enjoy the sensation of experiencing flaccidity, erection, orgasm and ejaculation while the suction from the hose massages my penis.

I also have a fantasy that accompanies my episodes with the vacuum cleaner hose. I fantasize that there is a naked girl in the room with me when I'm playing with the hose over my penis. She becomes aroused by watching and she wants to sit astride the sweeper herself. She takes the hose off my penis and plays with it directly on her clitoris until she reaches an orgasm. She then moves the hose around on the inside of her thighs all the way down her legs to the soles of her feet, followed by the same treatment on her breasts and her navel.

I'm fascinated watching her. As I'm sitting there, I have my penis directly against the vacuum cleaner bag itself. Then we switch positions; she gives me the vacuum cleaner hose and she sits against the vacuum cleaner bag. We continue until the final session when we withdraw the hose and have intercourse sitting face to face on top of the bag while the sweeper is running.

That's my fantasy and I was hoping that you could comment on it.

R.T.B.
Massachusetts

You ask if your fantasy and practice are "normal." I cannot answer that since I do not believe there is a norm for fantasies. We are all individuals and we all have fantasies. Yes, fantasies are normal and often they enhance our feelings about our own sexuality and our uniqueness as individuals with our own private, creative inner worlds.

If your fantasy turns you on and is not harmful to anyone else—enjoy it.

As for your masturbatory practice of using a vacuum cleaner, my only concern is that you don't hurt yourself. Devices such as machines, vibrators, flowing water, etc., can be fun toys to incorporate into self-pleasuring and shared-pleasuring (assuming both of you are willing). Just be careful the electrical system is operating properly and that the intensity of the stimulation will not injure you.

GUILT-RIDDEN PLEASURE

I had an experience I would like to share with your readers. It happened when my parents were visiting my grandmother in Pennsylvania. I was invited to stay in the country with my 31-year-old (widow) aunt for two weeks.

First of all, let me give you some idea what my aunt looks like. She is a willowy, green-eyed brunette, weighing 120 pounds, with a face that would knock out any hot-blooded American male.

I had just turned 18 and my sexual experience up to that point was almost nonexistent. One morning my 13-year-old cousin Kathy and I were out enjoying my aunt's built-in pool. After an hour or so Kathy took off to the movies with friends and I was left alone to enjoy the sun. It was close to noon when my aunt came out to join me in a two-piece bathing suit and robe. She had brought some sandwiches and a couple of Tom Collins which I gladly accepted. After lunch she removed her robe and lay down on one of the lounge chairs. I couldn't believe my eyes, her cunt was so hairy that some hairs were sprouting from the corners of her swimsuit.

It wasn't long before my penis got so hard it started to hurt. My only thought was to sneak inside and relieve myself before she saw me in my embarrassing state. I got up slowly but, at that moment, she turned her head and saw the bulge. My aunt said, "Well, well, what do we have here?" (smiling all the while). I was stunned, I just couldn't

move my lips to speak but she said, "Now Bobby, you don't have to be embarrassed with me. After all, I am your aunt." Then she got up and before I knew it, she was on her knees giving me the best head in my life. Putting her hands on my ass cheeks, she pumped my seven-incher into her mouth until I came.

Then she took me by the hand and led me into the house for another drink. We fucked anywhere and everywhere—on the couch, on the dining room table, sitting in a big chair. I even sucked her off in the shower.

Since then we make it every chance we get. I really enjoy being with her, and she has taught me so much about sex. However, deep inside, I know it's wrong. How can I shed the guilt feelings that I've carried for months? Should I end it?

B.L.
New Hampshire

Your enthusiastic description of your relationship certainly does not sound like the writing of a man who is overburdened by guilt. Probably you are somewhat concerned about the anticipated reaction of your family should your relationship become known. But that's another story.

Medically and psychologically, there is no reason whatsoever why a man should not have sex with his aunt. Some people would oppose the relationship on moral grounds, but one man's immorality is another's idea of good, clean fun.

When you say that "deep inside (you) know it's wrong," you suggest that you don't really have a firm, well-thought-out belief that it's wrong. If you did, you wouldn't have become involved in the first place; or you wouldn't have continued the relationship after that first passion-inspired dalliance. More probably, you have vague feelings of guilt related to antisexual propaganda to which you were exposed as a child.

This sort of guilt is easily enough dispelled. Ask yourself if there is really a valid moral reason why you should not pursue this relationship and, if not, what is there to feel guilty about? I suspect you'll conclude that there's no moral harm in a mutually enjoyable relationship with a woman who's old enough to know what she's doing and who obviously wants to do it. This should lead to the conclusion that there's nothing to feel guilty about—and whatever guilt feelings you have should promptly vanish.

MASTURBATION IN PUBLIC

Please, can you help me?

The thing is, my husband gets very excited when I masturbate him in places where there are lots of people or where we may be seen if someone passed by. I don't mean right in public, but in the car in traffic jams, in the back of a cinema or in a doorway. If he wants me to do it, he just arranges his coat so that no one can see, unzips his fly and slips my hand in.

He gets the most fantastic erections which he can keep for a long time before he finally comes. This always makes him really want me and he makes love to me almost as soon as we are through the door at home.

I didn't really like doing it at first, as I always thought we'd be seen, but since my husband is always careful and I enjoy the lovemaking that follows, I soon got used to it.

My husband also likes me to watch him pee. He waits until he is really bursting. He is almost starting when he unzips his fly so he has a really strong stream. He also likes me to cuddle up to him and hold my hand under his, on his penis when he's urinating. I always thought this was the "little boy" part of him showing off, as he loves me to tell him how big he is (his penis, I mean) etc., but this friend of mine says I have married some sort of pervert.

She says a normal man likes to pee in private, and that my husband will turn into the sort of man who shows himself to women and children or, even worse, may end up raping one. Would you tell me if it is true that men like my husband are "not normal"?

Although we have only been married for eight months, I knew my husband for two years before, and he has always been kind and loving.

Please, please put my mind at rest. Although I

have tried to forget what she said, it keeps coming to my mind, and spoiling my love for my husband.

Mrs. S.D.
California

Your husband's great desire for you to masturbate him in semi-public places implies that he has a strong exhibitionistic streak in his make-up. This does not seem too serious but, apart from distressing you, it could obviously result in the humiliation of detection and subsequent police action for "obscene behavior" or some such charge. Take the matter up with your husband and, by stressing these points, try to get him to stop placing you in a potentially embarrassing situation.

If he won't listen to reason and you feel sufficiently strongly about it, you could simply refuse to cooperate. In my opinion, it is possible, but not likely, that such a strategy on your part could pique your husband so much that he would deliberately expose his genitals in public.

His practice of peeing in front of you is, as you've gathered, a form of "juvenile" showing off. It seems that he has a great need to impress you both with the size and the power of his organ. To me, your husband exhibits some signs of personality immaturity but this falls far short of what would generally be considered "perversion."

I think your friend's apprehensions (on your behalf) are greatly exaggerated. While there is a slight (theoretical) risk of your husband exposing himself (with or without you) in public, from what you tell me of his character, it seems quite unlikely that he would ever do anything of a sexually violent nature.

POST-COITAL HANGUP

See if you can figure this one out. I don't know what my hang-up is. I prefer giving and receiving oral sex to regular intercourse. My other hang-up is that I like very small girls. I like them from 13 to 30; below 13 they don't smell right and over 30 they smell too strong. I hate dominating women.

Now the story. When I'm having sex with a young lady, I love to sixty-nine with her on top. I suck her vaginal and anal areas. I would do that even if she didn't want to mouth me. If I have intercourse with her or with any other woman who doesn't fit my preference, about ten seconds after I reach orgasm, I hate her guts. I try to suppress this feeling so as not to hurt her afterwards, but I don't even want to kiss her anymore.

I have had only one gay affair. I was working in a shop in Norfolk and a girl, who turned out to be a guy, came in and made a play for me. I fell for it. I locked the shop and we went into the back room and reclined on the couch. The desk lamp was on low. He was young and had long hair and a clear face. I am not too much of a breast man so the small breasts didn't bother me. I still thought he was a girl. I undressed completely and he stripped to his panties. He placed himself between my legs and fellated me almost to a climax. Then my thing of giving oral sex came to a head.

In the semi-dark room, I leaned him over the desk and gave him some anal tongue pleasure. When I turned around, there staring me in the face was an erect penis about four inches long. In a mild state of shock, I looked up into his girlish face. He said, "Please don't be mad, I thought you knew."

I don't really know what made me do it, but since I had already gone that far, I figured I might as well go the rest of the way with him. So I started to fellate him. It wasn't the best thing I've tasted nor was it the worst. It was just the weakness of doing it that bothered me.

We stayed in the shop until closing time when no one was around. I really liked him. That night we went to my apartment and we had sex well into the night. He left the next day for Florida and that was that.

Then there was this heavy-set chick who took me over to her house for sex. I couldn't get erect. For three days I went over to her place, and each time I was like a wet dishrag.

Then I went to a massage parlor to see if I really had lost my ability to become erect. After she massaged me, my penis was still limp. I asked her if she would let me lick her vagina and her anus. She got me into the

sixty-nine position and, as soon as I made contact with her anus, I became erect. She masturbated me to orgasm and about ten seconds later I became disgusted with the whole thing. I put on my clothes and left without saying good-bye.

Then I got tied up with a 14-year-old girl. She didn't tell me she was 14 until after it was over. When we had oral sex to climax, it was heaven. When I finally penetrated her (she was experienced) and climaxed, I hated myself and felt guilty. I wouldn't let her come over to see me anymore after that.

What is this all about? Why do I crave only small, slender young girls and why do I prefer oral contact? Also, after I climax, why do I hate most of the women and myself? I can't figure myself out, so please help me.

T.H.
Address withheld by request

My immediate response to your inquiry is that your statement "I hate dominating women" is an important clue to why you end up hating women you have intercourse with, but not girls you have oral sex with. At some level you have not accepted your own masculinity, and feel guilty for having intercourse with a woman.

This probably goes back to your relationship with your parents and the messages you got from your father in particular about intercourse and what it means for a man. I suspect that whatever you learned in this area is false and that your acting on this false information, probably without even realizing what you are doing, is ruining your sex life.

It sounds like you are objectifying your sexual partners, whether they are male or female, young or old. You need to grow up emotionally and begin relating to your partners as persons, not as children.

I suggest you see a sex counselor or join a men's group where you can begin to explore your sexual feelings about intercourse. It's very difficult to figure out some things by yourself.

I think it's great you can enjoy oral sex; hating your partner minutes after orgasm is what I feel needs to be examined. Not looking into this hatred will leave you with a monkey on your back for years and make you miss out on many potential loving relationships that could be yours along with enjoying the sex. Your inquiry is a first step in opening up; don't stop here.

HOW TO DO DEEP THROAT

My husband and I read with great interest "How to do Fellatio."

I think that I can say in all modesty that I give and, may I add, receive great pleasure from this art.

I use the technique you describe and always swallow the semen.

However, for the past few months I have tried without success the "deep throat" technique.

We would appreciate your advice as to how to perform what must be, when perfected, a very big source of enjoyment for both partners.

Mrs. L.W. New York

Two main problems instantly become apparent to women who start practicing "deep throat." The first is how to avoid gagging, the second is how to breathe! Linda Lovelace, star of the infamous film, recommends a training system. The first step, she says, is to put a finger in the throat. When you can tolerate that without throwing up, try moving the finger, so that your extra-sensitive throat area can get used to something active inside it.

You learn from these first exercises that swallowing should be held back while an object is in the throat. It takes practice, learning to control the muscles with a lot of concentration, and requires relaxation, both mental and physical.

It does, of course, become more difficult when the object in the throat blocks the windpipe. The only way full penetration can be achieved is to position yourself so your mouth and throat are in a straight line—rather as a sword swallower does. The best way to do this is by lying on your back, on the bed with your head hanging over the edge of the mattress.

Your lover should then kneel on the floor facing you, and put his penis in your mouth. That way it slides in easily, while still allowing air to penetrate the throat.

Having established the straight-line position, the next step is to take the penis deeper and deeper, while keeping in rhythm with your lover. On his back stroke, take a breath.

Once the penis passes the throat muscles there is no problem in accommodating any length, but it does take practice and control to get to that stage.

It's not just the physical part of the act that has to be perfected to make the whole exhilarating experience work. It's the mental attitude, too. In the initial stages it's easy to gag. But it's worth persevering. If your man likes head, but you are repulsed by the taste of semen, deep throat is actually your answer. You will not taste the semen, because it bypasses the mouth. In fact, the only way you know your man is coming is from the muscular spasms that you feel in your mouth.

The deep throat technique of fellatio requires cooperation between partners. Your man must play his part, too, and be understanding. He must not approach you roughly; he must give you time to let your muscles adapt to his penis; he must be prepared to pull out any time you indicate. But patience and perseverance can make deep throat such a remarkable sensation that neither of you will regret the initial difficulties.

The beauty of the training system is that, as with the vaginal muscle system where you can practice your exercises while sitting in the office or washing the dishes, so the finger exercise can be carried out at odd moments during the day.

ANAL RISKS

Although I enjoy anal intercourse and would hate to give it up, I often wonder if taking the penis and semen in this fashion will have any long-term effect on my anus and rectum. Also, despite our thorough cleanliness, is it possible for my husband to pick anything up from me?

Mrs. J.G.
New York

There's nothing harmful about anal intercourse, as long as penetration is gentle and you are well-lubricated. (It could, however, irritate hemorrhoids.)

The hygiene rule is that a penis or finger which has been in the anus should not touch the vulva before being washed. The anus naturally contains bacteria which are quite harmless where they are, but could cause cystitis and other infections if they come into contact with the urethra or vagina.

VISUAL STIMULATION

Which is likely to damage an affair more quickly, my unwillingness to be seen fully unclothed in the light or his seeing that my great figure isn't so great after all? I appreciate the value of visual stimulation but I feel that his seeing my ripples and bulges will turn him off a lot faster than my "closet dressing." It's my affair, too, and I'm just not comfortable baring it all. However, my main interest is in maintaining the affair since Herb is the nicest thing that's happened to me since my acne went away. What do you recommend?

Miss R.R.,
Georgia

We live in a culture where the media constantly give us messages that sexual attractiveness is the possession of golden-skinned magazine models. There is little support for the truth, which is that most of the people who have sex don't look like that at all.

Even if you have sex in the dark with a nightgown on, Herb must have a pretty good idea of what you look like, so I doubt if your final exposure will be that much of a surprise to him.

Most of us are attracted to our sexual partners based on our needs and positive experiences in the past. As a result, some of us are attracted to heavy women, to skinny women, some to men with beards or glasses, short men or tall men. Others are attracted to sexually exciting people and some to just plain availability. In other words, for some, almost any partner who will consent to have sex will do.

In many Eastern countries, "fat is where it's at, and where there's meat there's heat" to quote a TV character. One of the most closely guarded secrets is that fat feels really sensual. So don't let your body stop

you from enjoying yourself to the fullest. Start actively using it to provide your partner with the kind of sensual pleasure your skinnier friends will never be able to give.

Herb is obviously attracted to you, so stop worrying and give him the extra pleasure of seeing you in all your glory. Obviously he likes those ripples and bulges.

BROTHER/SISTER

When we were teenagers, my brother and I briefly experimented with sex, mostly limited to kissing, petting, mutual masturbation and clitoral stimulation with his penis. Because he was almost three years older, he soon went into military service during World War II and on to college, career, marriage and living some distance from me.

Although my husband is always buying hardcore pornography and identifying with the kind of aggressive sex that ends after his climax, my sex life seemed adequate until recently.

Then I began to have erotic fantasies about my brother again. One night last winter my brother stopped overnight on a business trip to the Midwest. My husband had left at 11 to work the midnight shift, and my brother had gone to bed in the guest room and was soundly sleeping (and snoring).

While bathing and getting ready for bed, I began to have a very sexy fantasy about my brother to the extent I became very aroused and even moist.

With that I combed my hair, put on lipstick, perfume and stockings and threw on a light robe. I went into the guest room, turned on the night light, leaned over my brother, shook him gently and told him his snoring was keeping me awake. He started to say something and move around when he became aware of my attire (or lack of it) and asked me if I didn't believe in pajamas. I asked him if he ever read *Penthouse Forum*. (He is both an intelligent and virile man, even at 50.) He immediately grasped my meaning and started to get an erection (visible through his shorts) which turned me on even more. At that we started kissing and petting our way into a wonderful session of lovemaking.

On his return trip several days later we had an even greater session, this time including cunnilingus and fellatio, which neither of us had ever done before. During February the same thing happened again. He makes about six trips a year out this way and I am sure we will continue to enjoy this relationship. It is exciting and fun, yet gentle and warm. It has made sex a lot more enjoyable for me in spite of the fact that we are middle-aged.

I feel no particular guilt or shame about this new relationship and I don't believe he does, either. I am writing to you to ask if, in your research, you have found other situations like ours. Or are we completely deviant and out of life's mainstream?

Mrs. R.W.
Address withheld by request

No, you are not "completely deviant and out life's mainstream."

Incest is an emotion-packed word. In all modern legal codes it is a criminal offense, and in many primitive and civilized societies for centuries it has been one of the strongest social taboos. There is no doubt that the taboo was originally aimed at mother-son, father-daughter incest to control rivalry between parents and children for the other's affections. This, I think, was particularly applicable to the mother-son relationship, from which might develop a challenge to the father's position as head of the family by one of his sons.

From any point of view, the taboo against parent-child incest is a wise one, since if indulged in—irrespective of whether there are offspring—it must inevitably damage the family relationships. To give to what is basically a human relationship without sexual overtones, i.e. love between parents and children, a sexual content, is to threaten one of the purest of relationships. The blood-bond is much closer between parent and child, and though I may be responding to prejudices bred in me by the effects of the centuries old taboo, I can understand why a parent-child sexual relationship should be objectionable, apart from the rivalries

set up by it within the family.

I cannot personally, however, react in the same way to a brother-sister sexual relationship. First of all, the fact of having shared a womb does not seem to me to create the same quality of blood-bond which exists when a mother produces a son or a father begets a daughter. The strongest bond between brother and sister is genetic rather than one resulting from the physical fusion of sperm and egg.

It is this difference in the quality of the bond which, I believe, differentiates between the parent-child and the brother-sister relationships, apart from moral, philosophical and practical considerations. It is possible for a brother and sister, especially if they are brought up as the only children in a family, to develop such close ties of affection that such ties can only be properly termed love in the fullest sense between male and female, in which sex is an integral part. The modern French classic Les Liaisons Dangereuses illustrates this very well.

The strongest objection to brother-sister incest—and one of the objections to other incestuous relationships—has been the risk of offspring. The objection has been based on genetics. It was believed that such close genetic relationships must produce mentally, and often physically, impaired offspring. Recent developments in genetic knowledge tend to show that this is not so.

In these days of the pill, however, such considerations do not apply. Although, naturally, there are no statistics, experts in this field are now beginning to suggest that there are far more brother-sister relationships flourishing today than we imagine.

This can only be a brief comment. To give in-depth consideration to the whole subject—which is what is really needed—would require a book. (Robert Chartham)

PEEPING TOM

I have a problem that I need answered not only for my sake, but for the sake of the many peeping Toms in the United States. What am I lacking in my sex life that makes me look into other people's windows? I am a happily married man with two fine sons and a beautiful wife. My wife turns me on more than any woman I have ever had but I get turned on more by just watching a woman undress (my wife included) if she doesn't know that I'm watching.

I can stand outside and look in a window and experience an orgasm without even touching myself. I masturbate on the average of two or three times a day, and my fantasies are always about looking into someone's window.

When I am making love to my wife, I have the same kind of fantasies. I have tried to quit but each time I try something makes me go back to doing it again. I have done this since I was 13 and I am now 25. I haven't been caught peeping yet, but I know that someday I won't be so lucky.

Please try to give me some idea of what I can do to help myself with this problem.

K.M.,
Indiana

The fact that you enjoy peeping doesn't necessarily mean that something is lacking in your sex life. Most people would be aroused by seeing an attractive person undress. However, two points in your letter stand out: (1) You enjoy looking more when the person undressing doesn't know that you're watching; (2) You "know" that some day you will be caught.

In psychodynamic terms, the first point suggests that you feel inadequate sexually. You are afraid you could not live up to your responsibilities in a mature sex relationship, and therefore you retreat to the "safety" of a peeping relationship, where no demands will be made on you, where it is all take and no give. Point two suggests that you feel guilty about this and want to be punished, therefore you will continue to expose yourself to greater and greater risks in an "unconscious" effort to get caught.

Well, maybe so and maybe not. The fact remains that you can't really peep on someone who doesn't want to be seen. Someone who doesn't want to be seen

pulls down the shade. Moreover, it's not inevitable that you'll get caught. If you really don't want to get caught, limit your peeping to safe situations—for example, with binoculars from a substantial distance.

In any case, you are relatively young. You don't state whether you've had extensive sexual experience. If not, your urge to peep probably will recede and eventually vanish as you gain confidence in your ability to satisfy your wife or as you and she explore various sexual adventures far more sophisticated than peeping.

In the meanwhile, there's certainly no harm in fantasizing about peeping during coitus or masturbation—although the fact that you masturbate so frequently suggests that perhaps your marital relationship isn't what it might be.

If fantasy isn't enough to keep you "on the wagon," be sure to avoid high-risk situations when you do peep.

The abundance of classic symptoms which you describe suggests that you've done a lot of reading about peeping, particularly in psychoanalytically-oriented books. Possibly you are inventing certain symptoms or attitudes to conform to case histories that you've read.

If your urge to peep doesn't diminish as you gain additional sex experience, you might consider professional counseling.

TYPES OF ORGASM

I am not sure I have a problem but I am rather curious about the difference between the orgasms I experience when I am masturbating and the orgasms I have during intercourse with my husband. I am in my early 20s and I have been married a little over a year. I have been masturbating for about three years but I usually masturbate only once a month.

When I masturbate, I lie on my stomach and move up and down on the bed without manually stimulating my clitoris. I usually read an erotic book. I have tried a vibrator and manual stimulation but neither turns me on as much as the position I have described. When I reach an orgasm through masturbation, it is always very intense and powerful.

When I have intercourse with my husband, who is in my opinion a skilled lover, I always reach a climax. I prefer the female superior position. But, my orgasm is never as strong as when I masturbate even though I move the same way when I am on top of my husband during intercourse as when I am alone masturbating on the bed. Is it common for women to have different types of orgasms from intercourse and masturbation?

I am happily married and my husband and I are able to discuss any and all kinds of problems. I am not sure that I should even be concerned with the difference that I've noticed in the orgasms I reach during masturbation and during intercourse but I would be glad to hear your thoughts on the matter.

Mrs. S.K., Chicago

You have learned something about orgasm that Masters and Johnson discovered in their laboratory research. There is, indeed, a marked difference in the intensity of orgasm while masturbating and orgasm with partner stimulation. Physiologically the most intense orgasms occur during masturbation. Manual or oral partner stimulation produces the next greatest intensity and intercourse the least intense orgasms. This is true for both women and men.

Many women do not experience orgasm at all during intercourse, so you are actually quite fortunate to have this option for orgasm in addition to masturbation. You didn't say whether or not you also have orgasms with manual or oral stimulation from your partner. If you do, you might conduct your own research project to determine how you get your best orgasms with him. The two of you might also find out how he has his best orgasms. Such a project could be a lot of fun.

Since our entire body/mind complex is involved in our sexual experience, many people feel that partner stimulation makes for better orgasms than masturbation. This psychogenic response accounts for one person preferring masturbation and another preferring intercourse. All orgasms are different, so please don't get hung up on whether or not your orgasms are "good enough."

FORUM

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with his dick in his hand. But it would give our shop a good laugh, just as his letter did. We all have our fingers crossed that we don't receive orders to his squadron. We would hate to clean come off his ejection seat.

And in closing we would like to address this question to the Sky King. Is that the only thing they taught you at the academy?—*The Fighter AME's of VF-194 and VF-191, FPO San Francisco, Calif.*

My vote for "turkey of the year" goes to the numbnut pilot who beats his meat while in flight. This turkey, I hold no hope for.

He mentions the fact that he one time shot his load just as he came across the stern, thus blowing the landing. It is airdale assholes like this one who account for all these "operator error" plane incidents. I hope that someday his crank gets caught in the control stick mechanism and all his worries are over for the rest of his time. Explain that one to your wife/girl friend/shackup, asshole.

If his squadron commander ever finds out about this turkey, may he be grounded for the rest of his active duty time. One less nerd like this loose in the sky and Naval Aviation will once again be safe for pilots both military and civilian.

He has the soundings of a boot ensign —still wet behind the ears, and doing "his thing" on a dare—because no good pilot would try this shit. His kind gives all us other airdales (enlisted and commissioned) a bad name. May this turkey read this and know that he and his final is being watched by "big Brother."—*Name and address withheld*

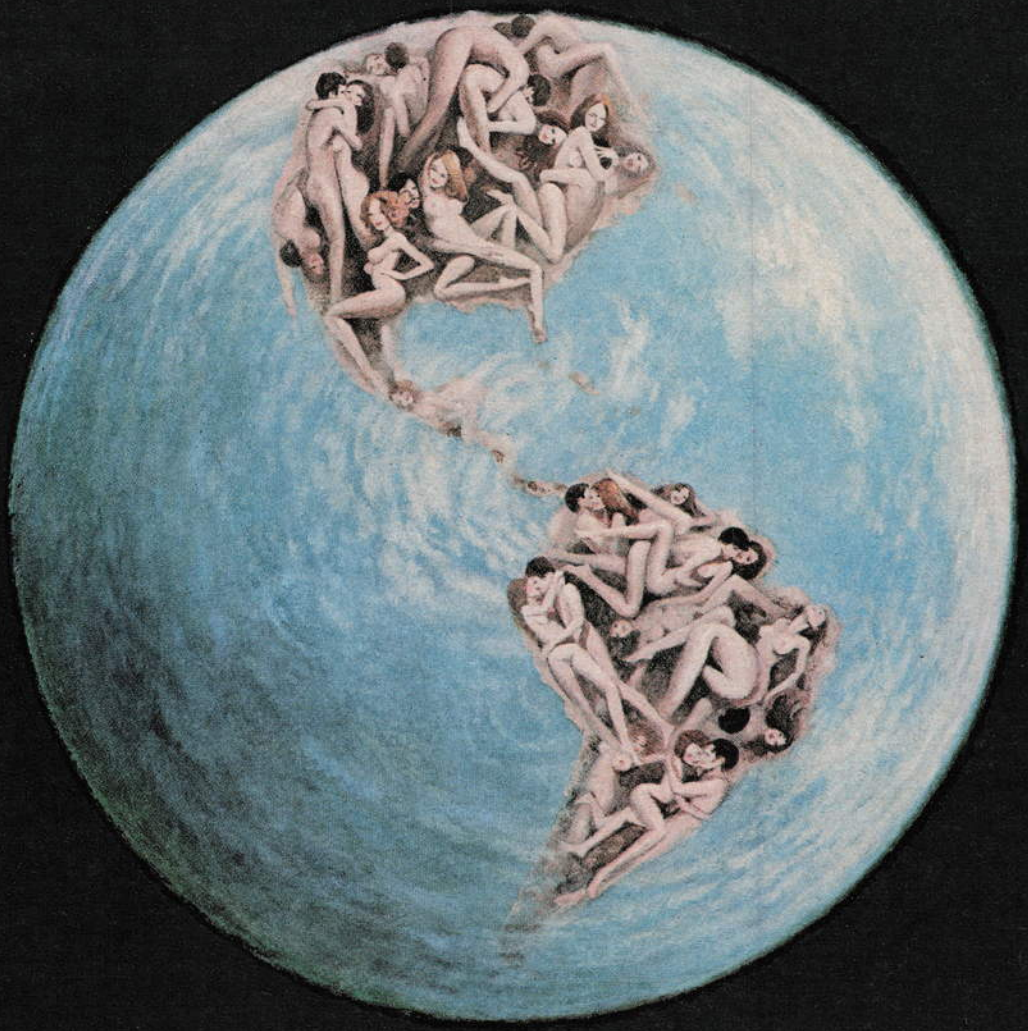
I am writing this in response to "sky queen," letter in September Forum.

Frankly, this guy scares the hell out of me. Not the sex, but the idea that his airplane is cruising along with a pilot who is paying absolutely no attention to his flying. I'm sure this thought will frighten any person who flies, be it as a pilot or a passenger.

I have been a licensed private pilot for over two years. A very large amount of private flying is done under visual flying rules (VFR). This VFR flight relies on the "see-and-avoid" concept of keeping safe distances between aircraft. I can say from experience that it is not easy to see other airplanes while flying. It can be difficult to spot other air traffic, even with a ground radar facility telling you in what directions to look for nearby aircraft. It is obvious that a pilot must be constantly alert to locate other airplanes, whether they are light, private planes, military aircraft, or crowded airliners.

General aviation is continuously struggling to prove to the nonflying public that the private airplane is a safe and practical means of transportation. The primary and most repeatedly emphasized aspect of all private flying is safety. The letter in question certainly derogates the high degree of

A UNIVERSE OF EROTIC DELIGHT



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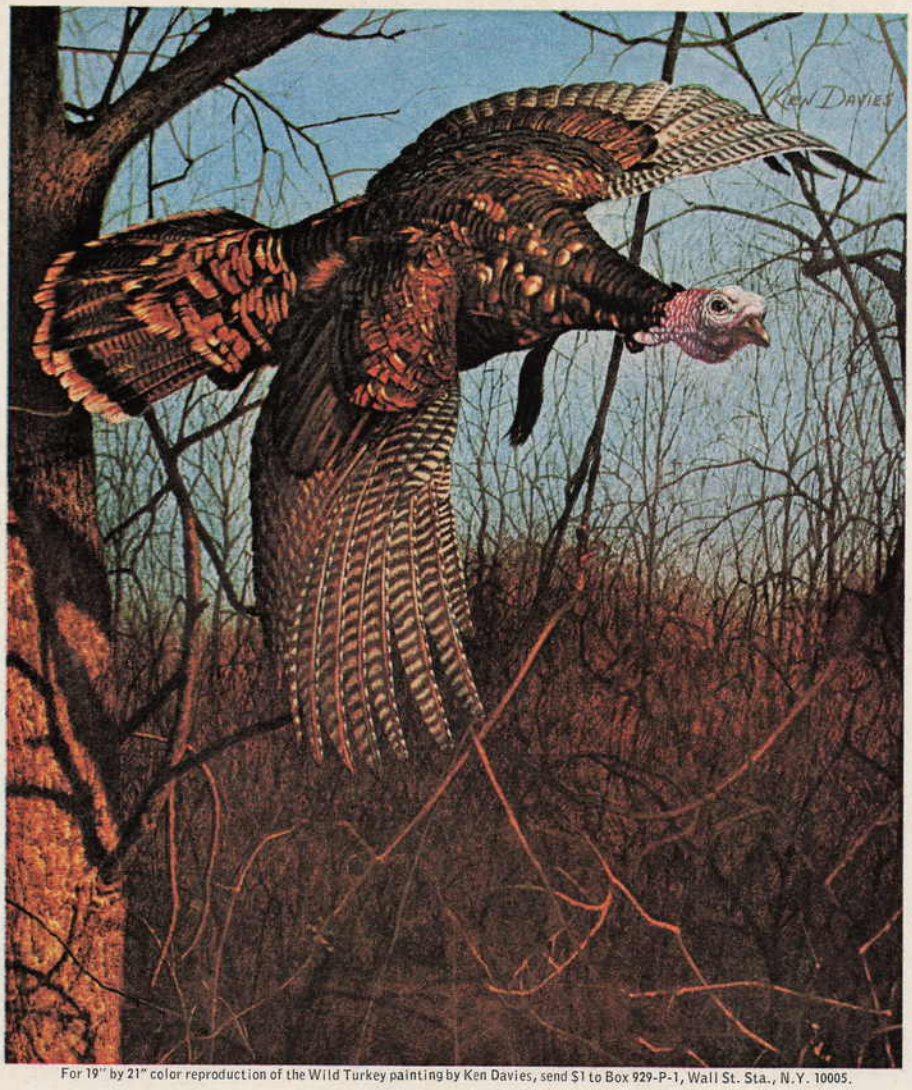

For 19" by 21" color reproduction of the Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, send $1 to Box 929-P-1, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005.

Wild Turkey Lore:

In 1776 Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The eagle was chosen instead.

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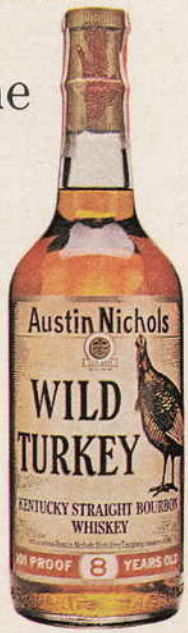

WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

safety-consciousness which all but a few pilots have.

Sex in airplanes is nothing new. The "one-mile high club" has been around for a long time and has members around the world. There is nothing wrong with a person wanting to get it on while flying. They should just take one vital precaution: let someone else fly the airplane! I will gladly offer my services as a "safety pilot" to any other pilot who wants to ball in the sky. That way I can be sure of a safe flight so I can get it on with my own girl friend when I'm back on the ground.

I haven't met many pilots who don't like sex, but those of us who do like it certainly want to live to do it again.—*Sgt. Willard T. Wheeler, Williams Air Force Base, Ariz.*

Pictorial pros and cons

I want to commend you on a fresh openness I observed in the September, 1975 issue of *Penthouse*. It seems like so much of what you do in your pictorials is focused on the single female body, whereas sexual encounter always takes place between two, usually a male and a female, and it involves touching and caressing. Your pictorial "Mountain Retreat" beautifully conveys the encounter motive. I think it is about time we men started realizing that our cocks are not ugly to look at.

Keep up the new style. I like it. And I think it is important in the development of sexual entertainment. Let's see nude males more frequently in your pictorials. —*J.M.B., address withheld*

If I wanted to see a man's cock, I'd look in a mirror. Forget this faggot magazine—I'm switching to decent magazines, and *Penthouse* cannot be considered "decent" no longer!—*Name and address withheld*

For a while I stopped buying your magazine because, frankly, it offered nothing new and got quite boring to me. But the September issue was the greatest ever, mainly because of the pictorial "Mountain Retreat." It was so frank and *totally* revealing—which is the way I always want *Penthouse* to be. For the first time, you showed that both complete, total male and female nudity looked beautiful and didn't need to be hidden. Also, not only were the scenes erotic, but they were informative, too. I hope this becomes a regular thing in *Penthouse* and that you show *all*. If this keeps up, I will no doubt subscribe. Keep up the good work.—*K.E.B., Los Angeles, Calif.*

The case for pianos

Bravo to Keith Jarrett ("View From the Top," August, 1975) for his firm stand against electronic music drivel and his espousal of honest (sic) music.

Contrarily; about white pianos . . . not necessarily so. During the heyday of piano-making art deco, there was developed the so-called art case. This unique styling was provided for only the most affluent clientele of Steinway, Bechstein,

Blüttner, Playel, Mason & Hamlin and others, and at astronomical cost, one might add. The cases were fabricated from only the best, well-seasoned woods, and the instruments were the equal of, if not superior to, any of the more sedately styled standard pianos.

A very fine Steinway whose action had been chosen by the great Josef Hofmann was installed in a case of teak, apple, myrtlewood and antique ivory. It was purchased at enormous cost for a mansion on Philadelphia's Main Line. Artists who played the instrument, including Rachmaninoff, Hess, Lhevinne, dePachmann, and Gabrilowitsch, pronounced it one of the best pianos in the world.

I am a pianist of long professional experience, have owned three good Steinways, and have played on just about every piano-type extant (and some extinct), and I must tell Keith Jarrett that some of the finest instruments have been thus decorated and embellished. This has nothing to do with a piano's timbre, responsiveness, depth, or majesty.

He has either played on some horridly mediocre white pianos, or he suffers from some anti-white ethnic hang-up which causes him to be repelled by the color white itself. In any case, and Busby Berkeley notwithstanding, the fact that a piano is ebonized does not insure that it will be a good one. As with people, you have to go just a bit deeper than the outer color layer.—*David Mann, Kinnelon, N.J.*

Serving Chavez

I have just finished reading your interview with Cesar Chavez.

As a soldier, because of my oath to "uphold and defend the Constitution against all enemies, domestic and foreign," I can have no political commitment save the ballot box. I am not a fiery speechmaker—I am neither a Tom Paine nor a Patrick Henry. In fact I am bored by the passionate rhetoric of both the extreme right and the extreme left. And I am not inclined toward the Conspiracy Theory of Government—that a never-specifically-identified "Them," Jews, Swiss gnomes, Reds, generals, businessmen, oilmen—are behind the scenes running the government.

But, it is increasingly conceivable to many Americans that there may be people influencing our lives who have no place within the Constitution or the documents flowing from it. Mr. Chavez has a very just cause, and and as an American citizen, I am very proud of him.

I am why he fights; he is why I serve. —*Sgt. Michael K. Flesher, U.S.A.*

Nuclear reaction

Anyone who has taken more than a cursory glance at the energy problem soon realizes that the nuclear/anti-nuclear issues are not black and white, and that yellow journalism such as practiced by Mr. Jim Davidson in your August issue does no service to the public.

Our new 96-page catalog reveals the inside scoop on B·I·C turntables, speakers & other tasty stuff.

Meet Brillo Bob, permanently wired audio freak of Warehouse Sound Co. He's pumped up about the new B·I·C 940 turntable and just twitchin' to fill you in on it. Last year he jilted his manual when B·I·C introduced *the first* professional belt-driven-multiple-play turntable.

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In response to Mr. Davidson, it is difficult to know where to begin. In this limited spaced, I should like to make these three points:

First, the implication that nuclear reactors can "explode" in a thermonuclear explosion such as those of Hiroshima or Nagasaki is false.

Second, the whole purpose of creating plutonium is that it is a fuel, and in addition to being created in breeders, it can be burned in conventional reactors to deplete any large stockpiles. A final solution to the waste problem has not been determined, but certainly "blasting it off to the stars" has been discounted as a solution. Studies are under way in such areas as transmutation of high level radioactive wastes to less radioactive substances.

Finally, and perhaps most important, Mr. Davidson—what are the alternatives? "Ultimate" energy sources such as fusion are years away. Oil and natural gas are dwindling fast. Solar, wind, and geothermal power will never be able to provide 100% of our energy requirements. Something has to fill the gap, and this leaves nuclear and coal.

The use of coal involves miner deaths, devastating strip mines, and the constant generation of pollutants such as sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitric oxides. The adverse climatological effects of carbon dioxide buildup in the atmosphere is already the subject of debate. With radioactive substances, we at least know quite a bit about their effects and dosage limits. How much do we know about the effects and dosage limits of the combustion products of coal?—very little.

What we need in this country—and what Congress has failed to provide—is a balanced energy program, with an emphasis on conservation which will extract us from our current course of exponential growth in energy usage and which will allow time for the perfection of clean energy systems. What we don't need is worthless, inflammatory rhetoric!—*Michael D. Kimball, San Jose, Calif.*

Nudist dump

I am writing in regard to your article in the September issue entitled "Duo in the Sun."

When I first started surfing at Blacks Beach ten years ago, it was a beautiful, clean beach, and the people who went there cared enough about it to keep it that way. In later years the beach became more crowded, but the people still kept it clean. When the beach was legally turned into a swimsuit optional beach, it became very overcrowded, and people slowly turned the beach into a trash-strewn tourist attraction. You can't even walk on some parts of the beach without stepping on someone's old sandwich or broken bottle.

Your article calls attention to the fact that 3,000 people visit the beach daily. That is the whole point I am trying to make. There was never as much trash and garbage on the beach as there is now.

In the near future the people of San Diego might have a chance to vote for the ban of nude beaches, and I am one voter who will completely favor the abolition of nude sunbathing on our beaches.—*Name and address withheld*

Prison plea

First of all, please permit me to congratulate you on the quality of the photography in what most of us here consider to be a first-rate publication.

The address on this letterhead is that of an institutional chapter of the Jaycees, within the confines of the California Men's Colony. Even though we are rather restricted in our circulation, we are involved in several community improvement projects, both of an internal and an external nature.

One of our present projects, that is both internal and external, is called Project Recon. In this project, we have established ways to aid the recently released ex-felon in his adjustment to the community. Project Recon has already gained statewide recognition for its impact on the community and is soon to gain national recognition.

Many of our projects are of a fund-raising type. Before someone feels a cramp in their billfold, let me explain how we operate. Right now, for instance, we collect used postage stamps, of any denomination or national origin, and convert them into cash or credit for projects underway. In the past, we have helped to purchase iron lungs for underprivileged people with our stamp program.

We would welcome any used postage stamps that anyone would care to send to us. The stamps should not be removed from the paper they are stuck on. At least one inch of paper is desired around the stamp. Anyone wishing to send stamps is asked to send them to the address below. Thank you.—*Harry J. Casbohm, Strivers Jaycees, P.O. Box A—E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409*

Corrections

In the book review of Bernhardt J. Hurwood's *The Whole Sex Catalogue*, which was published in the November 1975 *Penthouse*, it was stated that the book is available from Pantheon. In fact, Hurwood's book is printed by Pinnacle Books. *Penthouse* regrets the error.

The short story in our October issue entitled "Firefight" by Larry Heineman was an excerpt from his compelling new book *Torque*.

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to **Penthouse Forum**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

You can't experience today's high fidelity with yesterday's record changer.

Most high fidelity manufacturers watch each other to find out what's new. At Pioneer, we keep our eye on the audio enthusiast to find out what he wants. That's what keeps us ahead of all the others who are watching all of the others.

If you look at the sale of record playing devices — and we have — you'll see that sales of manual turntables are increasing four times faster than the sale of record changers. The reasons are clear: Record changers were designed a generation ago — for another generation. Designed for hours of uninterrupted background music at cocktail parties.

Today, your needs are probably different. When you listen to music, you listen to music. You're involved with the sound — and with your equipment. And *only* a manual turntable can offer you this level of involvement.

It's part of Pioneer's responsibility to understand and anticipate your changing needs. As a result, we now offer you the most complete line of professional manual turntables available. Each one of them delivers the highest level of performance, the most sophisticated features and the greatest value in its price category. And all of them have the precision engineering and quality that are part of the Pioneer legend.

When you buy your next record player, shop smart. Consider what you want — and what you need. If you need performance, precision and quality — and want the involvement that only a professional turntable can provide — you'll get a Pioneer.

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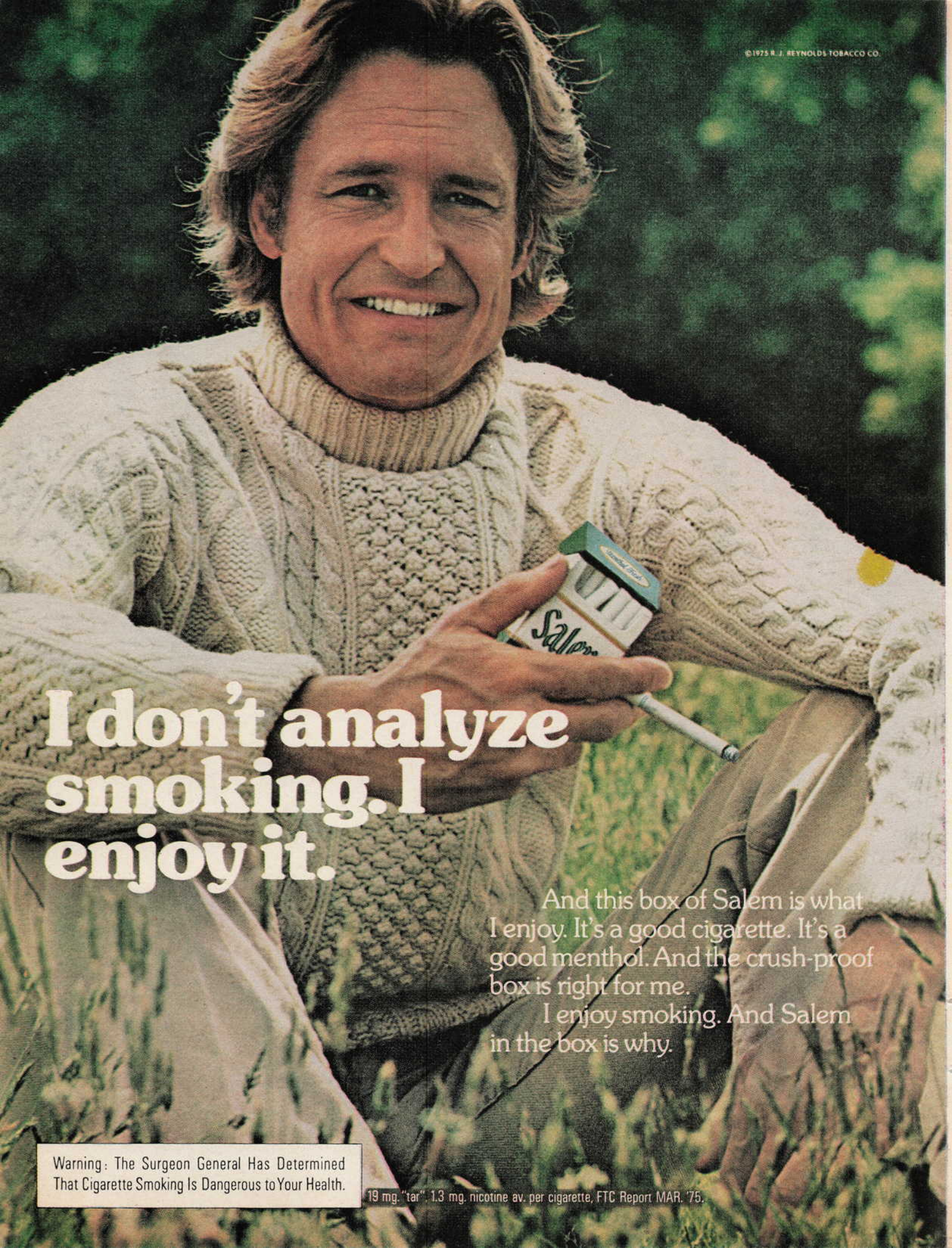
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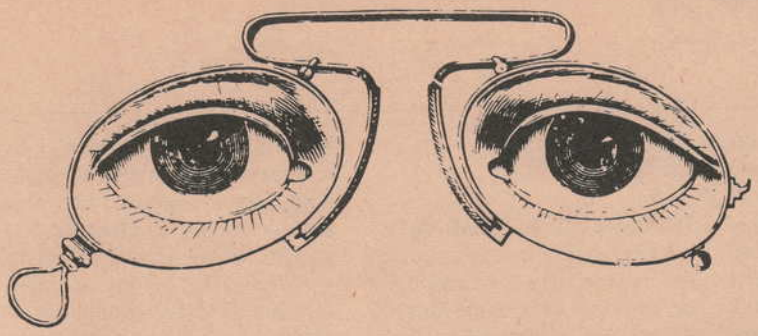


VIEW FROM THE TOP

WHEN SOCIAL SECURITY GOES BANKRUPT

"Ladies and gentlemen. If I am elected I promise to phase out the criminal swindle called Social Security. I will institute a truly beneficial system which will provide security while permitting you to control your own money. Social Security is an evil rip-off which takes your money, gives you a very small return, and confiscates the rest."

That's an election speech you're not likely to hear this year. But wait. The Social Security Administration is presently tottering toward fiscal destruction; it will either be strangled in its own red tape or it will be destroyed, along with everything else, by runaway inflation.

What's wrong with Social Security? Well, take the little matter of where the money is going to come from. Right now a sound actuarial cushion for the system would be $2.3 trillion. We have maybe $50 billion, tops. In 1947 the cost of supporting one Social Security recipient was shared by twenty-two workers. Today, three workers must cough up all the money. With declining births, we'll soon reach a level of one to one.

There is simply no way you can ever get your money's worth out of Social Security. It is not really an investment program. It is simply a shuffle of money from one person to another, meaning there must be enough persons to earn the money which is being shuffled. The American Institute for Economic Research estimates that if the system is to continue, Social Security taxes will have to gobble up 60 percent of all payrolls—just for Social Security *taxes*. Even if other taxes did not rise, 90 percent of your income would be confiscated.

Karen Beckhardt

Look at Great Britain. The government there reached the ultimate in taxation when it actually demanded 101 percent of Mick Jagger's salary. Poor Mick had only two choices: hop a plane or pop a vein. Mick hopped.

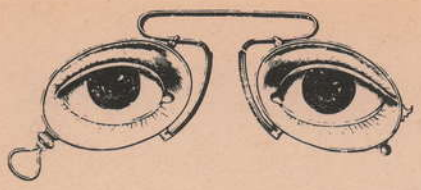
Naturally, no one is willing to throw rocks at even a phony Santa Claus. So long as Social Security wears its benevolent, cradle-to-grave mask, we're stuck with it. Yet, if action were taken now, it might be possible to convert this sickly apparition into something resembling a healthy plan to care for the aged, the ill, the disabled, the widowed, and the orphaned.

In the beginning Social Security sounded great. The government took a portion of your paycheck and you were guaranteed an old-age pension. You were also supposed to get disability benefits, widows and orphans were to be taken care of, and the government would pay $300 to get rid of your body when it was all over. Of course, there is a difference between the announced objectives of Social Security and the ability of the politicians to carry them out. Many of the congressfolk who originally enacted Social Security doubted that the program would achieve its long-term goals. But they voted for it anyway because Social Security was a fine gimmick to provide the appearance of reduced unemployment during the depression years. By placing high tax penalties of up to 100 percent on money earned by the elderly, Social Security proved to be a potent incentive for people to stay unemployed. Note that these penalties applied only to persons whose incomes came from employment. The elderly could continue to receive unlimited dividend, rental, and royalty income without penalties. The immediate effect of Social Security was to reduce the income of the elderly as they were forced out of the job market. This made politicians look better by reducing "unemployment." Like all con games, Social Security needed to come up with some winners to convince the suckers that its claims were really true. One lucky person was Ida M. Fuller of Ludlow, Vermont. In 1940, after paying less than $180 into the system, she retired, lived to a ripe old age, and collected many times her investment. Lucky Ida.

But that's not going to happen to you taxpayers who are in your twenties, making about $15,300 a year. Social Security will take $1,790.10 this year. By 1980 they'll be taking $2,142. By 1990 it will jump to $3,714 and before retirement, you will contribute as much as a quarter of a million dollars—including compounded interest. And think about the tiny percentage you will be getting back. If you are white, you will probably drop dead about six years after retirement. If you're black, you have about four months within which to collect your pension. Not only that, but if you leave a widow she will get a drastically reduced pension, and when she dies, all that untouched money you gave the government will be confiscated.

Of course, there are some ways to beat the system. One way is to get married, have three children, and then die as young as possible. Your widow and orphans will then collect more than you contributed.

It's foolishly optimistic to assume that you're going to collect what is owed. Consider Mrs. Lena Edgar, a



widow who qualified for benefits in January 1974. The law said she was entitled to $87.50 in supplemental security income because open heart surgery had disabled her. Seven months later her first check arrived. It was for $5.24. In the envelope was a notice that she wouldn't get any more. She borrowed money to keep alive, and a kindly lawyer volunteered to sue the government. The following June—eighteen months after she became eligible—Mrs. Edgar got a second check for $62.51.

Are there ways to salvage something from this wreckage? It might be possible to take the retirement benefits program and restructure it through conversion into bonds. You would get the principal and interest on your contributions in the form of retirement bonds and you would have the right to buy more. You could will them to your family, cash them in, or borrow against them in emergencies. More important, it would make you independent of the government.

As for disability coverage, you could get the real thing for ten dollars a month from private companies with coverage beginning one month after your disability started. Under the present system, only 10 percent of all disabilities are actually compensated. The same is true of term insurance which, under Social Security, has you paying three to five times more than necessary because the bureaucracy is so inept.

Will changes be made? Probably not. The system will probably collapse. We will all get pennies for our dollars. The late Senator William E. Borah, who voted for the original passage of Social Security, once congratulated himself and his colleagues with the following observation: "The marvel of all history is the patience with which men and women submit to burden unnecessarily laid upon them by their government." It is a classic lesson: financial systems have a way of reflecting the integrity of their creators.—*Jim Davidson*

SCENES

THE X-RATED HOLOGRAM?

"In a holographic movie you can record just forty-five seconds of action; it's a nice space for eroticism." So explains San Francisco model Pam Frazier, creator of ***Pam and Helen***—the first 3-D laser beam to depict lesbianism. Frazier's Sapphic milestone is a coup of sorts, even for this beautiful twenty-year-old model who claims to be "the most holographed woman on earth." More than a pretty face, she is also the talented creator of erotic fabric sculptures like her innovative piece "Cock Muff."

Posing with her friend, porno-star Helen Madigan (*Confessions of a Teenage Peanut-Butter Freak*), Pam photographed herself and Madigan in the nude as they knelt together exchanging kisses. Transferred by laser light onto a revolving transparent drum roughly two feet in diameter and illuminated by white light, the holographic film creates an airy, incandescent 3-D image of the two women floating in mid-air. This holographic feature is only forty-five seconds of playful kissing, but that's long enough to establish Frazier's *Pam and Helen* as one of the "zoetropes" of a new medium.

Holography itself is only twelve years old, and naturally Frazier, experimenting in a new art form, says that she will delve further into holography's unexplored erogenous zones. "Most porn films are so schlocky," she explains. "I want to do an erotic work with a man. I want to turn on women with it. We took some footage of Linda Lovelace and made a hologram of her going down on a guy. It was beautiful!" Copyright laws have unfortunately denied the general public a viewing of Linda Lovelace's holographic debut.

While heterosexual coitus has yet to be holographed, the male genitalia are already part of the medium's history. One laser-lit still life entitled ***Phalli*** is exactly that, a pair of larger-than-life male members seemingly floating before a back-lit plate. Actually, this erotic hologram is a fine-grained photofilm which has been exposed to two beams of laser light reflected off phalli. Significantly, *Phalli* is also the work of a woman artist, Harriett Casden-Silver. A physics professor at Rhode Island's Brown University, Casden-Silver was originally an environmental artist before she began work with holography in the late sixties; today her laser-beam abstractions are considered among the medium's masterworks. Referring to her first attempt at erotica, this mother of college-aged children believes "our bodies are valid images. I wasn't trying to shock with an erotic subject. I

Steve Borris

Harriett Casden-Silver with **Phalli**: *"I wasn't trying to shock. Our bodies are valid images."*

Steve Borns

Frazier's **Pam and Helen**: *Discovering holography's erogenous zones.*

was surprised to find that the people who objected to the piece were men. It's a statement that in this era the male body is still not shown as easily as the female." With regard to the models for *Phalli*, the holographer isn't talking, but with more erotic holograms about to be executed, Casden-Silver fully intends to explore the textures of the male body as "did Michelangelo and the classic sculptors."

A pioneer spirit of experimentation attracts many adventurous artists to this new medium. Others classify the hologram, with its three-dimensional lifelike image, as no more than a mere novelty. In his review of a New York retrospective hologram exhibition last year, *New York Times* art critic Hilton Kramer wrote: "It will be said, of course, that holography is still, both technically and esthetically, in its infancy—an argument that brooks no quarrel. But the place for such infancy is the nursery, not a place of public exhibition." Even those devoted to the medium admit that holography must overcome many technical problems. Confesses Harriett Casden-Silver: "I am constantly compromising with the medium. Nothing ever comes out exactly the way I want." Other holographers complain that true color and black-and-white images are still only theoretically possible, and as yet no one has found a way of projecting holographic movies onto a screen.

Despite such handicaps, holography has already arrived on the art market through the efforts of Salvador Dali. The Iberian master of the surreal has been creating several pieces a year ever since his holographic debut with the legendary but legally entangled ***Alice Cooper Popstar*** (1973)—Alice with exposed brain and vertebrae. Very Dali, very Cooper. New York's prestigious Knoedler Gallery is asking $25,000 for a Dali hologram original—and getting buyers. Reproductions of less famous holograms are available through San Francisco's Multiplex Corporation, including Frazier's *Pam and Helen* ($240, plus $90 for cost of display).

At present there's little danger of the medium becoming overcommercialized. Profits are held to a minimum since the heart of the system—the laser—can cost up to $20,000 and a professional setup can run well over $40,000. Because of the costs, artists working with the medium are either affiliated with private or university labs, and as yet, nobody has discovered how to make any real money with holograms—except perhaps Salvador Dali.—*Steve Ditlea*

FILMS

MAGIC MOZART

Movie opera? I can almost hear the groans. I don't mean an opera made for the movies, like the lovely Jacques Demy-Michel Legrand total musicals of some years back: *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *The Young Girls of Rochefort*. I mean a movie made of an opera. It sounds like the worst of three worlds; worse surely than filmed theater, which everybody knows doesn't work, because unless you "open it up" (an operation with a high mortality rate) filmed theater isn't cinematic. Sometime it might be worth discussing what hogwash gets written in the name of the cinematic. But if we simply let it mean good cinema, then there is nothing inherently wrong with filmed theater—or with filmed opera either.

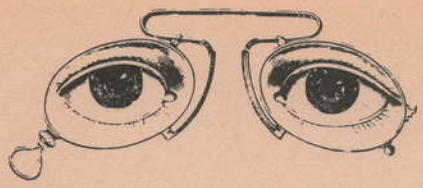
Actually, many operas have been put on film, and not all of them have been dreadful. I can remember a *Barber of Seville* that succeeded within fairly conventional limits, and some operas filmed for television, including a *Don Giovanni*, that succeeded very well. They weren't great movies. But they did seem to illustrate that the potential for opera on film lies not so much in the capacity to show the spectacle as in the ability to penetrate to the spirit of the music, perhaps more adequately than anything mounted on the stage. Film is an intimate medium. So filmed opera might be something not so very different from the highly satisfactory experience of listening to opera on records and not having to worry about the stage at all. The splendor is mainly inward.

But now you can have all that, the inward splendor and some small-scale outward spectacle, and absolutely glorious music, combined in what may be the best movie of the past year. It is Ingmar Bergman's latest masterpiece, a film version of ***The Magic Flute***, the last opera that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart completed—only two months before his death, at the age of 35, in 1791.

The Magic Flute (*Die Zauberflöte* in the original German; Bergman translates the text into his country's language—Swedish—as is usual in European opera productions) has always presented something of a puzzle. It tells the story of how the young prince Tamino falls in love with a portrait of the beautiful princess Pamina, whom he then seeks out and—with the aid of his comic companion Papageno, three helpful spirits, and a magic flute (and Papageno's magic glockenspiel)—rescues from the power of her mother, the evil Queen of the Night. That seems commonplace enough as a fairy tale. But Tamino's task also requires him to prove himself worthy by passing moral and spiritual tests set for him by the high priest Sarastro, who actually has Pamina under his control. The tests suggest certain practices and ceremonies followed by Freemasons. All that, together with a bundle of inconsistencies in the libretto (by Emanuel Schikaneder, the Viennese singer-actor-manager who commissioned the opera) has resulted in a rather trivial-seeming story, full of mysteries and self-proclaimed profundities, held together by a plot that from time to time makes no sense.

Bergman rationalizes the action, clearing up some confusions by his stage directions. And he rigorously excludes the more arcane Masonic references—even changing the libretto when he feels the need.

There is some gain and some loss in this. If *The Magic Flute* is new to you, you will at least not be troubled by references to the ancient Egyptian deities Isis and Osiris (part of the Masonic mysteries) or left to wonder, as generations of music scholars have, why the Queen of the Night's three handmaidens so willingly turn Tamino and Papageno over to the three young boys serving Sarastro. To solve the latter problem, Bergman neatly trans-



UPI

Bergman filming opera.

fers some of the handmaidens' music to the boys. Good enough, but he has thus taken one of the most breathtaking brief ensembles in the opera ("*Drei Knaben, jung, schön, hold und weise. . . ,*" quite early in Act I) away from the mature sopranos of the women and given it to the immature sopranos of the young boys, who simply are not able to sing it as well. In opera production as in life, everything is a trade-off.

But *The Magic Flute* isn't conventional opera at all. It is singspiel, a type of music-drama that combines singing and spoken dialogue, rather than the more familiar singing and semi-sung recitative. Within this loose form Mozart has provided many kinds of singing—from coloratura arias (for the Queen of the Night), to hymns and chorals (for Sarastro and his priests), to several forthright and simple-seeming solos and duets (especially for Papageno and Pamina) that are essentially homilies extolling the virtues of truth, honor, marriage, and the family. In filming these latter, Bergman stops the action, faces his singers directly to the audience, and emphasizes their message by showing placards with the text on the screen. It is exactly the right approach, playful and respectful at the same time, and typical of the intelligence he brings to everything he does in his movie.

Nothing he does ever conflicts with the primacy of the music, the drama, and their proper theater. Bergman sees that theater as coming out of the late eighteenth century, though with a modern audience to which he often refers as a point of contemporary contact—especially in the face of one cherubic young girl, who comes to seem almost a presiding spirit over the performance.

The stage itself, a wonderful concoction of canvas flats, painted backdrops, scrim, and special effects, is never less than a stage—though it is sometimes more, whenever the setting must accommodate an action grander than the handsome little opera house we are supposedly seeing would allow. But the effects are clearly stage effects, and the machinery behind them is stage machinery. So, when Tamino charms the beasts of the forest with the music of his flute, he charms delightful oversized play animals—costumed actors. And when the three spirits appear at one time or another to help Tamino, Papageno, and Pamina, they arrive in the basket of a small propeller-driven balloon that is clearly hung by wires over the stage. The management of all this fantasy, and its adjustment to the deeper seriousness surrounding Sarastro and his priests, must have required a theatrical sensibility close to genius. The impression is of a modest production of *The Magic Flute* (the costumes, for example, are simple but not severe), and the impression remains, despite all the virtuosity of the camera work and mise-en-scène.

As for the musical performance of the opera, I'm not really competent to judge. I'm pretty sure that the version I know best (an old German Decca recording with Maria Stader, Rita Streich, Ernst Häfliger, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and the RIAS orchestra and chorus under Ferenc Fricsay) is superior, with richer voices and surer orchestral control. But this version, with the Swedish radio orchestra and chorus under Eric Ericson seems pretty good. Among the cast I especially like the bass Ulrik Cold, a suave and marvelous-sounding Sarastro, and a Finnish soprano named Irma Urrila, who looks a little like Liv Ullmann, and who makes her Pamina both sensuous and pure. It is an extremely attractive and mostly young cast, and of course everyone in the movie actually sings his role.

I'd better confess that in the matter of this opera I'm somewhat partisan—to the degree that you could play *The Magic Flute* and run a strip of bare celluloid through a projector at the same time, and that would be a fine evening at the movies for me. But Bergman's film is also superb cinema, partly because it stays so beautifully in touch with the sense and feeling of the work it serves. *The Magic Flute* is one of the very few operas that moves music critics routinely to speak of sublimity. However, it is sublimity on the most unassuming scale, and it comes in the company of a gentle wit and tenderness and good-humored grace. The film places all this in a visual context worthy of the ravishing sounds. I doubt if there was any thought of reputation-building for the director—as if he needed it. But even for a filmmaker of Bergman's rank there are greater and lesser achievements. *The Magic Flute* is among his greatest.—*Roger Greenspun*

Mozart's **The Magic Flute** *on film: among Ingmar Bergman's greatest cinematic achievements.*

WORDS

Karen Beckhardt

The latest literary craze: how to become a practicing psychic.

THE PSYCHIC BOOKSHELF

I used to be embarrassed about reading science fiction. A stone fan of the stuff, I tried to kick the habit because I thought the science seemed too improbable, and the fiction didn't have the literary clout of the classics. Enter the space age. Suddenly, a helluva lot of the Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, and Arthur C. Clarke started coming true. Sci-fi was beginning to read too much like the daily papers. Now people are hooked on another genre which is turning out to read wilder than any of the rocket operas of our youth. The current deluge of psychic books has swamped the nation's bookstores and best-seller lists. Unlike science fiction, however, this latest craze purports to be science *straight* from the start.

Misleading as the term may be, "psychic" seems to have stuck as the overall handle for the combined areas of parapsychology, extraterrestrialism, and all the so-called New Age philosophies from transcendental meditation to planetary consciousness. One thing is for sure—the publishing industry certainly isn't laughing. The craze started with Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder's *Psychic Discoveries behind the Iron Curtain*, Carlos Castaneda's haunting Don Juan Quartet, *Chariots of the Gods?*, and Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird's *The Secret Life of Plants* and has now ripened into a broad market rivaling occult thrillers like *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist*. The following selection of more recently titled material can quickly make you a master psychic.

A sobering antidote to Ostrander and Schroeder's lengthy volume would be Arthur Koestler's finely crafted ***The Roots of Coincidence*** (Vintage, $1.95). Practically everyone writing in this field has stolen from this slim, 150-page volume which succinctly draws parallels between modern physics, mysticism, and parapsychology. The message is that the three sciences share fundamental concepts that are virtually identical. Koestler's trenchant prose makes all the thorny philosophy a joy to burrow through.

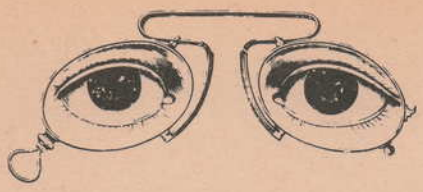
For a sprightly introduction to psychic research in America, you might try ***Supersenses*** by Charles Panati (Quadrangle, $8.95). A science writer at *Newsweek* and a physicist in his own right, Panati manages to combine that magazine's zippy style with a particularly lucid approach. Or maybe you prefer the historic angles. D. Scott Rogo's ***Parapsychology—A Century of Inquiry*** (Taplinger, $12.50) is a sturdy *Who's Who* of the field. From the Greeks to Franz Anton Mesmer's eighteenth-century experiments to today's research foundations, Rogo gives a fine summary of the psychic casebook. For more details on contemporary experiments, there's Thelma Moss's ***The Probability of the Impossible*** (J. P. Tarcher, $10). One of the country's foremost authorities on Kirlian photography (photographing an object's aura), Dr. Moss's episodic collection demonstrates how adroit lab-hopping is fundamental to academic success.

Perhaps you'd rather hear it from the psychics themselves. When the Stanford Research Institute's paper on Uri Geller appeared in the prestigious British journal *Nature*, Geller became the most publicly accredited ESP and psychokinetic practitioner around. Both his melodramatic autobiography, ***My Story*** (Praeger, $8.95), and the meatier ***Uri*** by researcher Andrija Puharich (Bantam, $1.95) give the whole story—complete with Geller's UFO communications. And if you want to go *that* far out, ***Beyond Earth: Man's Contact with UFO's*** by Ralph and Judy Blum (Bantam, $1.50) is probably the most palatable flying-saucer compilation.

Ingo Swann offers another mode of "space" travel. He's a specialist in terms of PK (psychokinesis—movement of physical objects by the mind) and what we used to call "astral travel." Ingo's prose is also the best of the writing psychics, and his

Serge Bidley

Master psychic Uri Geller demonstrates psychokinesis: science straight from the start?



To Kiss Earth Good-bye (Hawthorn, $10) offers rare insight into the day-to-day workings of parapsychological institutions.

After you've read how the psychics do it, you might want to put some of their techniques to practical applications—like staying healthy. Most of these books contain chapters on psychic healing, but the most comprehensive medical report from acupuncture to zone therapy is Helen Kruger's ***Other Healers, Other Cures*** (Bobbs Merrill, $8.95). If you're a real do-it-yourselfer, try ***The Psionic Generator Pattern Book*** by John P. Boyle (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) which has a host of cutouts for building cardboard machines that are said to activate ESP, PK, human auras, and pyramid power.

Now if you'd really like to get serious about the psychic phenomenon, then gnaw into former astronaut Edgar D. Mitchell's ***Psychic Exploration—A Challenge for Science*** (Putnam, $17.50). This 708-page tome is the bible of American research, and contains sections authored by most of the great contemporary psychic researchers.

Ronnie Sunshine

Kirlian photography: key auras.

If the academic approach should bore you, follow the experiential trail described by Carlos Castaneda—the journey through all those funny mushrooms and cacti. Of this tradition, John Lilly's ***The Center of the Cyclone*** (Bantam, $1.95) is now a classic. With Lilly you can thrill to a fearless psychedelic mind-explorer on his way to satori as he reels off an eerie catalog of techniques from sensory deprivation chambers to Arica. Off drugs? Edward Rosenfeld introduces 250 nonchemical approaches to expanded mind, including rolfing, tantric sex, bio-feedback, and trepanning in his ***The Book of Highs*** (Quadrangle, $4.95). Or maybe you'd like explanations for these states of perception. Then Robert E. Ornstein's ***The Psychology of Consciousness*** (Viking, $8.95) is your baby. Very medical, but brilliant.

Finally, there is that one book which wraps up both the form and substance of the psychic world—Adam Smith's *Powers of Mind* (Random House, $10). By auspicious coincidence, it is also perhaps the most readable volume out today in this genre. Smith deals with the basic questions of what all these bizarre shenanigans can actually do for the human spirit. Approaching the psychic world not from the laboratory, but from its origins in psychology, meditation, and religion, Smith treats the wonders of parapsychology as logical way stations on the road to enlightenment and not as sterile ends in themselves. Breezy and conversational, Smith chronicles his own adventures through LSD, the I Ching, yoga, zen, Arica, EST, and the psychics with a dollop of what most psychic books lack: a sense of humor.

One may recall how many people thought astronautics was a fool's pursuit. How might the future look if any of these volumes on the psychic world—many of them research tracts—turn out to be half as prophetic as did, say, Jules Verne. You know, the fellow who wrote that nonsense about submarines and trips to the moon.—*Brian Van der Horst*

SOUNDS

THE CABARET MADNESS

So you wouldn't be caught dead at a big, noisy rock concert, sitting amidst greasy-looking teenagers—the ones who slug Ripple, puff dope, and would rather fuck after the show than discuss it. You'd rather be found hanging out at one of those small night spots affectionately called "cabarets," oases of attempted chic in a world that seems spun from a bolt of faded blue denim. In New York the cabaret circuit includes such establishments as Reno Sweeney's, Brothers and Sisters, and the Grand Finale where the audience does not feel complete without a cult-inspiring chanteuse to call its very own. Its ranks are filled out by the collection of trendish anybodies who know that those scene-making gays—who are the nucleus of the cabaret audience and who first discovered Roberta Flack and Bette Midler—could at any moment publicly unveil another superstar.

These imminent superstars could very well be plucked from any one of the three categories of performers who appear on the cabaret circuit: Back-From-The-Dead, AB (After Bette [Midler]), and BO (Brazenly Original).

The Back-From-The-Dead brand of entertainment offers a collection of semi-to-totally forgotten queens of the Broadway show tune including Vivian Blaine, Helen Gallagher, Dolores Gray, and Barbara Cook. These ladies are all fully qualified professionals who have devoted their lives to honing the ability to stop a show. Rarely real, rarely believable, they are masters at projecting the kind of show business razzle-dazzle which forces people to automatically stand up and cheer. Each one can best be described as an aging Liza Minnelli. And only one has had any real impact thus far—**Barbara Cook**.

In the late fifties and early sixties, Barbara Cook had been a melt-butter-in-your-mouth singing ingenue, all rosy cheeks and flowing blond hair. Broadway's answer to Doris Day. An expert actress and an enchanting vocalist, she and the goody-goody parts she played pleased the audiences who attended her Broadway musicals (*The Music Man*, *Candide*, among others) because nobody in them thought about, did, or looked as if he could get laid.

***Barbara Cook**: no longer Broadway's answer to Doris Day.*

It was obvious that Cook as

well as conventional Broadway was doomed to obsolescence. Without young people to support a cultural institution, the institution eventually dies. And the young had their own theater. Among its stars were men who dyed their hair orange, called themselves "Ziggy Stardust," made love to boa constrictors, and delighted in projecting a futuristic, androgynous quality. The New Bullshit of rock left no room for the conventional bullshit of a blond, blue-eyed, pink-spotlighted ingenue trilling songs like "My White Knight."

So Cook disappeared. In her absence, she didn't do much singing.

It's apparent, however, that she did a lot of eating, enough in fact to create a resemblance to Kate Smith. But Barbara Cook is back again, singing her proverbial heart out and not like some trained Broadway windup toy. The touching as well as the exciting qualities of her performance are faithfully reproduced on a disk, *Barbara Cook at Carnegie Hall* (Columbia). Captured, too, is the gleeful hysteria of her audience, the very same fans who first acclaimed Midler and Flack. Indeed, Cook is the first singer since Midler's concert debut at Carnegie Hall to have sold out the auditorium without the benefit of a hit recording. And that's a very real indication that the chubby, cherubic vocalist could emerge as a mass-market pop queen. After all, the music business is going through an anything-can-happen phase.

That's more than can be said for the gaggle of "After Bettes" currently inhabiting many of the cabarets. These St. Vitus-y young men and women do their best to duplicate Miss M's overwhelming flash, but they obviously do not understand Midler's art. After all, Bette basically reflects the same tastes as so many of the plain folk who attend her performances. Her musical roots, for example, belong to rock and rhythm-and-blues, even if she was originally a Broadway baby (*Fiddler on the Roof*). That theatrical experience, however, has enabled her to create the character of "The Divine," a party giver whose parties are devoted to getting her audience off.

Shep Sherbell

With friends like ***Manhattan Transfer****, nostalgia doesn't need enemies.*

The sleek, polished, overproduced, and contrived "divine" performers who have followed in Midler's wake may very well be the most bloodless lot of young performers in show-biz history. Take the **Manhattan Transfer**, for example. Their first LP, *The Manhattan Transfer* (Atlantic), has had some degree of success as have their appearances on the American *and* European cabaret circuits. Only their summer TV series was a critical and popular disappointment. Maybe the camera never lies, after all. Onstage this mixed vocal quartet may look at us, but they do not see—they are too busy running through every show-biz shtick of the last few decades to make much contact. It's all performed once-over-lightly to the point of condescension; in the process, the élan of their motley material (forties torch, fifties bebop, greaser rock 'n' roll) is destroyed. With friends like Manhattan Transfer, nostalgia doesn't need enemies.

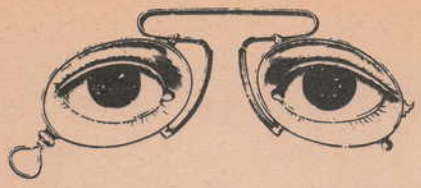
With regard to the "After Bettes," only **Marilyn Sokol** seems to have a legitimate shot at stardom. Sokol, a singer-comedienne, communicates a fine madness as her eyes bug out and her tongue hangs out of her mouth like an aging St. Bernard. Portraying a member of a group called the Jewish Lesbians for Jesus, Sokol in one skit cruises the women in her audience with a zest large enough to unnerve as well as amuse. She is a candidate for success in movies and Broadway, as well as any television series based on *Marat/Sade*. By letting her madness hang out, Sokol transcends the "After Bette" category and qualifies as a Brazen Original.

So, too, do **Gotham** and **Peter Allen**.

Sometimes labelled the "gay Ritz Brothers," the male trio Gotham is actually closer to Bette Midler's Harlettes in drag. With their sequined Empire State Building T-shirts and lush vocal recreation of "Old Cape Cod," this giddy, good-natured song and laugh riot is as daring as it is entertaining.

Perhaps the most classic of the few brazen originals to emerge from the cabarets is Peter Allen, Liza Minnelli's ex-husband. With a furious merriment, this lanky Australian sings a songbook—with lyrics primarily by Carole Bayard Sager—that is composed equally of romanticism and cynicism. Check out his only album, *The Continental American* (A&M). But for the real Allen you must visit the cabaret. During his act, Allen flies off his piano bench to indulge in spastic shoulder-shimmying dancing and winds up reclining on top of his piano. Here he will give the audience a peek at his ankle, a glimpse of his calf, a blushing view of his kneecap.

Now, what other singer-songwriter shows skin? Do you know what James Taylor's thigh looks like? And do you care? And if you do, you'll never understand the genius of Peter Allen and why his songs, performance, and cheesecake are cabaret madness at its best.
—Henry Edwards



JOHNNY HARTMAN'S "JAZZ AND CHAMPAGNE"

Midnight falls hard across the city. Rust Brown's is a favorite watering spot for New York's black bourgeoisie and black would-be bourgeoisie, and by one o'clock the audiences are usually well-soused. They have come to entertain themselves and talent rarely matters much past midnight—not even when it's **Johnny Hartman**.

Hartman is one of the great voices that came into prominence as Big Band jazz began its final decline in the early fifties. Johnny's timing was off. By then singers like Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett, Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington had long since become stars over the bands they originally had fronted. Singers became the main attraction, and for people like Sinatra and Tony Bennett it was easy street all the way. For the black singers, especially those with a touch of the blues in their style—Dinah Washington, Ella, and later on, Carmen McRae—a good living could be found in the cabarets. Hartman had started out singing with Dizzy Gillespie's ill-fated Big Band for two years. When Dizzy finally scrapped the band, Hartman tried making it on his own.

Twenty years later, Hartman is still fighting a crude world that won't give him the recognition he deserves. Of all the great voices in his stylistic genre—Arthur Prysock and Billy Eckstine—Hartman has been the least recorded and the least rewarded in spite of his voice being one of the mellowest that either jazz or pop has ever produced. Johnny Hartman is the definition of cool vocal styling, and as a stylist and an interpreter of songs he certainly has all the striking individuality that makes entertainers like Morgana King, Carmen McRae, and other "saloon singers" household words among those in the know. Hartman even has the charisma to be able to attain the kind of status other crooners like O.C. Smith and Lou Rawls have attained. But the scene of him standing onstage, fighting for the attention of a rude audience, is a microcosm of the struggle he has waged for his due recognition.

The last ten years have not diminished any of the warm emotion of Hartman's velvet caress, even if it has seen a change in the kind of songs he's decided to sing. Hartman's voice is still a languorous probe that attaches itself to a song and reaches for the meaning. In the past Hartman's selection of material had the "standard" stigma plastered all over it, and might have been considered square. But since Bryan Ferry's recording of "These Foolish Things" (Hartman did it on *The Voice That Is for Impulse!*), the singing of standards now has a touch of kink to it. Sinatra and Como have regained a legitimacy that they lost a few years ago because deco-rock recognizes them as the ultimate kink. If this means that someone like Johnny Hartman can get a shot at stepping off the midnight grind, it can't be all bad.

Tonight at Rust Brown's, Johnny Hartman has had a few drinks, and his slurred inflections only serve to tell the crowd that it's one big party. "He's been drinking all night," says a saucy waitress, "and now he expects us to listen to him?" It's an ironic statement—blessed with ignorance—because for Johnny Hartman a drink or two is an indispensable part of his act. Dean Martin's boozy inflections owe more to Hartman than anyone cares to admit, and he's been a major influence on many of the big middle-of-the-road pop singers who can now peddle their slurs in Las Vegas at $50,000 a week.

Hartman bellows bitterly into the microphone; his voice takes on a stentorian dimension far different from his familiar soft croon.

"People are always asking me why haven't I done this and why haven't I done that and how come I'm not bigger," he says accusingly. "You wouldn't support me before, now that you're here, you won't listen."

He launches into his theme song, Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," a ballad which chronicles a life of relaxing on "the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life from jazz and champagne," concluding with "I'll rot with the rest in some small dive." Hartman wrings the song for every ounce of available pathos, exhibiting his mastery of caressing a mood; the crowd remains silent, struck perhaps by the song's forlorn irony.

Wendi E. Lombardi

***Johnny Hartman**: the blues of a ballad singer.*

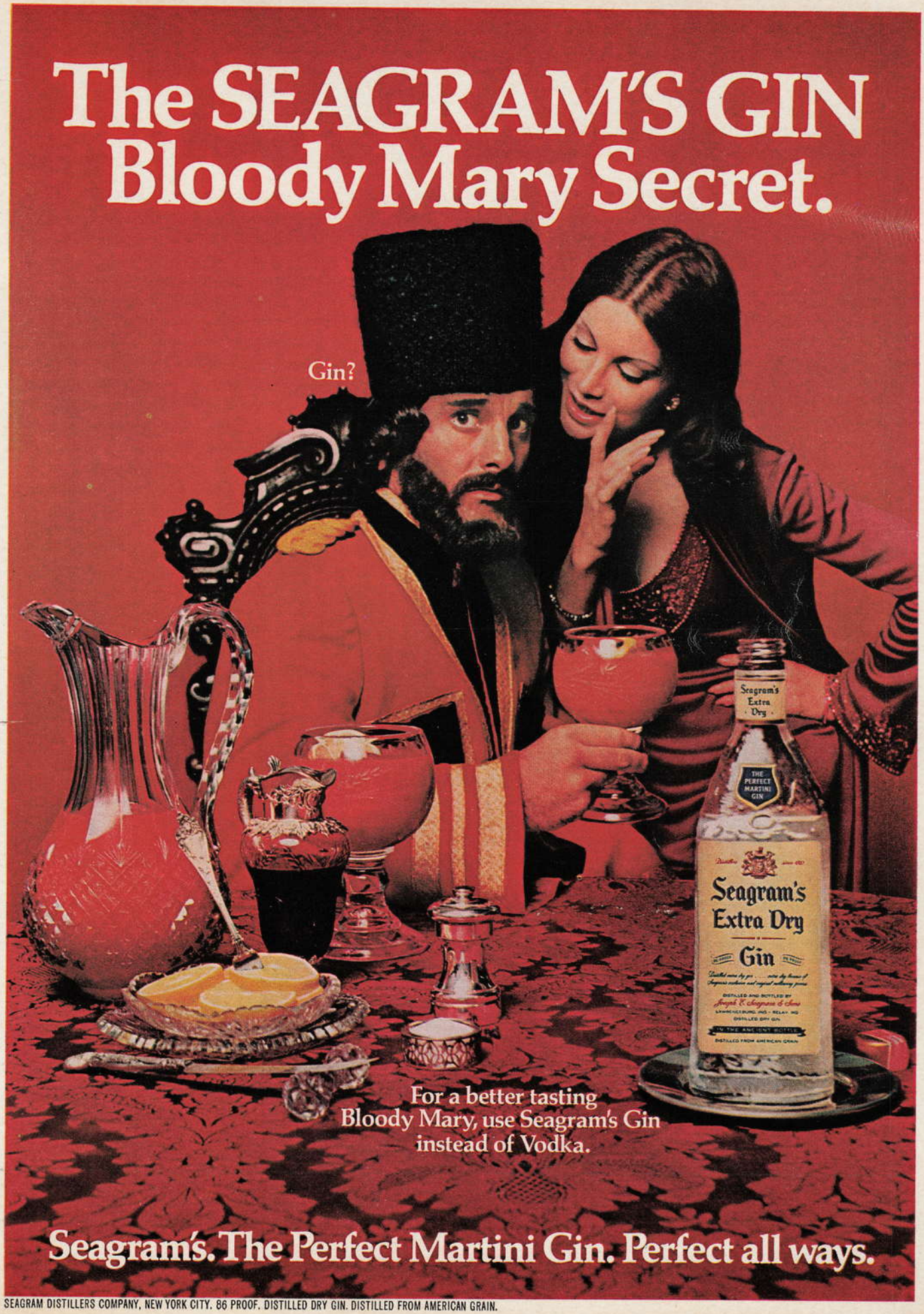
Hartman's recording history has been even more misunderstood than his performing career. After recording *Johnny Hartman—Today* and *I've Been There Before* for Perception, the label folded. Hartman found himself in a familiar situation—without a record company and without available product. Today most of Hartman's recordings can't even be found in the cut-out bins, including his sides for ABC-Impulse in the mid-sixties. Among them is the outstanding album of ballads, *John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman*, that has earned Hartman a place of immortality in jazz history. Still Johnny Hartman can't find a record company.

Backstage at Rust Brown's, Hartman reflects on his present situation: "I'd like to be able to sell some records, but I've always been a cool singer even when I sang in church. That was just my style of singing. It wasn't none of this hollering.

"Only in the last few years has it begun to brighten up for a ballad singer like me. I'm sure if you asked Arthur Prysock, he would tell you the same thing. We even had trouble getting work in black clubs because when black people heard you they'd say, 'What is *this*?', simply because they hadn't heard anything like it in a long time. But at least now I'm working."

Away from Rust Brown's, farther downtown at the Seafood Playhouse, Hartman is being pleased with another audience. "It doesn't matter how many people you have in an audience," he says to the receptively boozed, "as long as you have the right people." Johnny Hartman may well be wondering who the "right" people are.—*Vernon Gibbs*

The SEAGRAM'S GIN Bloody Mary Secret.



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What Rocky Did for New York,
He Can Do for America.

GENERALISSIMO ROCKEFELLER

I used to believe that Nelson Rockefeller was a moral vacuum surrounded by a huge body of money, that he had an absolutely insatiable longing for power. But as I watched him shift first this way, then that, in his fifteen years as governor of New York and presidential candidate I came to believe he couldn't be *all* bad because both the far right and the far left hated him so much.

Right-wingers think he's a Communist. Worse than that, they think he's a *One-World* Communist without a shred of loyalty to the United States. According to this school of thinking, he is also a tax dodger, a draft dodger, and murders little babies in the womb.

The left hates Nelson Rockefeller because they believe he's a fascist, that he is loyal only to the multinational corporations, that he believes in "destabilizing" governments like Chile's which are uppity about American capitalist expansion, that he is anti-democratic and a militarist. Both right and left are convinced that Rockefeller and his family are deeply involved in international plots to screw the American people.

Wouldn't you think with all this hate radiating from the political poles that the folks in the middle would recognize him as one of their own? Well, as it happens, Louis Harris published a poll on September 11, 1975, after Rockefeller had been vice president for almost a year. Here is what Harris reports: the American public opposes Rockefeller's *nomination* for vice president in 1976 by 47 percent to 34 percent. In other words, after watching Rocky on the job for almost a year, most average Americans don't even want him for vice president—let alone the top job!

Why don't middle-of-the-road Americans like Rockefeller? It may be because they know that he has as much contempt for them as he has for all others—except for those in his own economic class. During the reign of Nelson Rockefeller, the New York State income tax doubled, and the total state tax load quintupled—even as he developed ever more ingenious methods for helping the rich to escape it. As governor, Nelson Rockefeller proved himself a master at spending other people's money. That money didn't come from the poor, large numbers of whom, after all, were on welfare (partly because thousands of

BY MARY PEROT NICHOLS

SOFT SCULPTURE BY JUDITH JAMPEL/COSTUME BY EAVES, N.Y.C.

businesses had moved out of New York State to avoid the high taxes). And it didn't come from the rich for whom Rockefeller had so compassionately created all those tax shelters. It came right out of the middle-class pocketbook.

I realize now that it's not quite true to say that Nelson Rockefeller is a moral vacuum. If you look at his record carefully enough, and listen to him really attentively, you'll find an indecisive, insecure, impatient, class-bound man whose instinct in a crisis is to abdicate to the military. In short, the kind of man who would make a great president—of a banana republic!

There are a number of ways of looking at Nelson Rockefeller's character, and one of them is to assume that he is just a little bit crazy. *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis provided an example when he wrote about Rockefeller's efforts to sell Prime Minister Nehru of India on bomb shelters in 1961: "'A most extraordinary man,' Nehru said. 'He talked to me about nothing but bomb shelters. Why does he think I am interested in bomb shelters? He gave me a pamphlet on how to build my own shelter.'

"It's a funny story," Lewis wrote, "and not only in the sense of amusing. There was something peculiar in Nelson Rockefeller's obsession with bomb shelters, which went on for years."

Peculiar, indeed! But if Rockefeller is actually crazy, when it comes to his own family's interests, he's crazy like a fox. Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman of Brooklyn thought it very peculiar that while taxes in New York State went up and up, taxes on Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills estate, despite improvements, went down.

Furthermore, after an IRS audit during his vice-presidential hearings, Rocky had to cough up $903,718. This included $820,718 in income tax for the years 1969 to 1973 (he had paid no income tax in 1970!), plus an $83,000 additional gift tax for that period.

Some people think that Nelson Rockefeller is a bleeding heart about blacks. On the night of Martin Luther King's funeral in April 1968, Governor Rockefeller rammed through the state legislature a bill that he hadn't been able to get passed for months. It created the single most powerful state housing authority in the United States. Called the Urban Development Corporation, the agency was given the power to override local building codes and zoning and to sell a billion dollars—ultimately, it sold two billion—in tax-exempt bonds.

On that night of mourning for their slain leader, the blacks were told that most of the UDC housing would be built for them. Even as other cities across the country were burning in the riots that followed King's death, the governor was telling New Yorkers that the UDC would make things better for them. Hardly any city legislators dared to vote against the UDC bill after this emotional appeal.

But what Nelson Rockefeller was *really* doing that night was putting together one of his biggest construction boondoggles. He was buying the fealty of the princes of labor (the leaders of construction unions), the banks, which profited from selling the bonds, and the rich by creating additional shelters from the high city, state, and federal income taxes.

By 1975, the UDC ranked as Nelson Rockefeller's single biggest failure. In February, the giant agency defaulted on a $104.5 million short-term debt and appeared ready for bankruptcy. The new Democratic governor, Hugh Carey, had to spend his first days in office trying to salvage something from the wreckage. (Luckily for Rockefeller, the collapse of the UDC didn't occur until after he had been confirmed by Congress as vice president. During the hearings, the UDC was actually one of the accomplishments he bragged about!)

The very first thing Governor Carey did on taking over in Albany was to try to restore investor confidence in the UDC by firing its president, Edward Logue. Logue had been lured from Boston to New York by Rockefeller's personal gifts and loans totaling $176,000. As we shall see later, Rockefeller has always been very generous with certain civil servants, and Logue was one of these. Why did Rockefeller want so badly for Logue to take over the UDC? Well, one can only speculate, but certainly if there was any one man in the whole United States with a greater reputation for ruthlessness than Nelson Rockefeller, it was Edward Logue.

Logue was the head of a New Haven, Connecticut, urban renewal program much lauded by the press in the late Fifties. He was known for his good taste in architecture and a talent for getting ahead of most other urban officials in obtaining federal housing subsidies. He knew how to beat Washington's red tape.

But several years after Ed Logue left New Haven in 1960, the black community exploded in a major race riot. Many called it "Logue's legacy," for like much other urban renewal across the country, New Haven's program had come to be widely considered "Negro removal."

From 1961 to 1967, Logue labored as head of the Boston Redevelopment Agency where he not only slum-cleared blacks but many of the local Irish and Italians as well. When he had the gall to run as a Democratic candidate for mayor in 1967, he was soundly trounced by an enraged populace.

Both Bobby Kennedy and John Lindsay tried out Logue as a consultant in the middle Sixties, but both distrusted his power mania. In fact, by 1968, Nelson Rockefeller was probably the only top public official who would have hired Logue for a major job.

The UDC was one of new authorities set up by Nelson Rockefeller to get around the irksome strictures of democracy. Once set up, it was responsible only to itself and to him, not to the voters. And it was financed by a unique procedure called the "moral obligation" bond. This "moral obligation" bond was first pioneered in New York State in 1960 by Rockefeller and former U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell, who was then a bond lawyer. As history has disclosed, Mitchell was a real expert in "moral obligations."

Well, Mitchell now has a jail sentence hanging over his head and Nelson Rockefeller ran off to become vice president, leaving Governor Hugh Carey with *his* moral obligation. And another funny story was reported in the *New York Post* during the height of the UDC scandal. It appears that Rockefeller's own money managers, those who knew him best, had no faith in Nelson's "moral obligation." They didn't put any of his own money in UDC bonds, although he was heavily invested under just about every other kind of New York State bond tax shelter.

Ed Logue himself made the purpose of the UDC crystal clear when he was called to testify about his rather large gift from Rockefeller before the Senate confirmation subcommittee on November 18, 1974.

"Inside New York . . ." Logue told the senators, "there is a special incentive [to buy the UDC bonds] because . . . we have a rather high state income tax and on top of that we have a not insignificant [federal] income tax. So the tax benefits to a high bracket taxpayer who is taxable in New York State made it very advantageous to buy this stuff."

One of the alleged reasons for giving the UDC power to overrule local zoning restrictions was to help overthrow the racial barriers in suburban towns. Rockefeller backed off from a politically controversial housing project for Westchester when the going got really rough, but—as Logue noted with satisfaction—the trade-off Rocky got from the state legislature for abandoning projected housing for blacks was another half-billion dollars for the UDC in bonding authority. Thus the "Martin Luther King Memorial Tax Shelter" for the rich got bigger and bigger—until it went bust.

The UDC should have spelled the end of Nelson Rockefeller's political career. Instead, as vice president, he is currently creating a new national UDC-like energy authority. Despite the strong opposition of most of his economic advisers, President Ford is supporting Rockefeller's Energy Independence Authority scheme which will spend as much as $100 billion on the development of non-petroleum sources of energy.

It's interesting to note that while Rockefeller advised Ford *not* to help New York City in its financial crisis (although, typically, in his efforts to be all things to all men, he said that *Congress* should help the city), he is all for the federal government's spending billions on a plan that Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, predicted

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could become a vehicle for "real or perceived corrupt practices." One can only hope that the Congress will scrutinize this latest boondoggle carefully—always keeping in mind the disaster of the UDC.

As we've seen, Nelson Rockefeller is scarcely a bleeding heart for blacks, nor, as another important event in his career showed, for whites either. On September 13, 1971, Rockefeller presided over "the bloodiest one-day encounter between Americans since the Civil War, with the exception of the Indian massacres in the late nineteenth century."

That description of events at the upstate New York prison in Attica doesn't come from Rockefeller's political enemies, nor from some muckraking journalist. It's from the *Official Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica*, headed by a fellow Republican, Dean Robert B. McKay of the New York University Law School. The McKay Commission was set up as a result of an avalanche of criticism from all across the country over the way the governor had dealt with the prison uprising at Attica. Its members were picked by a panel consisting of the Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals and four presiding justices of the State's Appellate Division.

Nelson Rockefeller had to approve the creation of the commission, but if he thought that, like so many commissions set up to evaluate controversial events, this one was going to play nice doggie and issue a bland, face-saving report, he was wrong.

There were men of conscience on the McKay Commission, and their conclusion was that conditions within Attica Prison meant "daily degradation and humiliation" for the inmates and that the governor knew it. Said the commission: "Many of the inmates' grievances were acknowledged to be legitimate by both the Commissioner [of Correction] and the Governor. In such circumstances, where State neglect was a major contributing factor to the uprising, the Commission feels that the Governor should not have committed the state's armed forces against the rebels without first appearing on the scene and satisfying himself that there was no other alternative and that all precautions against excessive force had been taken."

The McKay Commission concluded that Rockefeller saw the uprising as "an insurrection against the very authority of the state." It also reported that the retaking of Attica was "marred by excesses"—such "excesses" as shooting indiscriminately into the crowd of inmates and hostages with the result that thirty-nine were killed and eighty others wounded. "One out of every ten persons in D yard that morning was struck by gunfire, and more than a quarter of the hostages died of bullet wounds."

"But," the *Official Report* continued, "guns were not the only inflicters of pain at Attica that day; in the aftermath of the assault, hundreds of inmates, stripped of their clothing, were brutalized by correction officers, troopers, and sheriffs' deputies. In addition, the suffering of the wounded was needlessly prolonged by an inexcusable failure to make adequate prior arrangements for medical attention. The authorities' indifference to the lawlessness which followed the crushing of the rebellion continued even after the physical pain subsided, and was still evident as the Commission completed its investigation and held public hearings."

After this massacre, Governor Rockefeller, who had remained at his great estate at Pocantico Hills, announced that the state police had done "a superb job." So convinced was he of this that even after he had had a month to reflect, and to learn that the state troopers had used dumdum bullets (outlawed by the Geneva Convention on international warfare), Nelson Rockefeller sent $15,000 to the Attica Employees Memorial Fund. Then he appropriated over $4 million to prosecute sixty-two of the Attica inmates, some on relatively minor charges.

Nothing happened to the troopers and correction officers who had killed and wounded the inmates and hostages. The Deputy Commissioner of Corrections, Walter Dunbar, who announced that the prisoners had murdered one guard held as a hostage, cut off his testicles, and stuffed them in his mouth—a factor that helped to stir reprisals against the inmates—was never even censured for this lie. In fact Dunbar, who died in September 1975, was ultimately promoted to State Probation Director.

Moreover, right up to and during the vice-presidential confirmation hearings, Nelson Rockefeller himself continued to misrepresent what had really happened at Attica.

On November 21, 1974, John Conyers, a black congressman from Michigan, asked him about the fairness of prosecuting sixty-two inmates but no guards or state police. He asked, "What about the things that you might have said subsequent to this that would have given some balance, in fairness, some relief to those who were in prison or felt very deeply about that situation, that you were and are concerned about resolving the human problems that you say caused you to want to move into the vice presidency?"

And, under oath, Nelson A. Rockefeller answered: "Well, I understand what you are saying, but you have got to recognize that at the time we are talking about I was Governor of the State of New York. We had one guard who was thrown out a window and finally released along with eleven other guards who reported the violent treatment that they received, the abuse. This guard [Officer William Quinn] died. And the minute this guard died after being thrown out the window by the inmates, this meant that there were very serious criminal charges for murder on the part of a great many prisoners who might be involved and therefore that is when they hardened up and said, 'Look, we demand amnesty.'"

But, in fact, Officer Quinn was *not* thrown through a window. It was physically impossible to throw anybody through a window at Attica. All the windows were barred. This fact had been made public repeatedly in the three years since the Attica prison riot, and if Nelson Rockefeller didn't know the truth about Attica by 1974, then surely he wasn't qualified to be vice president of the United States.

And what was worse was that Rockefeller made this untruthful statement about Officer Quinn's death at the very moment that prisoners in upstate New York were on trial for his murder. You don't have to be a radical lawyer from the Attica Brothers Legal Defense group to see *something* wrong in that.

As the Legal Defense group told the House Judiciary Committee after Rockefeller's testimony: "Rockefeller's willingness to make unverified statements, statements which directly affect the lives of the men now facing or awaiting trial for charges stemming from the rebellion, is in total disregard of his obligation as the former chief executive of the state to report accurately on events occurring during his tenure in office and to refrain from making untrue and prejudicial statements, especially in the course of a criminal trial related to the subject of his statement."

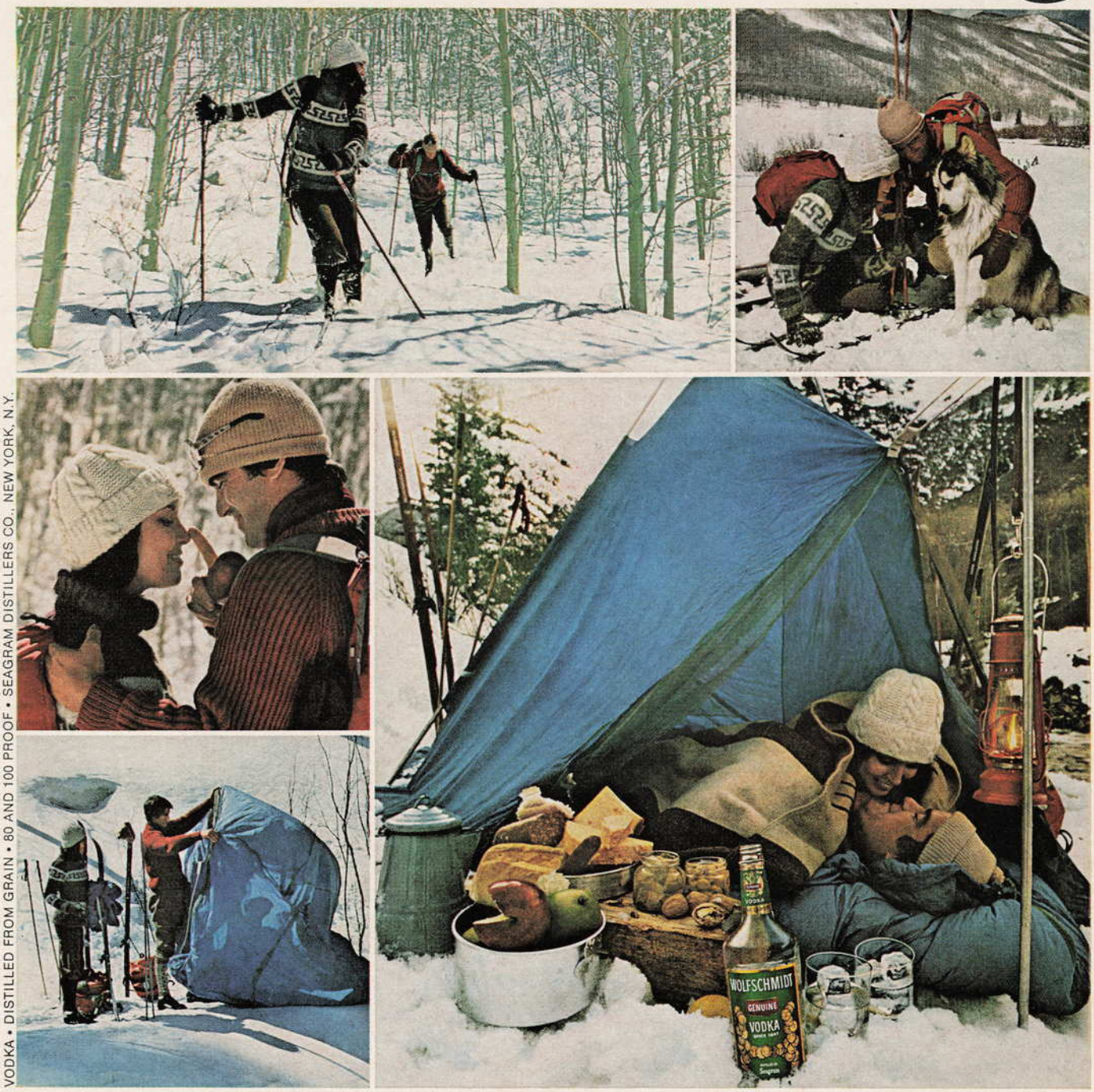
Another lie attested by top state officials in the Rockefeller administration was that the hostages were killed by having their throats slashed by the prisoners. An independent and courageous local medical examiner proved that *all* of the hostages died of bullet wounds. And the prisoners had no guns.

As one embittered relative of a dead guard, Carl W. Valone, said to *New York Times* editor Tom Wicker, "There was no slashing . . . [Carl] was not even touched." And, he went on to say that Valone had been killed by "a bullet that had the name Rockefeller on it."

There *was* one thing that Nelson Rockefeller was concerned about during those five days he stayed at Pocantico Hills—while his own Corrections Commissioner, Russell Oswald, columnist Tom Wicker, Congressman Herman Badillo, and others begged him to come to Attica—and this slipped out, inadvertently, in the congressional hearings. Rockefeller had been worried about how it would look on television if he went to Attica and failed.

Rockefeller testified before the congressional confirmation committees that he had had to do what he did or else prison riots would mushroom all over the country, the radical militant tide was running so high in the prison system. Well, there *were* more prison riots, and in New Jersey another Republican governor, William Cahill, went to the prison in person and

Start something



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settled it without bloodshed. And before Attica, John Lindsay had done the same thing in New York City. Another governor, Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, had actually interrupted his *presidential* campaign to attend to a prison riot.

Nelson Rockefeller told the Senate subcommittee last November that "I . . . am a man who delights in tackling tough human problems . . . nothing delights me so much as facing up to a complex public issue, with all its confusion, turmoil, and intensity, and trying to pull together the human resources to deal with it."

He tackled Attica's problems in the Rockefeller family tradition. His father had refused to go to the scene of a strike at a Rockefeller company in 1913. The final result—the shooting down of strikers, their wives, and their children in 1914—was known as the Ludlow massacre. It took the Rockefellers almost forty years of piety, philanthropy, and public relations to wipe that image from the public consciousness and for members of the family to dare run for public office.

Rockefeller's handling of Attica reveals many things about his character: He is unsure of himself; his main concern is his own political image; he is a coward and a liar. But the single most frightening insight into his character was revealed by the answer he gave the McKay Commission when asked if he had reviewed the plans of the State Police to retake Attica. "No," Nelson Rockefeller replied. "I'm not a military man or a police official. These are professional judgments . . . I do not feel I have the competence to make the judgments and I think there's nothing more dangerous than a civilian messing in military activities and trying to impose, superimpose, his judgment over those of the professionals." Rockefeller apparently never learned that civilian control over the military is a cornerstone of American democracy.

If Attica were the *only* example of Nelson Rockefeller's faith in the military as the chief bulwark of democracy—a clear contradiction in terms—I wouldn't dwell on it. But this faith is apparent throughout his career. Another example is his admiration for the military leaders of Latin America. His personal involvement in Latin America dates back to his civilian wartime service under Franklin D. Roosevelt, when he was sent south to set up a countervailing power to Nazi economic penetration in the area.

Rockefeller didn't miss the opportunity to keep an eye out for investment opportunities for the Rockefeller family as well. After he left the federal government, he set up IBEC (International Basic Economy Corporation) in January 1947, which, to hear Rockefeller tell it, was just to help those "wonderful" folks down there "to mobilize capital." (All the Rockefellers tend to make their business ventures sound like philanthropic endeavors.)

Anyway, even though Rockefeller "loved" those wonderful Latin Americans—as he told Congress—they didn't love him back. When President Nixon picked Rockefeller to head a fact-finding commission for him on Latin-American problems, the *Washington Post* said, "It's difficult to conceive of a more controversial choice for this particular mission at this particular time, than Governor Rockefeller. . . . The symbol of American economic exploitation of Latin America and thus the symbol of the current unpleasant mess is the International Petroleum Company, whose assets were seized a few months ago by [Peru's] Velasco regime. Who owns IPC? It is a wholly owned subsidiary of Standard Oil. Who is the dominant force in Standard Oil? The Rockefeller family. Nelson Rockefeller, in short, to a good many Latin Americans represents precisely what is wrong with American policy."

Well, the *Washington Post* was exactly right about Rockefeller being the wrong man for Latin America. His less-than-triumphal 1969 tour occasioned rioting and the shooting of rioters by police. Several countries had to cancel Rockefeller's visit, and it wasn't until the end of the tour, when Rockefeller fell into the arms of the malevolent dictator of Haiti, "Papa Doc" Duvalier, that the demonstrations ceased.

Some of Rockefeller's unpopularity in Latin America, the *Washington Post* pointed out, was because in his "abortive campaign for the presidency last year, [he] made repeated reference to an 'inter-American peace force' meant to keep the lid on down south."

Rockefeller's report to Nixon after this 1969 tour is proof of his colonialist attitude. Rejecting the "idealism of youth" and the "profound idealism" of the Church in Latin America as vulnerable to "subversive" influences, he embraced the military, calling them "a new type . . . a major force for constructive social change in the American republics." It was his opinion that "the military man is prepared to adapt his authoritarian tradition to the goals of social and economic progress."

In spite of Nelson Rockefeller's touching faith in the military, he has his idealistic side—if you can believe it. He described these beliefs to the Senate in November 1974: "I think that America's position in the world, and its reputation in the world is not for its atomic power, or for great economic strength, but for its deep spiritual sense, its deep appreciation of values, and its kindness and generosities to others."

Rockefeller *is* a generous man. It's a family tradition. His grandfather, the original John D. Rockefeller, used to hand out whole dimes as tips. That is, when the old monopolist wasn't busy strangling other businessmen. "It's a tradition that I was brought up to share from the time I was a child," Nelson Rockefeller earnestly told the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration on November 13, 1974. "It's not a very comfortable position to be in a situation where you have, let's say, a basket of apples, and everybody else is sitting around the table, you are sitting there eating apples, and nobody else has an apple to eat.

"I am sure there isn't a person who under those circumstances wouldn't say 'Well, doesn't everybody want an apple?' " Rockefeller went on. He was trying to explain to the senators why certain of his political cronies had received several million bucks in Rockefeller gifts and loans. It seems that Rocky's apples went only to those who "were in the top one percent of all wage-earning Americans," to quote a report prepared by the Institute for Policy Studies, a Washington-based think tank.

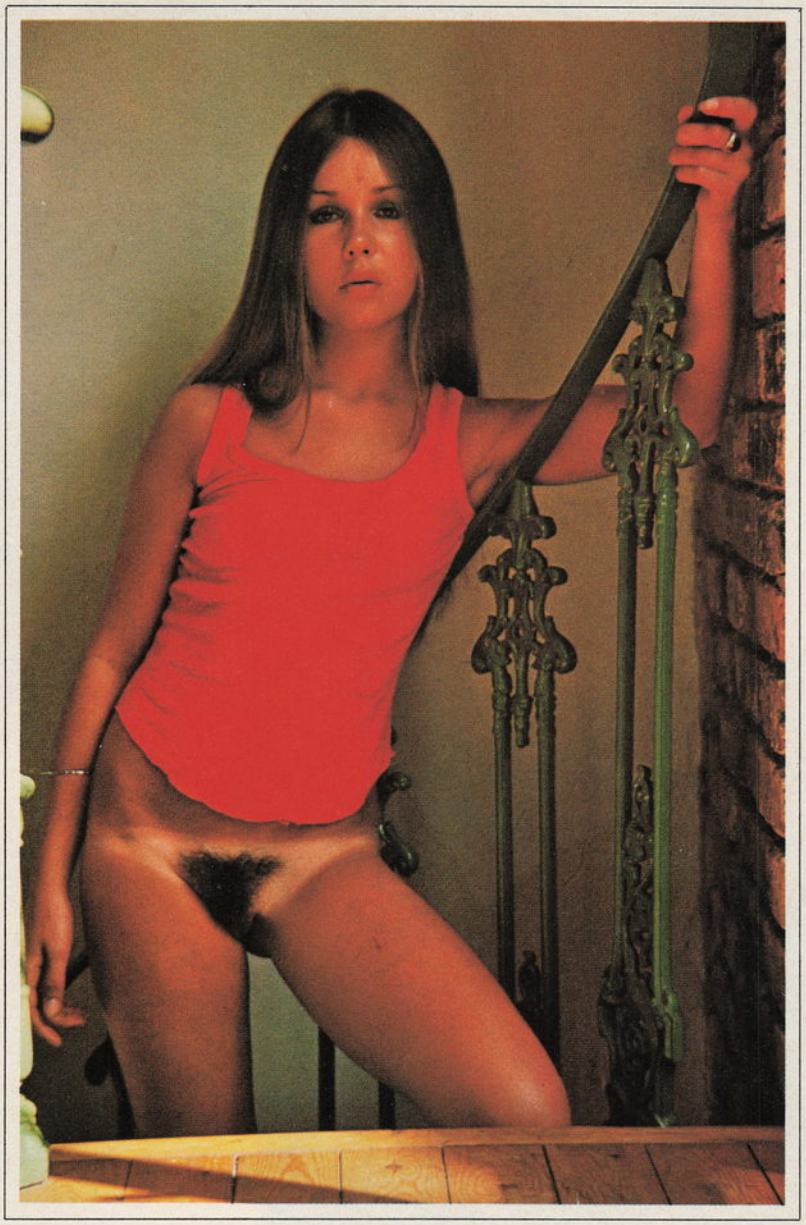
"The loans and gifts were given, for the most part, to rich people who wanted to become richer," said the IPS analysis. "Another important consideration is that the loans were given with the apparent expectation they would be forgiven at some future date. When they became gifts, Rockefeller paid the gift tax, so they were in fact tax-free." Thus, the gift of $500,000 to Dr. William Ronan [it was actually $625,000 all told]—a huge sum in itself—is equal to an income of more than one million dollars. There existed [moreover] the possibility that Rockefeller would indeed ask for repayment, putting the recipient not only in a position of gratitude but possibly in a position of bondage.

"Many of Rockefeller's gifts and loans," the IPS report continues, "were given when people moved from one post to another in his civil service. Thus, G. Russell Clark received a $25,000 gift three weeks before he assumed office in 1959 as New York State Superintendent of Banks. James W. Gaynor received a gift of $7,000 just after he assumed office as New York State Commissioner of Housing and Urban Renewal in January, 1959. When Henry Diamond [former Commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation] was named Executive Director of the National Commission on Critical Choices [Rockefeller's tax-deductible vehicle he hoped would take him to the presidency], he was given a gift of $100,000. When Henry Kissinger was about to become Nixon's chief adviser on foreign affairs, he was given $50,000. Two weeks before William Ronan was appointed as Rockefeller's secretary in 1959, he received a $75,000 gift, and when he left the Metropolitan Transit Authority to become head of the Port Authority and one of the senior advisers to the Rockefeller family, he was forgiven all past loans, totaling more than half a million dollars." The IPS report was quite aptly entitled "The Disability of Wealth."

In all of the cases where Rocky shared his apples, he told the congressional confirmation committees that the recipients had "pressing family problems."

Let's take a look at one of these "welfare cases": poor Bill Ronan, who, at $80,000 a year, was the second-highest-paid official

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

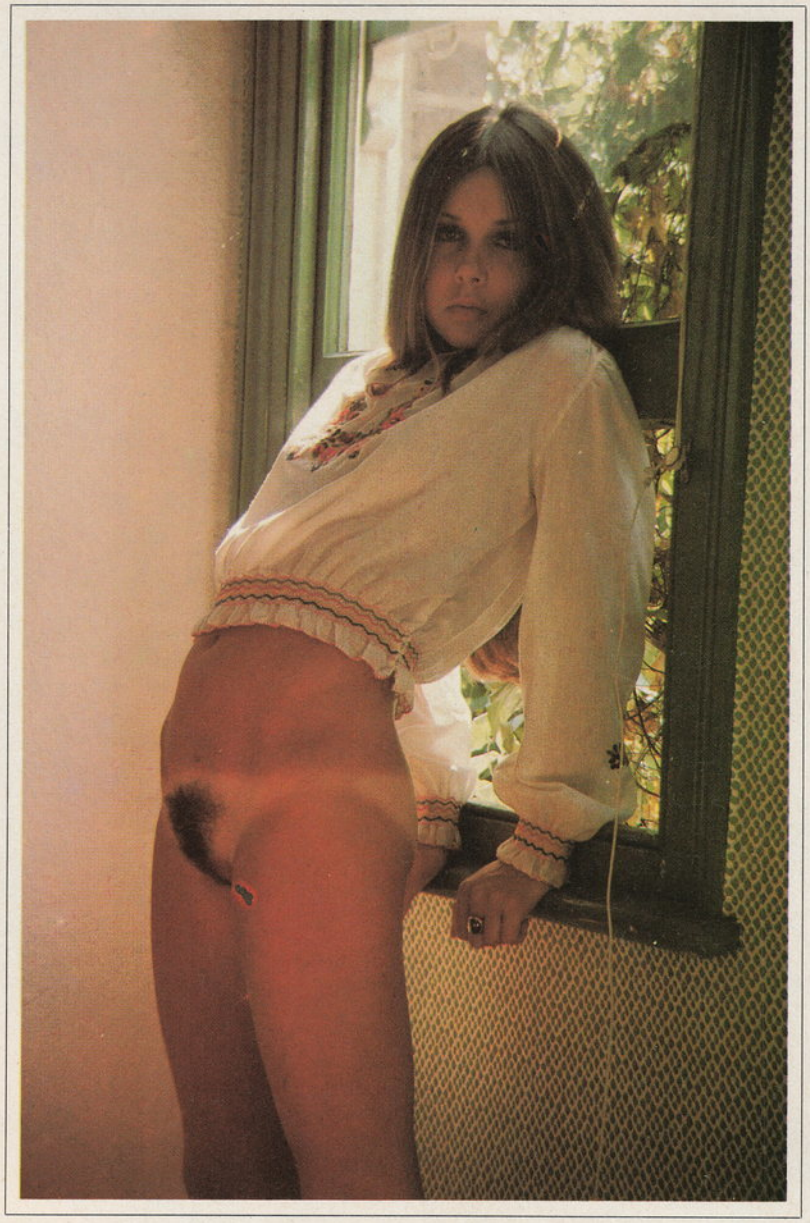


FREE AS A BREESE

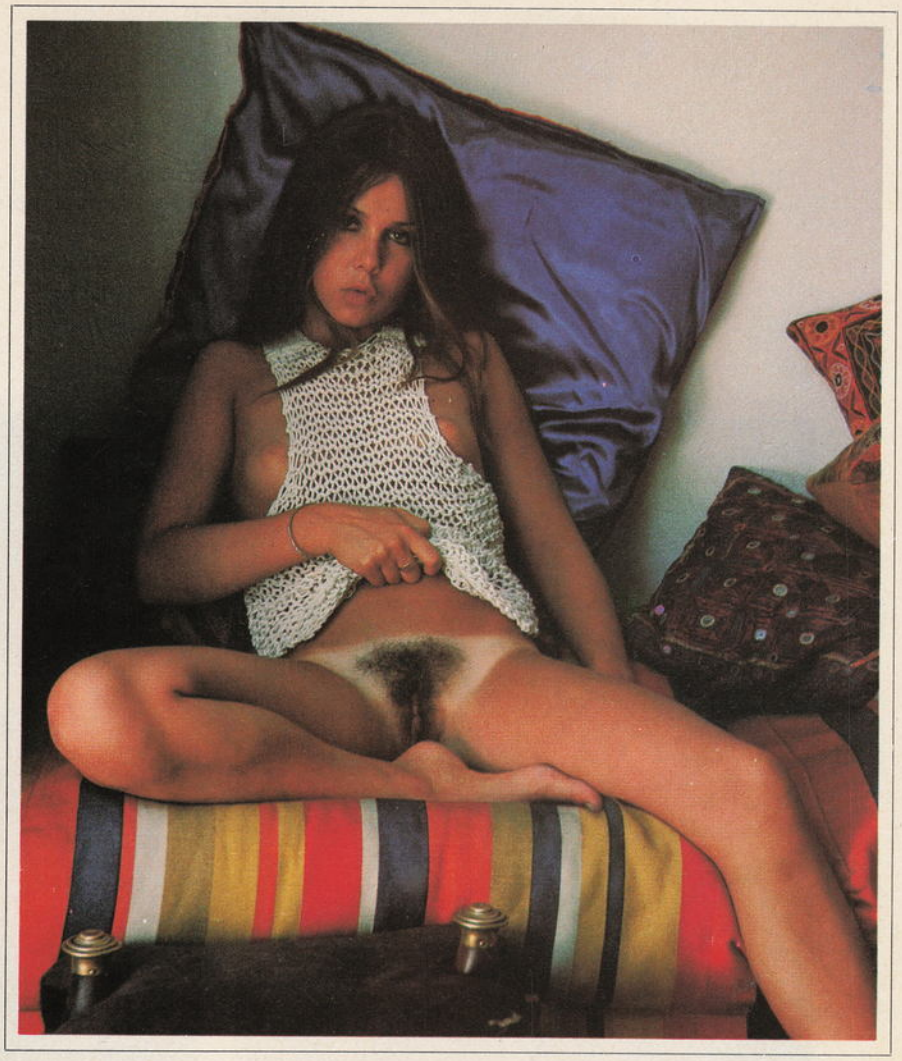
They call her Baby Breese, and she smiles and accepts the accolade.
"I guess it's because I'm tiny and light and I skip about a bit."
Baby is no homebody. "Maybe it's because I was brought up in this itsy-bitsy village just outside London. It's not like the city and its not like the country—something in between.
"I can remember things like boating and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EUGENE FINKEI

12



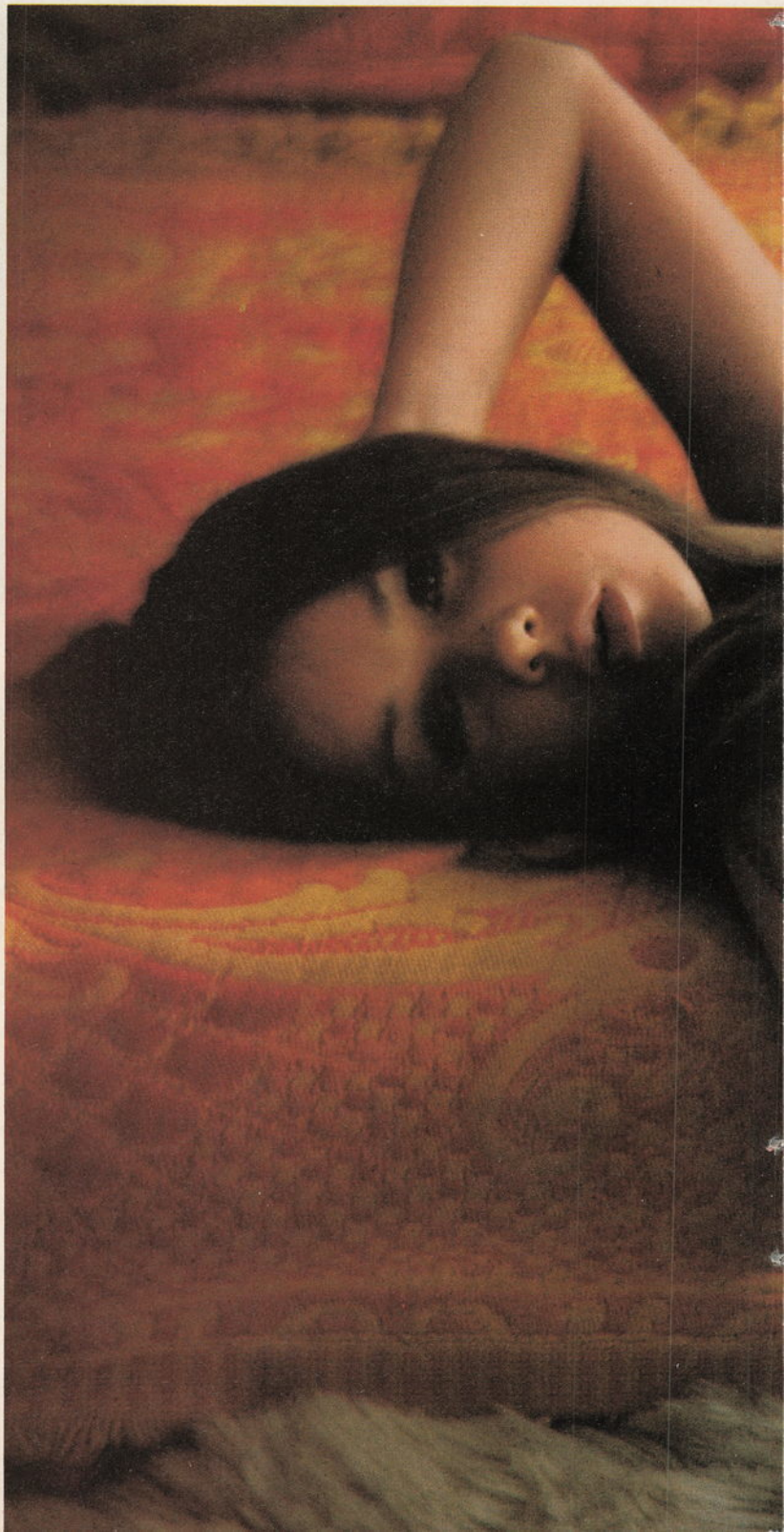
football and the smell of apples. I remember
bicycles bouncing on the
cobblestones and old people walking along
the riverside. "Then I was big
enough to travel and I left home. I went to
London, and of course, to Chelsea.
I took a little flat just off the King's Road—near
a pub called the World's End.
It was all young people and foreign students
and artists who drove you round the



bend when they tried to get you to pose for them—not to mention the photographers who had the smoothest lines in the whole world. I didn't like the idea of taking my clothes off at first, but then I thought *why not?* After all, the human body is delicious, beautiful, and perfect. Don't we all secretly love seeing a beautiful nude body, boy or girl? I enjoy both. So, even though I didn't want to do it at first, I got turned on to posing.

I really did."
But Baby's not through
skipping. "Maybe,
some day, I'll settle down,
but right now freedom
is my favorite form
of relaxation—
being as free as a bird
can be in a
great big wide open
world." Free as
a Breese, that is....

*"...the human body is delicious,
beautiful,
and perfect."*



NO
JUNKIES
ALLOWED
AFTER
10 O'CLOCK

THE HEROIN WARS

The first body was found beaten and broken in an alley. Then two days later another body was discovered, bulletholes shaping a cross that ran the length of the torso.

The vigilantes of Fort Apache had struck again.

Fort Apache isn't a cowtown in the Old West. Fort Apache is in New York City, in the borough of the Bronx, just a twenty-minute subway ride from Times Square. Fort Apache is what the New York police call their Forty-first Precinct in the South Bronx.

The nickname is no policeman's joke. Fort Apache *is* that wild. The people who dare to walk the streets in Fort Apache are forever anxious, forever wary, forever aware that some large evil could quickly become a casual companion. Many of the 760,000 residents of the South Bronx prefer remaining prisoners in their tenements to being easy prey on the streets to the thousands of drug addicts and over 7,500 gang members who pass the hours with petty thefts. And petty thefts are just for openers. The Bronx police say that the 92 gangs in the South Bronx accounted for 134 assaults, 16 rapes, and 187 armed robberies in 1974. In all, 1,777 gang arrests were made. And, of course, a great many crimes go entirely unreported.

The vigilantes have committed many of the murders in Fort Apache. The vigilantes began with a basic premise: i.e., heroin is the root of all evil in the South Bronx. They believe that buried just below the specifics of nearly every crime in the South Bronx—the time, the place, the actors—is a common reason, a reason why purses are snatched and men stabbed. That reason, quite simply, is heroin.

The vigilantes' solution is equally simple: all dealers and junkies must be forced out of Fort Apache. Those who don't want to leave must be beaten. Those who still refuse to leave must be killed.

The logic of vigilantism, wherever it occurs, is always too quick and too easy. But in the South Bronx beatings and killings are not extraordinary events; hence to decide upon a campaign to beat and kill is not an extraordinary decision. Beatings and killings are part of the rationale of survival.

This is the story of the vigilantes of Fort Apache and their struggle to survive.

The story begins several years ago, at a party in a dark apartment on Hoe Avenue. I was invited to the party by a youth worker who told me, "I want you to meet some kids, the Peacemakers, who are trying to stop the fighting in the South Bronx, who are trying to get rid of the dope. These kids are actually trying to survive." I agreed to go, but by the time the night of the party arrived, I wasn't too eager. All that day the radio had been reporting the murder of a fifteen-year-old thrown off a South Bronx roof. Were the kids at the party mixed up in that sort of thing?

They were. At the party I learned that the boy thrown from the roof had been a member of their gang. I was also told, however, not to worry. Look, someone instructed, see those two boys in the long army coats near the doorway? In

Illustration by Dennis Luczak

It's kill or be killed, as teenage vigilante gangs take on the drug dealers in New York's South Bronx.

BY HOWARD BLUM

the hall were two boys, perhaps sixteen, both with full Afros. On command, they opened their coats and with proud smiles displayed two shiny pump shotguns. Then the boy I was talking to pulled up his shirt and showed me a long-barreled revolver. "No one's gonna mess with us tonight. Have a good time. Dance! Party!"

Somehow, though, the evening had a less than festive edge. I cornered Rob, president of the Peacemakers, and asked what was going on.

About two months ago, Rob explained, he got what he thought was a good idea. Every time one of his boys walked a couple of blocks in the wrong direction, he was beaten up by the Javelins, a Puerto Rican gang. This had been going on for about a year. "It was sorta silly," Rob said. "We'd break their arms and then they'd break ours." So Rob had this idea. Why not talk with Ruben, president of the Javelins, and make a deal: you won't mess with us, we won't mess with you. You don't mess with heroin, we won't mess with heroin.

Rob sent word to Ruben that he wanted to see him, and on a fall afternoon, accompanied by his two bodyguards, Rob walked over to Javelin turf. Fifty armed Javelins were waiting for him; but Rob was cool. He walked up to Ruben and demanded, "Hey, bro, got any liquor stores in this part of the Bronx?"

Over a bottle of Swiss-Up, a peace treaty was arranged between the two gangs. The peace worked well and Rob and Ruben became friends. The party I was at was celebrating the birth of a new gang—the Peacemakers and Javelins had merged to form the Brotherhood. According to Eddie Vincente, a youth worker who hung out with the gang, the Dutchmen were also considering joining. The way Eddie saw it, the Brotherhood could be the biggest gang in the South Bronx—a gang that didn't fight, that didn't use dope, that didn't steal. But then, yesterday afternoon, someone had thrown a member of the Brotherhood off a roof.

It was because the Brotherhood was against heroin that it was doomed.

Already a boy had been thrown from a roof because the Brotherhood might have put a few dealers out of business. Ruben explained, "If a boy is high, then he can't fight." And I watched Rob drag a fifteen-year-old to a priest, Father Mario, with the message, "Get this idiot into some kind of a program! When he's clean, he can come back to the Brotherhood."

None of the major dealers in Fort Apache were happy about a substantial loss of both present and potential customers—two gangs were already in this crazy Brotherhood and more were talking of joining. The dealers reached a simple understanding. The Brotherhood would not be allowed to exist.

Getting rid of the Brotherhood was not, after all, an impossible task for the dealers. The dealers had their own gangs, gangs they paid a nice weekly percentage for protecting their right to deal. These gangs were paid in money and in arms. From the same source that supplied them with the heroin, the dealers were able to obtain all the guns they needed. The dealers supplied their gangs with automatic weapons. And they told them when to use these weapons.

The second warning came about a week after the boy was pushed from the roof. Nearly a hundred Savage Nomads, a dealer's gang, marched two by two up the middle of Vyse Avenue on a Sunday afternoon. They marched into the very heart of Fort Apache like troops on parade, in perfect cadence, completely silent. They carried shotguns and rifles. They continued silently until the lead marcher gave a command. Then the chant began: "We want the Brotherhood! We want the Brotherhood!" The chant continued as the Nomads returned to their own turf. No one had been hurt—not a shot had been fired—but the message was clear. "We got to kill them *before* they kill us," Ruben decided.

> Many of the Royal Charmers have discovered that violence is a narcotic, a high quite as effective as heroin.

Perhaps the Brotherhood should have listened to Ruben. But they didn't.

There was talk of fighting back, but the Brotherhood wasn't strong enough. Strength in Fort Apache is not a simple equation determined by muscles, numbers, or even guns. Strength is the ability to survive, the ability to be able to come back to fight another day.

Strength in Fort Apache means being lucky, lucky enough to duck when the gun is fired, lucky enough to beat the rap, lucky enough to want to keep on going when all you have to look forward to tomorrow is hanging just like you did today. The Brotherhood was never lucky. Other gangs, dealer's gangs, caused problems, but in major ways the Brotherhood was the victim of daily life in Fort Apache. Within two years the Brotherhood had fallen apart. This is how their story ended.

Rob is in jail serving a life sentence for murder. He killed someone in the hall of his apartment house for reasons no one is completely sure of.

Ruben is in Puerto Rico. If he returns to the South Bronx, the police will arrest him for armed robbery.

And Eddie Vincente, the youth worker, has disappeared. After he tried to break up a fight between the Nomads and the Brotherhood in a schoolyard, he was shot point-blank in the face. He was lucky—the bullet just missed his eye. But he was in the hospital for about a year, and the left side of his face remains paralyzed. No one is too sure where he went. Just upstate, I was told. Away from the city.

The Brotherhood is gone, but their vision of a drug-free community hasn't been forgotten. For many, it remains the only possible real solution, the only way out of an urban dead end.

On a hot August afternoon a bedsheet was tied to two corner lamp posts and stretched high across 173rd Street and Hoe Avenue in the South Bronx like a campaign banner. The message on the sheet, written in large, childlike letters, was direct: "No junkies allowed after 10 o'clock." The message was signed "R.C."

The initials R.C., as everybody in the South Bronx knows, stand for the Royal Charmers. The Royal Charmers are now the vigilantes of Fort Apache. Many of them are teenagers. Their president, Negro, is twenty-five.

Some of the Royal Charmers belonged to the Brotherhood, though most of them had been too young to join. And the Brotherhood remains their inspiration—or perhaps just their rationale, their legitimization of violence when used for a certain end viewed as right and proper.

Negro says, "I remember the Brotherhood. We owe a lot to them. Sure, they wanted to get rid of the junkies, but we got a better way. The Brotherhood's gone, but we'll last. The Brotherhood was never too successful. We get results."

And the Royal Charmers *have* gotten results. The sheet hung across Hoe Avenue began a two-month period of vigilantism. It was a campaign in which one dealer was pushed off a roof (his dead body found weeks later in an alley garbage can), two more were also murdered, other junkies were whipped through South Bronx streets, and one Royal Charmer was blinded, the victim of a shotgun blast in the face from a vengeful drug dealer.

When I talked with the Charmers, most of them were eager to explain to anyone connected with the media how "we're doing a community service." "Community ser-

vice" is a hype used so often by gangs in the ghetto that it's difficult to tell if even the gangs still realize they're not being really honest.

Babie, a leader of one of the divisions of the gangs (there are five divisions and more than three hundred members between fifteen and twenty-six in the Royal Charmers), says they resorted to vigilantism, "because it's bad for kids to grow up seeing junk all around them. If you get rid of junkies, then the neighborhood improves." He added, "I got a little brother, you know, and I just didn't want him to get involved. My mother is hooked. Drugs killed my uncle. I just don't want my brother to start hanging out on the sidewalk with the wrong dudes."

Negro, the twenty-five-year-old president of the Royal Charmers who works during the day as a school-crossing guard, is insistent that he and the gang are motivated by a commitment to the neighborhood: "We've improved the neighborhood, man. Before we started, things were out of control. Families were complaining that junkies were no longer just shooting up on the roofs, but in the hallways, in the streets. It was all open. You could see the dealers in their Cadillacs—the cops would see them and do nothing. So we started to *do* something. The cops were too busy blaming our gang for everything that was happening around here. People think of us as a really wild group—all right, but it wasn't us who was stealing the refrigerators from the apartments and mugging women. You know, some junkie even ripped off the water pipes from the basement of that building right over there. He needed money for his habit that bad. I just got tired of my boys taking the blame for everything all the time."

Negro also knows at first-hand what heroin can do: "I started shooting dope when I was twelve. And it took me a couple of years to realize junk was no good. The first time I did it, it felt good. But after that. . . ." His voice trails off.

Yet underneath the thick layer of altruism with which the Charmers delight in covering their actions, lies a shiny veneer of criminality—perhaps even psychopathy—which attracts many boys to gang life. The cause of making Fort Apache drug-free is to many of the Royal Charmers an excuse for violence, for conflict, for that constant state of excitement and "war" that makes gang life so dangerous and criminal. Many of the Royal Charmers have discovered that violence is a narcotic, a high quite as effective as heroin.

Consider the Doctor, a large, almost fat Puerto Rican boy, with a child's friendly face, who heads the gang's Gestapo. He explains with a grin, "The president just has to tell me one word about a certain junkie and he's goodbye Charlie."

White Boy talks about a "whip-up" with enthusiastic delight: "We got our belts, you know . . . and chains . . . and we chased that junkie through an alley. He was hurt pretty bad . . . bleeding, you know. . . . I guess he knows now we weren't kidding."

Or, as Mike explains: "We told them all to leave. If they didn't, that's *their* problem. If they're hardheaded, we'll convince them. If you rank your hand, you just gonna get what your hand calls for." He adds with a soft laugh, "Did you hear that last week the cops picked up one of our girls with a machine gun?"

The Royal Charmers have a theory about why heroin is so pervasive in the South Bronx. They believe that some members of the police are actively engaged in protecting drug dealers.

Babie tells this story: "The first night we went out after the dealers, we singled out this one guy. We told him we just didn't want him on our block. Then this yellow cab comes up and three dudes come out looking for a fix. We tell them we don't want any junkies on our block. One of them gets wise, you know. So we fixed him. We convinced the rest any way we could. I guess you could say we beat those guys up. We put all of them—the junkies and the dealer—in the yellow cab and told them to leave. Hell!—within the hour that dealer is back with three plainclothes cops. These guys start rounding up six of the Charmers. They even took in some guys who never touched anyone. The cops knew that dude was a dealer—hell, everybody in the neighborhood knows. But they didn't care. Don't ever tell me the cops aren't being paid off."

> 'Any junkie might do me in,' said one gang leader. 'But whoever kills me will get it *good*.'

One of the Charmers, a former dealer, says it is a common practice for the police to be paid $500 twice a month by large dealers in the South Bronx. He insisted the payments were made at a certain record store. Other members of the gang independently corroborated that the record store is used as a drop. "Ask anyone in the neighborhood," a Charmer says. "You can see the police in there every Thursday afternoon."

And the Charmers talk about a certain apartment house in Fort Apache. A major dealer uses this building as his headquarters. His errand boys can be seen there every afternoon. The hallways are used as shooting alleys—addicts mainlining in the dark. Everyone knows about this building. The police *must* know, the Charmers insist. "Why haven't the police moved to shut this building down?" one of the Charmers demands with a smile—a sly smile indicating he is very certain of the answer to his question. "But that's okay," he continues. "We don't need the police. When the time is right, the Charmers will shut that building down."

If the Brotherhood made dealers in Fort Apache fighting mad, the Charmers have made them desperate. The time for threats and warnings passed long ago. The dealers are also fighting to survive.

It is a well-known fact in the South Bronx that a major dealer—Stringbean, as he is known on the street—has a contract out on Mike, a leader of one of the Charmers divisions. Stringbean will pay $100 to whoever kills Mike.

But Mike says he's not worried. "You can't be afraid to live. I'm not going to hide," he says. He is twenty-five and out on parole and he has a wife and a child. He realizes, "any junkie might do me in, but whoever kills me is taking a big risk. Whoever kills me will get it *good*." Mike insists he's not worried, but two Charmers follow him wherever he goes.

Snoopy, the Charmer who did the lettering on the bedsheet that was hung across Hoe Avenue, was not as careful as Mike. The day after some of the gang "convinced" a dealer to leave the neighborhood, the dealer returned and shot Snoopy point-blank in the face as he entered his apartment building. Snoopy remains in Jacobi Hospital. He is blind. The dealer has left for Puerto Rico. "If he returns," the Doctor says, "you'll be reading about what we do to him in the newspapers."

So the fighting continues in Fort Apache. A battle rages in this urban stockade, where there can be no compromise and no peace. Lives ripped apart by bullets or heroin—or by just plain desperation—are strewn about the street like dirty newspapers. It's a fight to the last man.

In the war at Fort Apache there are no victors, only victims and survivors. The vigilantes hope to be survivors. ○+■

At press time it was reported that the Forty-first Precinct would probably be shut down as a result of the New York City financial crisis. If this happens, Fort Apache's territory will be divided among neighboring precincts. The problem will remain.

The HOT SEED FACTOR

BY CESCA VAIL

When Lawrence Twitty decided to run for Congress, he made it clear to his wife, Angelica, that the Twitty political image would be enhanced by the arrival of a Lawrence, Junior. "Just because it hasn't happened yet is no reason it can't happen," he argued calmly. "We've only been married two years. If we approach it scientifically, the baby should be born, at the latest, fourteen months from now." At the height of the campaign, he meant.

Of course, a scientific approach required organization. But it was organization that Lawrence was good at. He handed his wife a legal-sized sheet of paper.

"Here is a xerox copy of a chart I've made up. The days you see initialed TB are the days we will have relations."

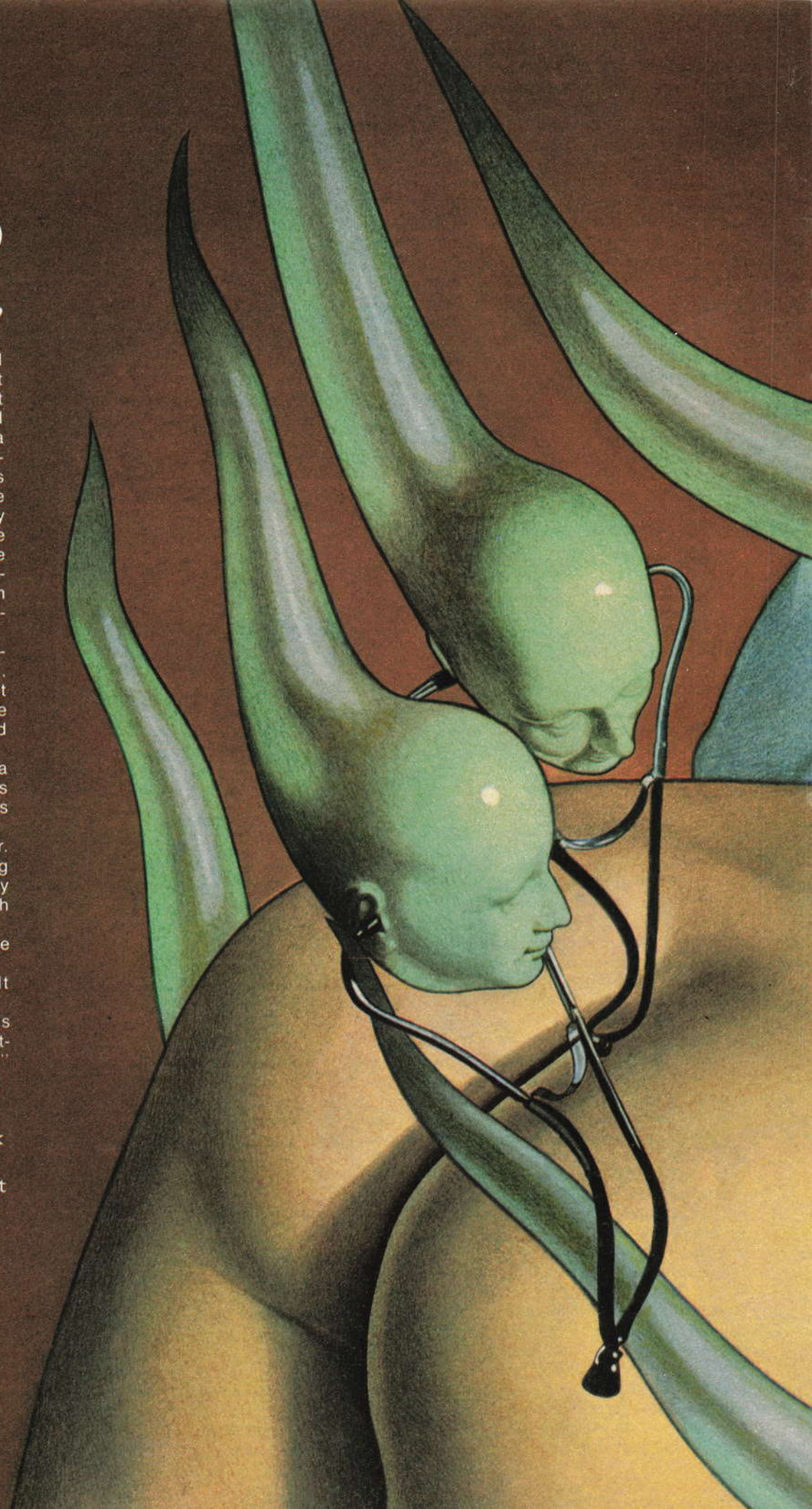
Angelica gazed at the paper. Amid a sea of squares marking off the next hundred and fifty days, two days out of each month were initialed.

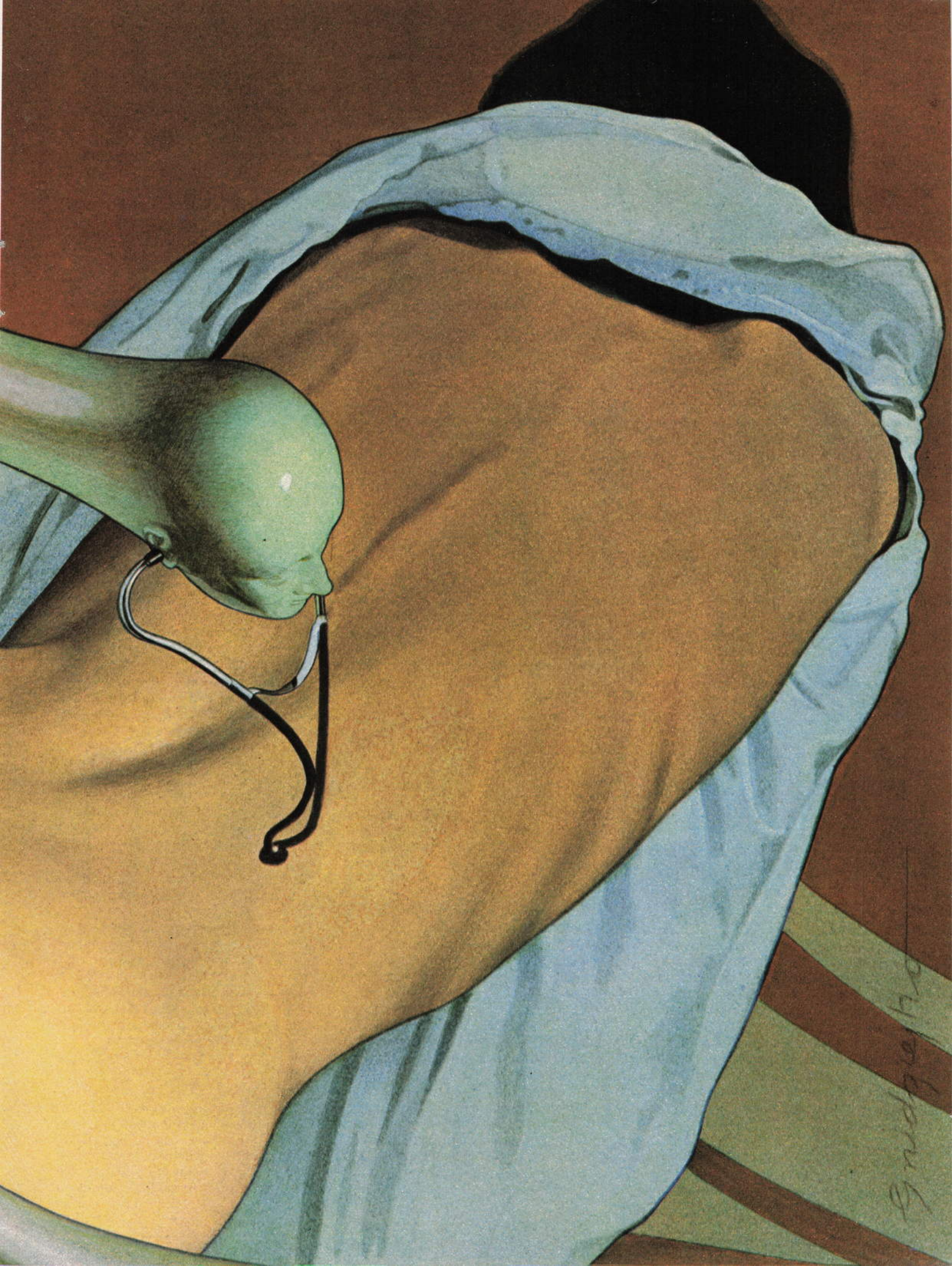
"What does TB mean?" she asked.

"That's my little joke. It means, *try for baby*."

"Wouldn't some other initials be nicer?" she asked doubtfully. "It sounds like a disease."

"'The thing about these society girls,' thought Jack as he stared through the two-way mirror, 'is that they don't just grow up: they're brought up.'"





"What does that matter?" He spoke with the impatient voice he used when people not useful to his career buttonholed him at parties. "The point is not to waste those fertile days. Not that . . ." He paused and gave a little cough. "Not that, er, other occasions mightn't arise."

Angelica sighed and began folding up the paper.

"We've got to keep it in mind. So don't lose the chart," he warned her. "You will cooperate, won't you, Angel?"

Angel was not an inappropriate name for a woman of her delicate frame, cameo skin, and soft, dark eyes. She agreed, of course. To show that he himself would leave no stone unturned, he made the rounds of fertility clinics all over the metropolitan area during the next month.

Even for a man like Lawrence Twitty, who did not expect pleasure from everyday life, the clinics were a trifle off-putting. During an interview at one clinic, with a doctor rumored to be something of a wizard at uniting bashful gametes, he mentioned the difficulty of reaching ejaculation in the bare room set aside for that purpose.

The young doctor, who was named Jack Holder, leaned back behind his desk and smiled pleasantly. "Many people find it an exciting setting," he remarked.

"On the other hand, a friend of mine who used to sell sperm in London, and who felt as you do, complained to the staff at one clinic. He said that at least they could stock some magazines.

"Next time he went, there was a little table set out with the *Listener*, the *Spectator*, the *TLS*. . . ."

Another doctor had once remarked to Lawrence that his wife needed TLC. He had not recognized that allusion any more than he recognized this one. Nevertheless, he gave a hearty, knowing laugh.

"I'll be in touch with you as soon as the analysis is completed."

Twitty got up to take his leave, then hesitated. "I wonder whether, to be perfectly thorough about this, perhaps my wife. . . ."

"Certainly an updated fertility analysis of your wife is in order," agreed the doctor. "If she's willing. . . ."

"Having a child is top priority for both of us," declared Twitty. "I shall have her stop in next week."

At home, Angelica Twitty was marking her own private calendar. She had been taught a fine hand at the seminary, and one extravagance she enjoyed was supplying herself with luxurious writing materials. Using a sterling pen and writing in a tooled leather notebook, she entered the days to be set aside over the months ahead. Still displeased by the initials TB, which struck her as unpleasantly coy, she set a tiny inscription in Spencerian script under the appropriate dates: *fuck Lawrence*.

Upon first seeing Angelica, Jack Holder did not know where to begin. She was dressed as if for church, in a pink suit with some sort of fur tails draped over her shoulders. Her dark eyes looked large and anxious in her small, oval face. Perhaps she was shy. He had plunged ahead, and so far the interview had gone well. The only unpredictable information he turned up was that she was a natural-foods enthusiast. She went on for a while about grains, kelp, and the like.

"So you have been trying to get pregnant for two years," he summed up. "How often do you and your husband, er. . . ."

He was annoyed with himself for hesitating, a giveaway not only of his youth and relative newness as a doctor but of a more than medical interest in his client. But Angelica came to his rescue by answering promptly. "We have relations every Saturday night."

Jack stared. Finally he asked, "Do you really want to have a baby?"

"Lawrence is determined," said Angelica. It was only later that Holder realized how this answer evaded the question.

In the silence that followed, Jack recalled Lawrence's mention of his wife's strict schooling and lack of experience. At last, he opened a desk drawer and took out a notebook. The notebook made it possible for him to avoid staring at her and to keep writing busily while she answered a series of intimate questions.

"Have you tried it in the morning?"

"No."

"On an inclined plane?"

"No."

"With yourself on top?"

"No."

Soon, she stopped saying no and simply shook her head at each question. Toward the end he began making them up.

"While bathing?

"While intoxicated?

"With clothes on?

"With lights on?

"With punishment?

"With delay?

"Without touching?"

Here, he struck something. In a dreamy tone she repeated the words "without touching." Jack, by this time as flushed as she was, wrote the words *without touching* in his notebook and closed it.

Two days later, Jack gave her the news. "There is a rather low rate of motility in your husband's semen," he told her.

Not a twitch in her face.

"Of course, this bears no relation to his, er, enthusiasm or capabilities."

Nothing. No sign.

"You have a choice," he said. "You can seek conception by increasing frequency of sexual contact with your husband; or you can plan conception via a donor." He began talking about an experimental program he was developing at the clinic. "I call it the five-day natural-insemination plan," he said, pronouncing the words with professional aplomb, though they had just that moment occurred to him. "You would come in on five consecutive evenings, during your fertile period, for application of a full range of natural-insemination procedures."

She didn't even ask, "Insemination with what?" or, "Why evenings?" She didn't ask him anything. When he suggested she think about it and let him know, her response was decided. "I don't need to think about it," she said. "Lawrence is not going to change our routine, and so I must choose . . . a donor."

Charming. He wondered if it would be possible for him to stand up. She solved the problem by rising and extending a delicately knuckled hand in farewell. He told her he would send her an appointment card as soon as he had studied her chart. She left, the furry tails shivering gently across her pink-clad back as she slipped out the door.

The thing about all these society girls, thought Jack as he stared through the two-way mirror, is that they don't just grow up: they're brought up. He was observing Angelica as she sat waiting in the lounge on the first evening. She was turning the pages of a magazine with perfect composure. Her coat was heaped beside her on the sofa—a thick mass of mink. His gaze kept lingering on the fastenings of her dress. Nothing complicated. But then he reminded himself: *without touching*.

"I told the cook I'd fix my own dinner later," she remarked. "Lawrence always has dinner alone, anyway, because health foods make him nauseated."

Jack wished she would not mention Lawrence just now. He plunged ahead with his speech about the usual artificial-insemination procedures and the drawbacks which had led him to develop the five-day plan. In the middle of his attempt to link natural insemination with natural foods, Angelica interrupted.

"Does that mean that you and I are going to have relations?" she asked.

Christ, I hope so, he thought.

"How is your sperm count?" A slight smile lifted the corners of her mouth.

"Right up there," said Holder.

There was a peculiar silence.

"Look here," he said. "The first thing we are going to try is a classical insemination procedure."

She began by tossing her fur coat, a sudden burden, across the examination table. Could you hang a mink on a door hook? For a moment he felt stymied. Then she sat down on the stool and looked at him. He hefted the soft mass of fur and laid it in her open arms. She sat there cradling it, looking relaxed, almost at home.

Now Holder was faced with a decision. He could retire and produce the ejaculate in another room. Not only *could*, but *should*: that was the correct procedure. Then there was the temptation to stay right here. He felt nervous, but his symptoms made it clear the payload would arrive readily no matter what the situation. He stood uncertain for a moment, holding a

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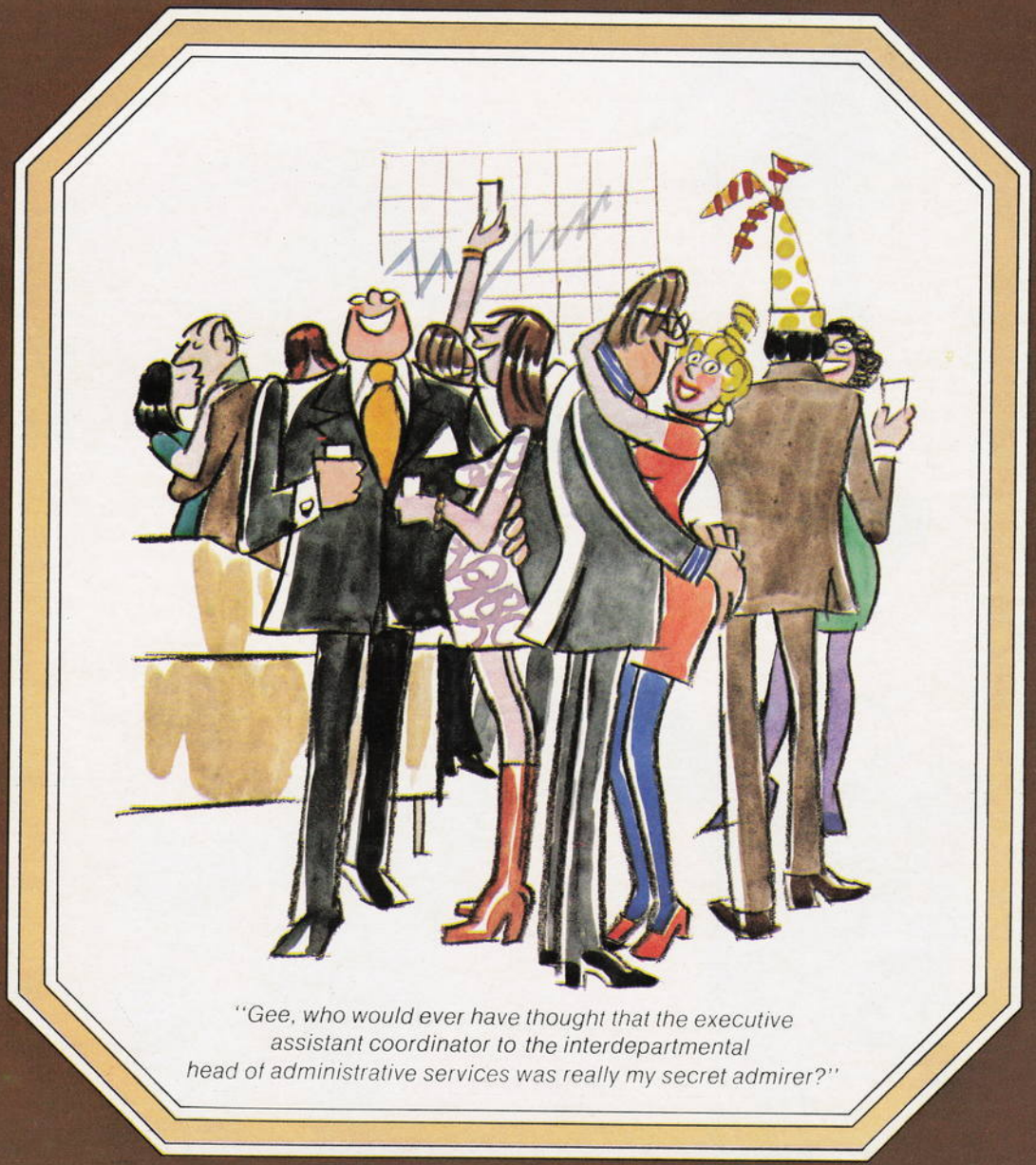
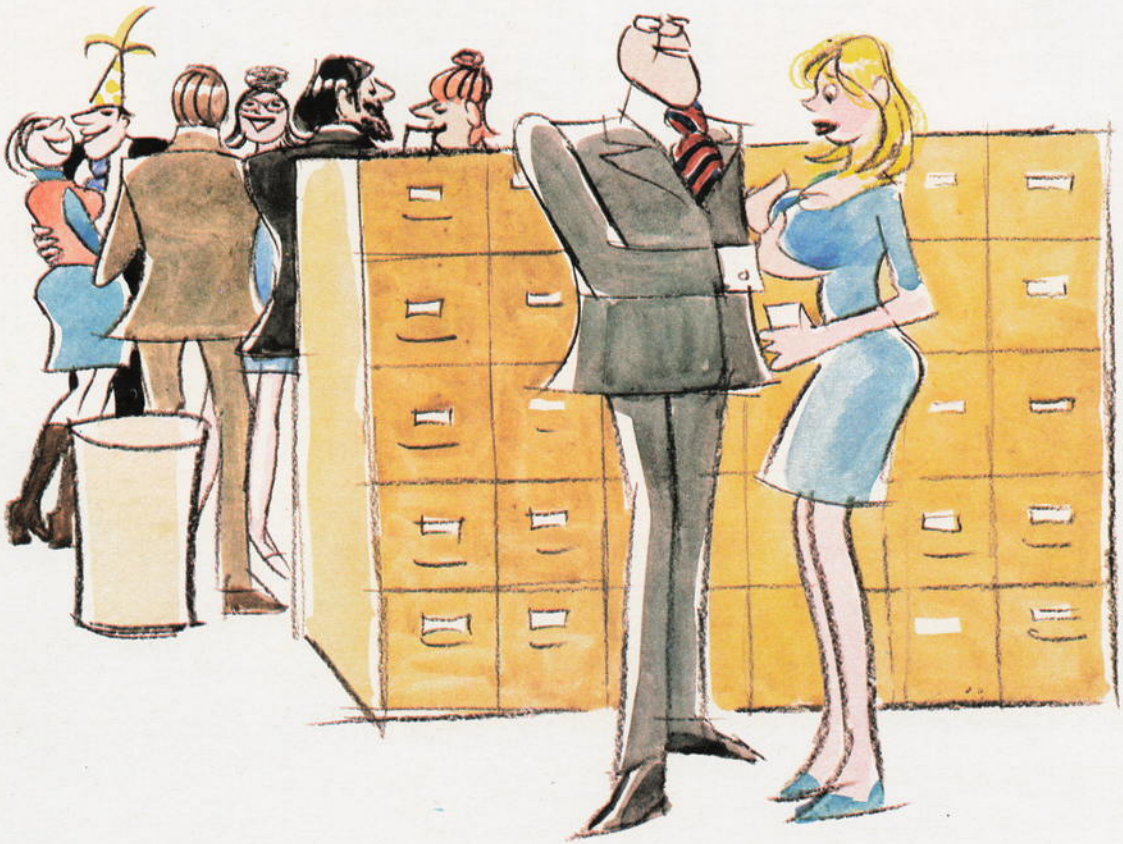
THE OFFICE BASH



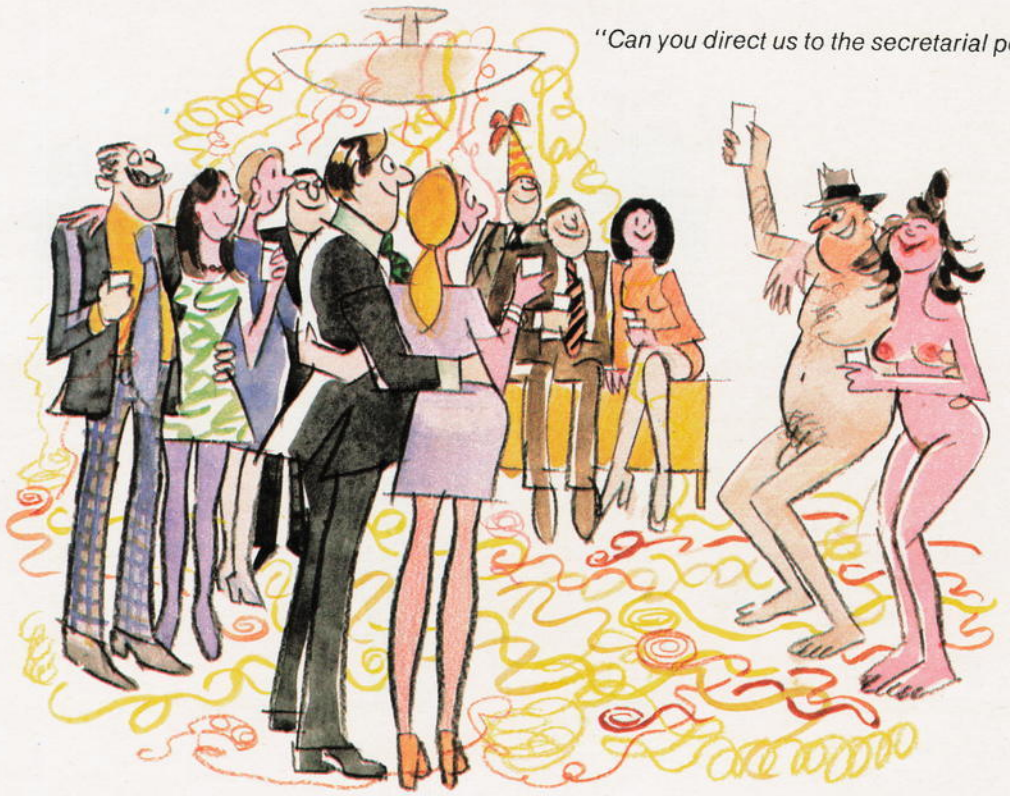
"Gee, who would ever have thought that the executive assistant coordinator to the interdepartmental head of administrative services was really my secret admirer?"

'Tis the season to lose your reason—that screwy time of the year when we unzip the bar (among other things) and get down to basic business. And while cartoonist ***Mischa Richter****'s fertile felt-tip might have run riot on these pages, any satisfied survivor of a classic office bash can tell you that stranger things have happened when personnel get personal.*

"I say, Shriver, aren't you supposed to be doing secretary-of-the-year honors...."



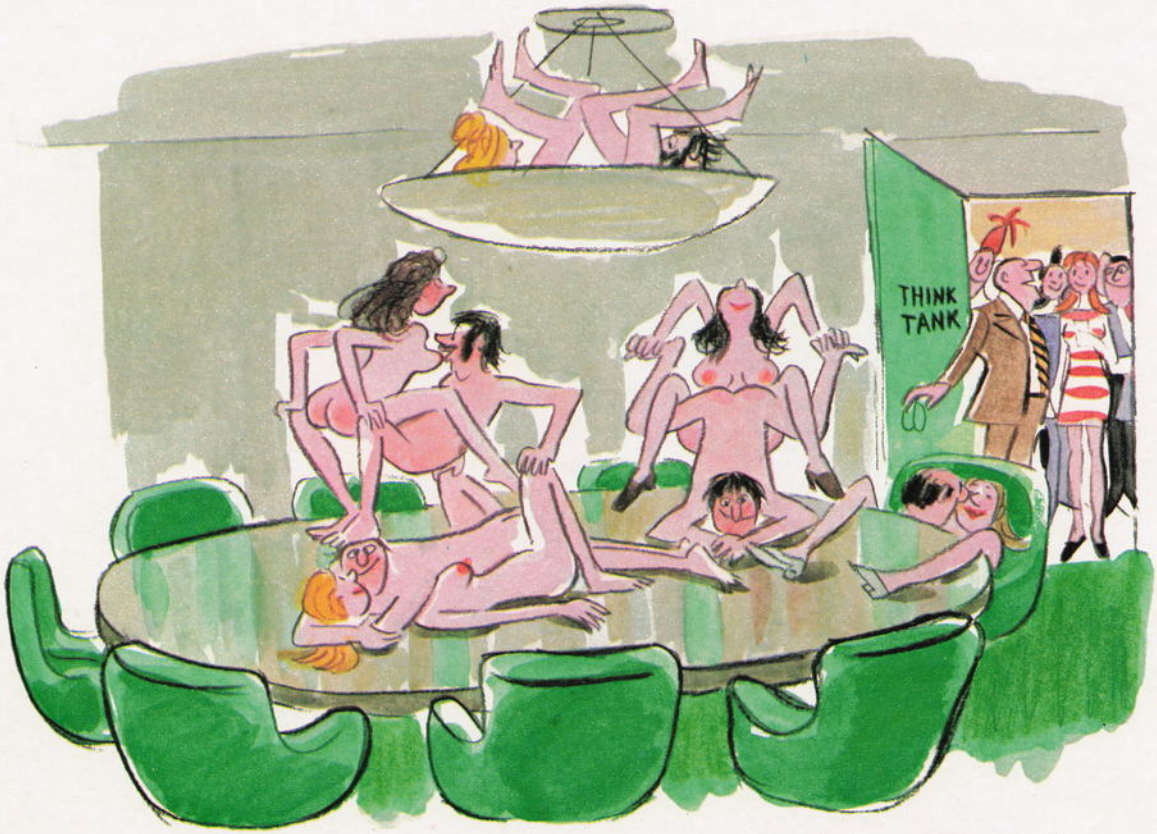
"I hear Santa is going to be specially good to you this year, Miss Morrisey."



"Can you direct us to the secretarial pool?"

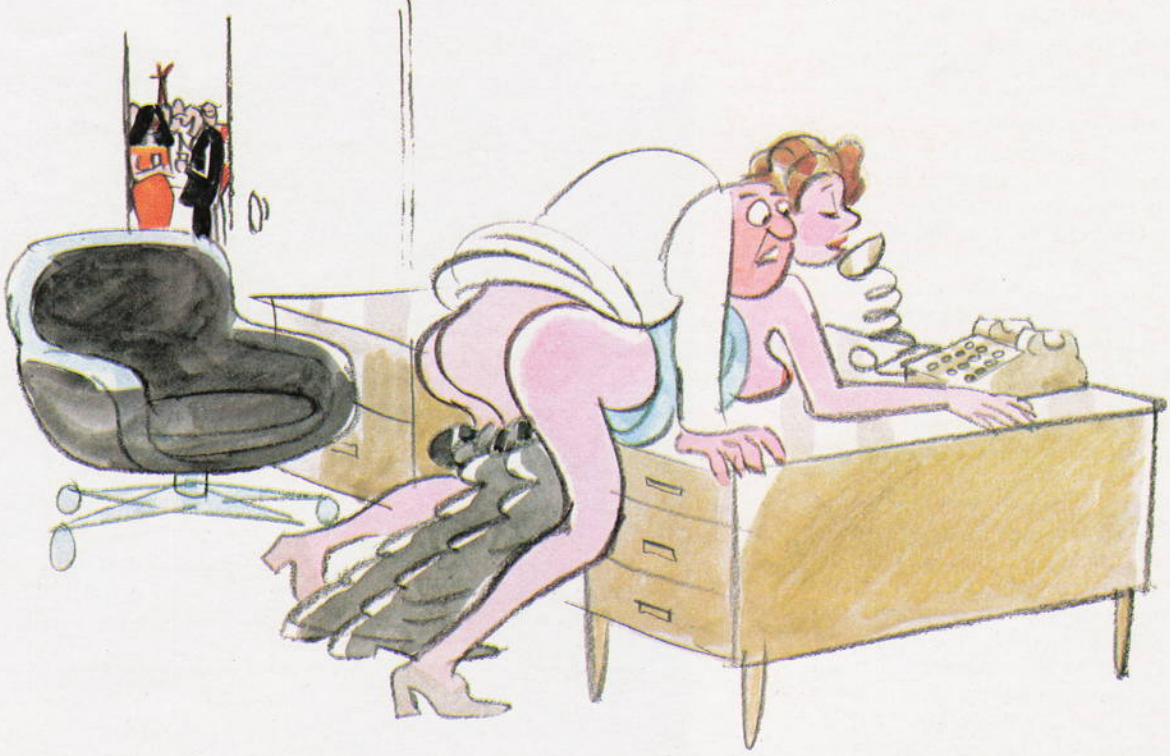
"... And while we're in there, can we think of something to tell your wife?"

"I gave at the office party."



"And this is where we develop our more progressive corporate planning systems...."

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways."



"For God's sake, Miss Nugent, put him on hold!"

THE PATENT-LEATHER PATRIOT

How a reformed ex-leather queen found Kate Smith, Pat Boone, and Old Glory.

Leonard Dworkin had been, up to the age of thirty-four, a leather queen. Mostly he'd managed to confine his aberration to the privacy of his own apartment, but when his company moved him to New York he began to frequent, as discreetly as he might, the leather bars along the waterfront. When discretion failed, psychoanalysis was of no help: he would lay out a whopping seventy dollars for a session on Friday afternoon and five hours later there he'd be, back in his black leather jacket, chains, and studded boots, attending what looked like the twentieth-anniversary class reunion for *The Wild One*, feeling idiotic and lustful.

Years ago he'd contacted an English behavioral clinic, in Manchester, that had been written up in *New Scientist* for its dramatic cures of all major deviations. Their technique seemed foolproof. Every time you were aroused by whatever you no longer wished to be aroused by, you received a huge electric shock. In a very short time you weren't aroused any more, nor ever again. Despite the commendable logic of this method, despite its impressive successes, Leonard had felt reluctant to seriously consider it for himself, but on the day his company promoted him to a vice-presidency he decided that the time had come. He took off three weeks, flew to England, and turned himself in.

He came back a changed man. Not only was he rid of his perversion, he'd stopped smoking as well. Leonard Dworkin, who'd been at the two-packs-a-day level for half a lifetime! His analyst's ironic prediction—that instead of being turned off by his old fetishes he'd only have acquired a supplementary taste for electrocution—proved unfounded. The merest tremor, blocks away, of a motorcycle engine could turn his stomach. As for leather, it was as much as he could do to wear shoes. To think of all the years he'd wasted jotting down his boring dreams! To think of all the money gone!

As for sex in its more pedestrian forms, as yet he felt no urge toward that. Just being free of his hang-up—and of course his conditioning had eliminated any undesirable tendencies above and beyond leather—was all the happiness he asked for now. It was incredible, the energy he had! He felt as though he were eleven again, all bounce and boundless ambition. He did wonders at his job, and in only two years he'd received another promotion and been transferred to head up the company's chief research division in Atlanta, Georgia. His photograph appeared in *Fortune* as one of the hundred leading

BY THOMAS M. DISCH

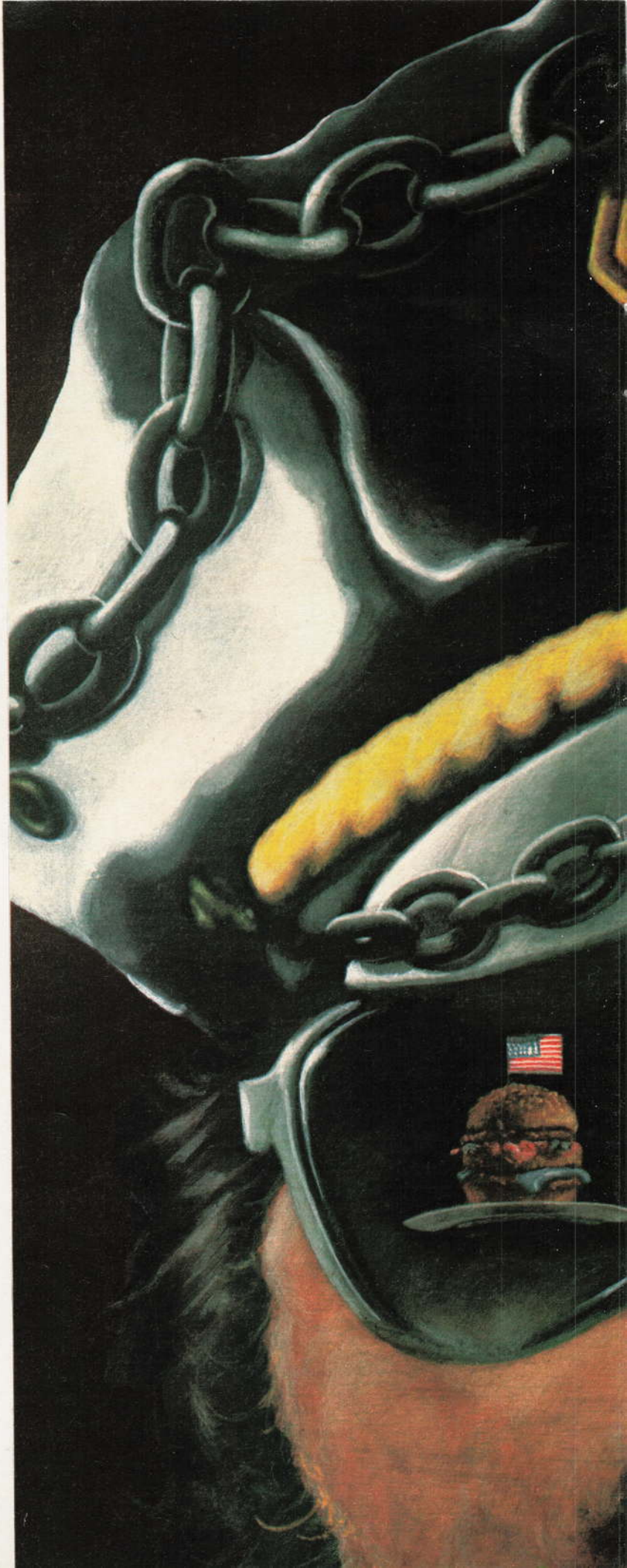


Illustration by Hiroko Tsuchi Hashi

prodigies of American industry. That was in March 1966.

By March of 1968 he'd been canned.

His downfall began on a Thursday, shortly after his arrival in Atlanta. He had promised to lunch with Clayton Rusch, his chief programmer and one of the few people reporting to him who seemed to understand not only what the division was doing but its potential dollars-and-cents consequences as well. Most of his staff, brilliant as they might be, were resentful of the fact that their research was considered, by other departments of the company, purposeful. But Clayton, like Leonard himself, got round this hurdle by refusing to think of business as being in any sense less abstract than math. The two men were well on the way to what they both would have called friendship.

The executives' cafeteria, which Leonard had been frequenting, was a bright, low-ceilinged room with bright, lowbrow prints of ducks and dahlias. The food ranged from innocuous to wretched, and there was no bar, no beer—nothing. Understandably few executives ate there. "So," Clayton explained, "the place where we should go is Kuczka's."

"What's Kuczka's?"

Clayton smiled mysteriously. "That's hard to explain . . . but seeing is believing."

For one terrible paranoiac moment Leonard thought, *a leather bar*! But no, there wouldn't be leather bars in Atlanta—and even if there were, Clayton wouldn't be taking him to one for lunch.

They set off in Clayton's statusy little XKE (the two of them filled it to bursting) and drove through a dowdy part of Atlanta that Leonard hadn't seen before, a section without azaleas, without even trees. Kuczka's was a classic workingman's bar tucked between two warehouses; it had draft beer in glasses or mugs, Planter's Peanuts, cellophane-wrapped sausages, a fluorescing jukebox, and slogans everywhere—painted on pine, thumbtacked to the woodwork, taped to the mirrors. One booth was empty. They took it.

Leonard kept waiting for the punchline, but Kuczka's continued on in its average, noonday way like a shaggy dog story. A waitress brought a menu, beers, napery. Clayton insisted on ordering for both of them; then, apropos his glass of beer, he launched into the story of his uncontrollable weight.

Leonard agreed—dieting was beyond him too.

"You!" Clayton, who tipped the scales at two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, had to laugh. "Ho-ho-ho!"

"Honestly," Leonard insisted. "In just the last two years I've put on thirty pounds." Then, slyly and compulsively —for a half-truth is always so much more comfortable than secrecy and lies—he told about his smoking cure: how his doctor had told him he had to stop, how and how often he'd tried and failed, and how at last he'd gone to England.

"And that worked, the shock treatment?"

"Like that!" Leonard tried to snap his fingers. "But afterwards, I guess as a kind of compensation, I started eating more. I wasn't even aware that I was doing it. It's the old story of driving out one devil and seven others taking his place. And this vice I'm *stuck* with—I can't go back to Manchester and ask them to cure me of eating."

On this cue the waitress brought their orders: two giant libertyburgers (Kuczka's specialty) and double portions of french fries. A libertyburger turned out to be a hamburger garnished with a special hot catsup (red), chopped onions (white), and cheese (blue). A paper flag on a toothpick waved gaily atop the bun. Clayton and the waitress waited for Leonard's reaction.

"It's . . . beautiful."

Clayton ho-hoed and the waitress, smiling, went about her work.

"What did I tell you?" Clayton asked. "Isn't this incredible? And the whole place is more of the same. The paper napkins, look—red, white, and blue. And the regulars who come in here? *Hoo-ee!*" He took a great bite out of his libertyburger and shook his head expressively, chewing.

"Patriots?"

"You said it, by God. The real give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death kind of John Philip Sousa patriot. Haven't you noticed any of these signs they've got tacked up?" He pointed to a peace symbol on the back of the cash register; across it, serving as a kind of exergue, was printed "Track of an American Chicken."

Leonard smiled noncommittally. "Yes, I'd noticed a certain—"

The jukebox came on suddenly—Kate Smith belting out "God Bless America" (the bartender's own dime). Grinning, Clayton took the toothpick flag out of his libertyburger and waved it in time to the music.

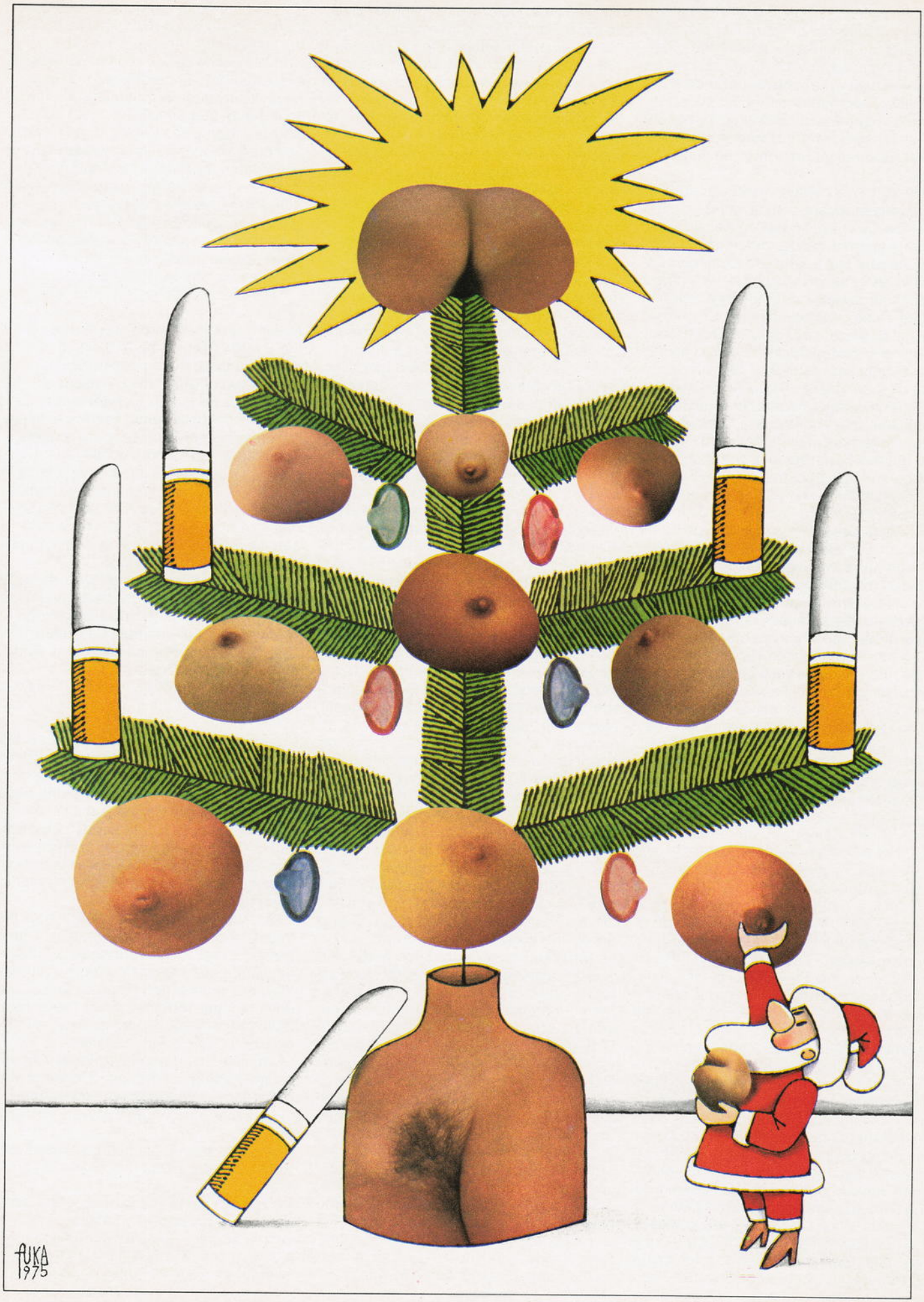
Leonard was uncertain whether he was expected to laugh or sing along. He supposed that Clayton was poking fun at Kuczka's, but still there was something of a Catholic making jokes about the church in his manner. A liberal himself, when he stopped to think about it, Leonard had been careful since coming to the Atlanta office never to utter even the mildest of his opinions. After all, even in New York, that bastion, he'd gone out of his way during the last terrifying election not to rile the three or four of his associates who'd worn Goldwater buttons. And Georgia was one of the eight states that Goldwater had actually *won*!

He removed the flag from his libertyburger and put it in his buttonhole. Let Clayton deduce what he would from that!

For the rest of the day, alone in his office, he played with the little flag, twirling it between his thumb and forefinger nervously, abstractedly, but not yet consciously thrilled.

During Leonard Dworkin's high school years in Madison, Wisconsin, he had been required for one period each day, five days a week, to take physical education. Small for his age, careful of his glasses, and totally lacking in confidence or coordina-

"By God, truck drivers do know the best places to eat!"


AUKA
1975

tion, he'd stood on the edge of all the compulsory games, so diffident that often you couldn't tell if he was watching the game or playing it. So now, on the days when he returned to Kuczka's, he would stand at the bar and, despite the bartender's best efforts to shape the conversation to include him, have nothing more to say than a rather mild "Goddamn!" or a noncommittal "Is that so?"

Nobody knew what to make of Leonard. His Yankee accent and his somber, well-cut New York suits marked him as an alien, but his manner was so deferential, not to say friendly, that it was hard to take exception to him. One of the guys he wasn't, but there was something irresistibly flattering in the close, serious attention he gave to the opinions of—say, for example—Buddy Truitt, who loaded trucks for Georgia Eastern Stores and earned, if he was lucky, one-fifth the salary of a Leonard Dworkin. This ambivalence was expressed in the nickname they'd given him, "The Professor." Professors are, in general, a suspect lot, but this Professor was coming to *their* school to learn from *them*.

Leonard, for his part, was transported. Kuczka's beat the leather bars hollow. They had been the upholstery of which this, in a sense, was the stuffing—and though he recognized what was happening early on, this didn't get in the way of his enjoyment. His conditioning didn't extend beyond overt homosexuality; every degree of patriotism was permitted to him.

At first he didn't regard it as a vice. He didn't *actually* get a hard-on. It was more a kind of tingling over his whole body, which reached at zenith a feeling of swooning away. Sex, in his past experience, had been highly specific and teleological; this was diffuse and . . . well, heavenly—a sensation halfway between the "Eureka!" of mathematical exaltation and a voluptuary's sigh. He couldn't get enough of it. It wasn't long before he was as familiar a sight at Kuczka's as the plaster-of-paris eagle clutching thunderbolts and an olive branch above the bar.

With familiarity came courage, which no less an authority than General George S. Patton has defined as "fear holding on a minute longer." Leonard now found that standing on the sidelines was less exciting than joining in. Oh, not in a starring role—not at first, just little things. He fed dimes into the jukebox for such all-time favorites as Red Skelton's recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance or a ballad by Pat Boone. He bought a small enamel flag, which he pinned to his lapel just before he went into the bar, just as previously he'd waited till the last possible minute before fastening the loops of chain to the epaulets of his jacket. He picked up a copy of *National Review* and began, cautiously, adding his own authoritative tidbits to the discussions. Was it, he would ask ironically, the function of the CIA to shield traitors in the State Department? Or was it, rather, the responsibility of the U.S. Senate? Then, slipping deliciously into a homelier style, he'd drop forbidden words into the stately flow of his pronouncements: "pinko" and "kike" and—most delectable because *most* forbidden—"nigger." And all these words would pass as though unnoticed, as though Leonard were entitled to their use, as the owner of a Harley-Davidson (and *only* the owner of a Harley) is entitled to wear that company's emblem on his belt buckle, his T-shirt, and his cap.

Leonard was officially accepted into Kuczka's inner circle on the evening of January 10, 1967. On that day Lester Maddox had been elected Governor of Georgia and the United States House of Representatives had barred Adam Clayton Powell from his Congressional seat. Leonard had outdone himself on both subjects, and just before closing time Butch Carney (which really was the bartender's name) presented Leonard with a bumper sticker that said *America—Love It or Leave It!* He would have kissed Butch then and there, had his conditioning allowed him to perform so questionable an act.

The next morning he had to get up half an hour earlier in order to scrape the sticker off. Then before he could return to Kuczka's he had to scout all round the city to find an accessory store that stocked the same sticker. He bought two dozen. His new double life seemed to be becoming almost as complicated and inconvenient as his old one.

For he had not allowed his patriotic passion to intrude into his *real* life. At the office he was still scrupulously neutral in political discussions, and in his heart he was still a convinced Eastern Establishment liberal. He realized that the opinions he espoused at Kuczka's were pernicious and immoral, and the daytime Dr. Jekyll side of his soul utterly rejected them. Was *he* to blame for the behavior of Mr. Hyde? Still, it was not only at Kuczka's that he surrendered himself to his vice. Sometimes driving along the freeways or at home at bedtime in his sumptuously Spartan apartment, he would entertain fantasies of the most abandoned conservatism. He imagined himself in a voting booth, the curtains closely drawn, voting for Barry Goldwater! Or for *Wallace*—who was threatening to run in the 1968 election! He trembled to think how he would jeer at peace marchers and civil rights demonstrators. He took out a subscription to Robert Welch's *American Opinion*. Welch, who had founded the John Birch Society! He imagined—and why not, since it was only imagination?—*joining* the John Birch Society! The American Legion! The Minutemen! But not the American Nazi Party, for their uniforms touched his sore point.

Inevitably his secret leaked out. One sweaty evening in July an electrical engineer, a young Ph.D. not so far down the organizational chart from Leonard as not to recognize him, brought some out-of-town visitors into Kuczka's to be amused by the libertyburgers. Leonard was there, in full spate on the topic of the "niggers" then rioting in Detroit and what he felt they deserved, and the presence of his co-worker, surprisingly, intensified the basic excitement of his patriotism. He became limp, he trembled, he raved, while the young engineer simply listened, aghast.

From that day, Leonard no longer bothered scraping off his bumper sticker every morning before he drove to work. Indeed he had soon graduated from *America—Love It or Leave It!* to the full glory of *Impeach Earl Warren!* He flaunted his lapel pin everywhere. He became known among his co-workers as Yankee Doodle Dworkin—and he was proud of it.

Such was the strength of Mr. Hyde.

Martin Niles III, the graying eminence of the Board of Directors, and also a man of some small political consequence in his home state of Connecticut, visited the Atlanta office in March of 1968 and asked, which no doubt he would have done in any case, to speak with Leonard privately. Their talk progressed smoothly along the main thoroughfares of official concern until Mr. Niles, steeling himself for combat with a few nervous tics—the civilized remnants of his animal nature—observed, "I see, Leonard, that you've become a supporter of Governor Wallace."

Leonard's fingertips caressed the button (an inch and a half in diameter) on his lapel. "Oh, down here, you know, Marty"—"Marty" until this moment had been "Mr. Niles"—"we all feel strongly that something has to be *done*."

"Even in our Northern states, I gather, that's a common feeling. Or should I say 'failing'?"

Leonard, breathing heavily, forced his hand down from his lapel to the polished wood of the conference table. "A recent candidate for high office in this land once said—and please correct me if I'm wrong—'Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice.' And I guess I've got to agree with him. I take it that this isn't just a theoretical interest, though. You have some particular bone to pick with me?"

Mr. Niles flexed his brow, cleared his throat, and stared. "As a matter of fact, Leonard, I've been hearing some remarkable stories about your conduct of this office. You've changed so much since your days in New York that, when these complaints first began coming in, we simply refused to give them credence."

"You say I've changed. I think of it myself as my having 'come out.' Certainly I've gained the courage of my convictions."

"You may say courage. Myself, I'd call it folly."

Leonard bowed his head, acknowledging Mr. Niles' right to his own erring opinion.

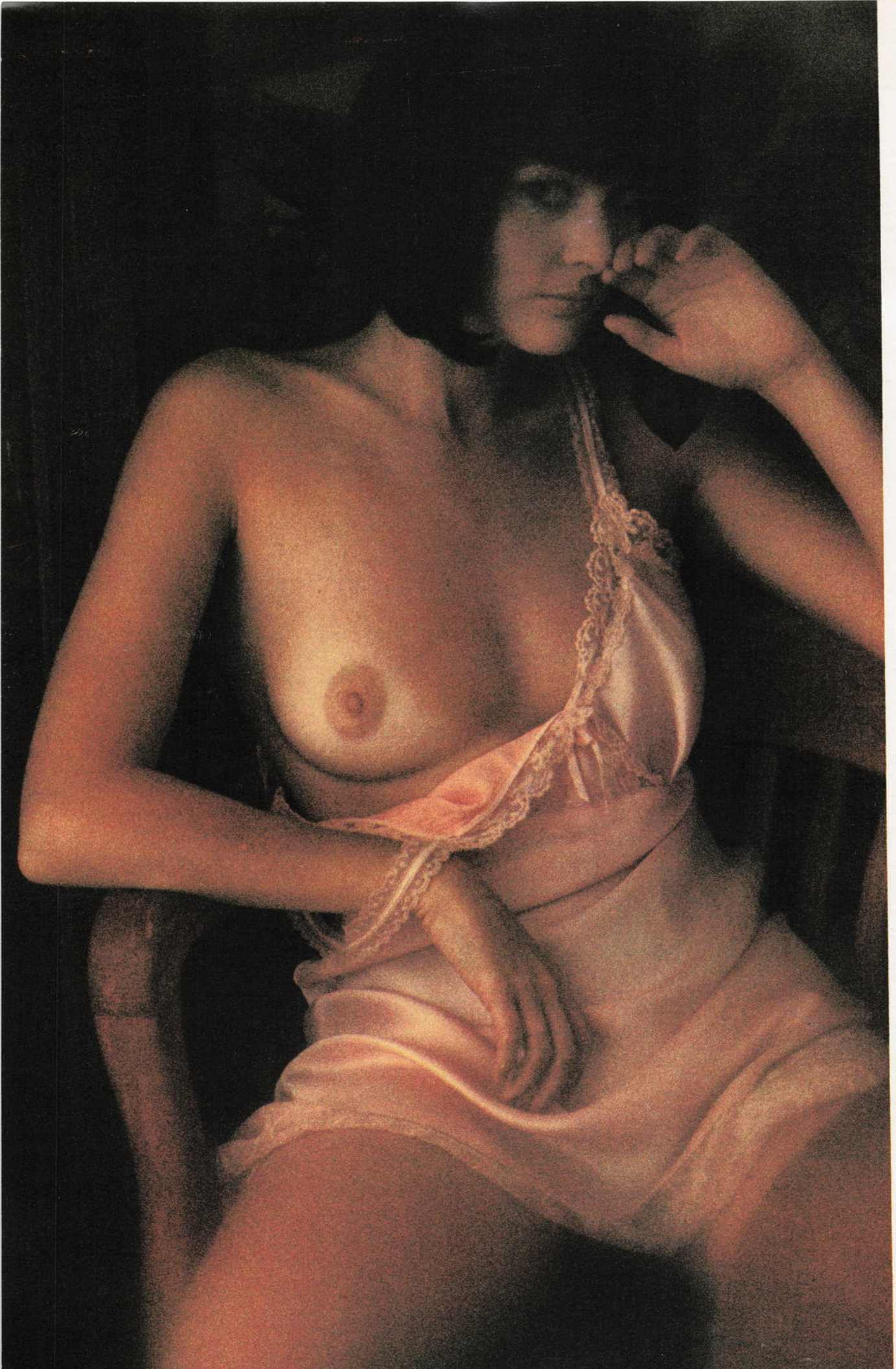
Between them, on the bright mahogany, Mr. Niles placed a small decal of an American flag. "Do you recognize this?"

"Yes sir! It's the flag of the United States of America—and long may it wave, if you'll

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

LAURE

"...the human body is delicious,
beautiful,
and perfect."

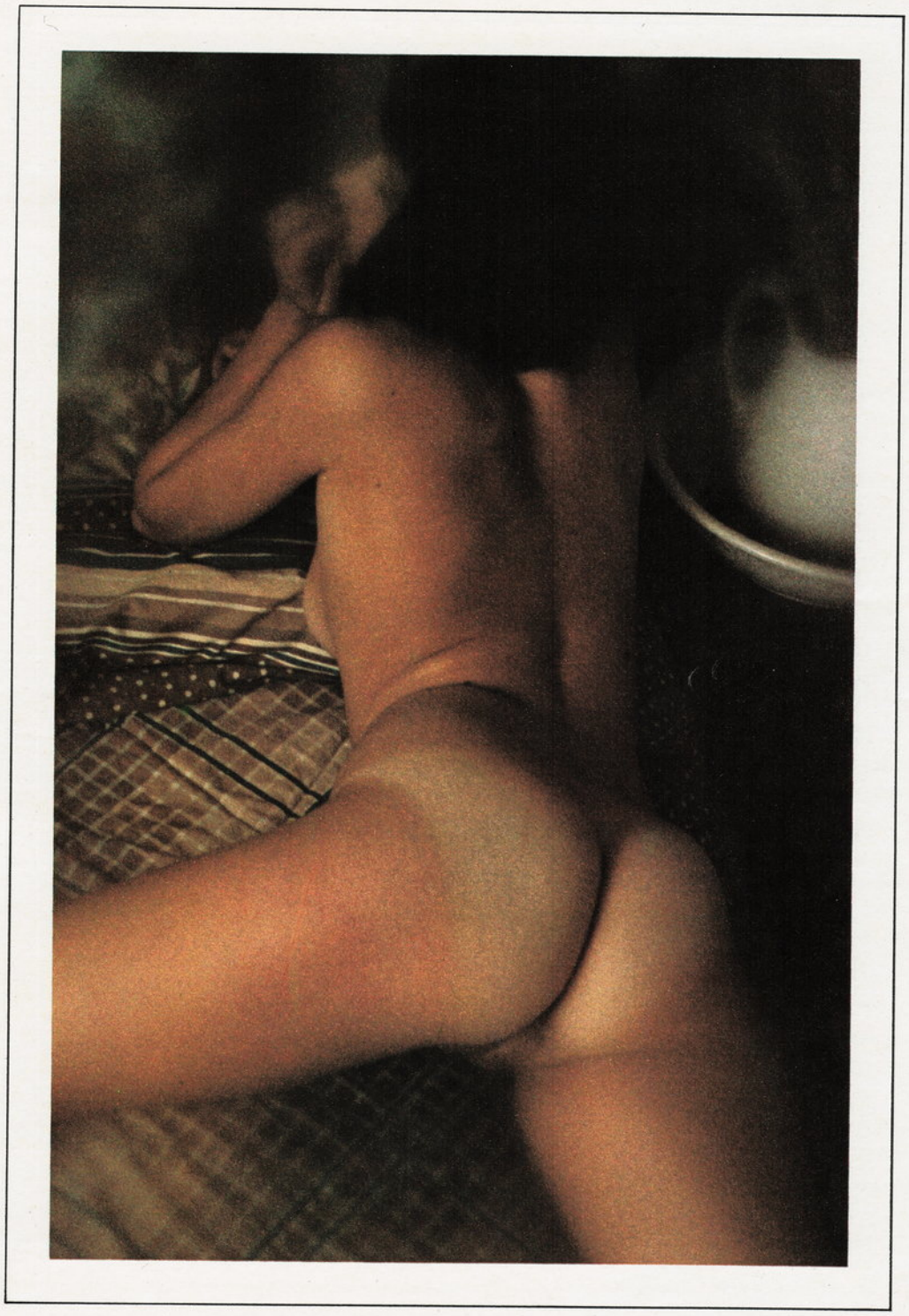


TRUE TO TYPE

Laure Favie is a Gemini in search of her twin, and this twenty-two-year-old, black-haired, blue-eyed, five foot seven inch native of Winnipeg knows that finding him may take some time. "It doesn't matter," she says. "I've got plenty of life before me and I figure there'll be plenty of adventure along the way."

But if no adventure happens to come along, Laure's the kind who'll chase it and make it happen. "I once went to New Zealand because it seemed like a good place to be—something about the name, I think, and the fact that nobody I knew had ever gone there. I went to Egypt for the obvious reason: to look at the pyramids and the Nile. But England is something else. I *love* England, and I spent a year in London because that's where my soul resides."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN NEUMANN



Laure, however, is not just a lady with tempting topography (34-24-35). She also holds a degree in English literature. "I got caught up in novels when I was maybe twelve," she explains. "Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray. Then I moved on to Dickens when I was sixteen and lost myself in London fog. When I got to college, I discovered—or rediscovered—D. H. Lawrence, and I read everything of his. The rest of my life seemed inevitable."

But Laure couldn't restrict herself to studies alone. She began going to local theaters and then —convinced she had the sparkle, the beauty, the wit, and the pluck—began to act herself. "Now I'd

have to think very carefully before I gave up acting. I don't know which I'd rather do more—become a great university professor or play leading roles. But I do think it helps me on stage to understand what the author's words really mean."

Laure is a thoughtful but complex individual. "People shouldn't limit themselves," she says. "I'm a woman who wants to make a place for myself in the world while keeping a strong part of myself at home. Creating the right home environment is every important to me...and very private. I can never make proper love if the setting isn't right—I like lots of pillows, good things to eat and drink,

and total comfort. And there has to be a sense of permanence, the feel of a loving, genuine personality, to make it work for me.

"What I look for in a man is grace and warmth. My own inner feeling—my own imagination—is the greatest aphrodisiac in the world for me, and a man without real emotion is someone in whom I could never confide. If I meet a man who turns me on, I take him home and have him meet Bingo, my German Shepherd, and Sama, my Great Dane. It takes real self-assurance to get along with dogs that size, and I want self-assurance in my men. But what my dogs really recognize best is kindness and trust. I suppose I'm like that myself—gentle and strong,

someone who can be relied upon. People always say opposites attract, yet what I *really* want is a man who meets the very standards I set for myself."

Nor is she at all deterred by the effort she puts into maintaining those standards. Laure figures that her Gemini twin is out there *somewhere*—and in the practical seeking for him lies that subtle, delicious variety that is the spice of life. A heady blend for all seasons. "You know," says Laure, "the very best thing to do on a cold night is to be with a man I truly want—someone who may turn out to be that twin. I'll have a roaring blaze going in the fireplace, put down a dozen or so pillows in front of it, and make love to my man until we're all warm and exhausted and fall asleep in each others arms. That's the most wonderful sensation in the world."

Well... isn't it?

MISS LAURE FAVIE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

PATRIOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

kindly permit me to say so."

"Oh, recite the Declaration of Independence if you wish! But I would like you to tell me if you sent these out enclosed in the company newsletter. And with a signed note urging all employees to put them on the windshields of their cars."

"I did. Is there a company ruling against honoring Old Glory?"

"*Old Glory!* Lord God!"

"The flag then, if 'Old Glory' seems gauche. Down here, you know—"

"Let's not pussyfoot, Leonard. You know as well as I do that the flag has become a kind of political counter, and that elements of the radical right have adopted it as their badge."

"No, I'm afraid I haven't been keeping up with the *New York Times*, so I didn't know that. But I do know that 'elements of the radical left' "—here he imitated Martin Niles' elitest pronunciation—"or what *I'd* call Commies, like to burn it, spit on it, and trample it underfoot."

"Well, I won't presume to denigrate your respect for the flag. I only wish to point out that in the present political atmosphere your action smacks not so much of patriotism as of plain, old-fashioned bullying."

Mr. Niles then brought up the matter of *Sex Education—or Seduction?* the documentary film Leonard had had screened in the employee lounge and at the Harlan B. Lewissohn Memorial Lunch. Several heads of departments had complained to the New York office about this.

"I'd like to explain," Leonard said.

"Please do."

"You see, Marty, you . . . not living in this community . . . you couldn't be aware of the danger, which is very real in Atlanta and very immediate. Even here, too, a great many people would rather just stick their heads in the sand and leave the problem to the so-called experts. So there was a *need* to inform the public as rapidly as possible. And the Memorial Lunch just happened to come along at the right time."

"Leonard, the 'public' you've been educating on these matters consists of at least sixty-three Ph.D.'s. There's not a manjack of them, even at middle management level who don't have at least a year or two of college. They resent your using your authority to shove your opinions down their throats—and opinions with which, I might add, many of them strongly disagree. Perhaps you're not aware of the trouble we had in selling the idea of Atlanta as a modern, progressive, enlightened community. Well, you are making it look like some benighted, redneck company town. Some of the people here are *frightened*."

"With all due respect, Marty, that sounds like a step in the right direction—for some of those bastards. I know that sounds harsh, but let me just show you the sort of thing we're trying to combat."

He took out of his breast pocket a frayed piece of folded paper and handed it to Niles. Unfolded, it revealed a line drawing of the uterus, its components each neatly lettered and labeled: (A.) Fallopian tube; (B.) Ovary; (C.) Wall; (D.) Cervix; and (E.) Vagina.

"Well?" Mr. Niles asked.

" 'Well!' This filth is from a textbook that these sex-ucationists are trying to introduce into the high schools of Georgia. There are two possibilities, as I see it. Either perverts have got a hold on the textbook manufacturer"—he smiled grimly—"which I wouldn't doubt. Or else it's the familiar Commie ploy of corrupt and conquer. Or both. Probably both, since the Commies know well how to bend perverts to their will."

Mr. Niles abandoned his entire armament of flaring nostrils, chin juttings, and arching of brows. "You're crazy," he said flatly.

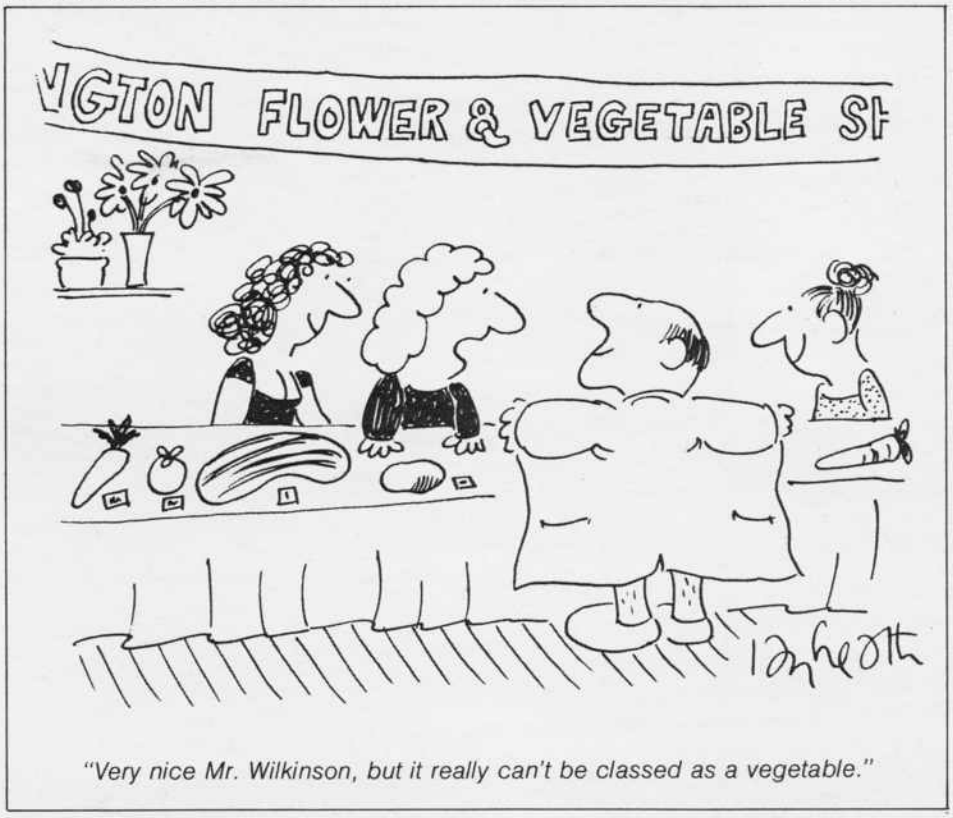
"It's interesting that you should say that, Marty, because the mental health smear is always the weapon of last resort, isn't it? As you may recall, Robert Kennedy tried to use it against General Edwin Walker. A government psychiatrist, who never even *examined* Walker, declared him 'mentally ill.' We know what *that* means! That was on October the first, 1962. They thought they'd keep him buried for two or three months anyhow, but only eight days later Walker was released. He was just too big for that kind of legal kidnapping—but I'm much smaller fry. Maybe it *would* work on me."

It was like flying. Not the bland, rational flight of a plane, but the heady, darting, wing-borne flight of Icarus. And, like Icarus also, there was a limit to the altitude he could reach before he was shot down.

Mr. Niles rose. "Leonard," he said equably, "this has been most illuminating."

Anything closer to saying outright that Leonard was fired would have been distasteful to Mr. Niles. But Leonard took his meaning as readily as if it had been an axe. They shook hands on it.

But this was far from being the end, or even the turning point, of the Leonard Dworkin story. His was no tragic fate. Indeed, he had found in his new way of life a sense of personal freedom and release from self that even the blackest, most heavily encrusted leather had never given him. A Hell's Angel driving in his full regalia down Madison Avenue at lunch hour, dripping with swastikas and black with tattoos, could not have so intensely experienced his own abandoned self-display as did Leonard Dworkin when he addressed a group of fellow citizens from the courthouse steps of Chester or Good Hope or Lexington, Georgia. The newspapers reported his speeches, and he was photographed, hand on heart, leading the assembled Savannah chapter of the DAR in the Pledge of Allegiance. He was to be seen in every attitude of patriotism—kneeling at graves, shaking the hands of soldiers, saluting chiefs of police—and, always, surrounded with flags, swaddled in flags, waving, as it were, from the top of every flagpole in every town in the glorious and sovereign state of Georgia. Georgia, in natural appreciation of these services, elected him to the House of Representatives of the United States of America in November 1972. ○+



"Very nice Mr. Wilkinson, but it really can't be classed as a vegetable."

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

OLIVER REED

Most people picture Oliver Reed as a sullen, scowling man, inclined to flesh, who looks as if he might lose his temper any moment and break every bone in your body. At the very least, you expect him to say something nasty.

And when he started in films, seventeen years ago, that's the sort of role he played. He was a teenage punk, a bouncer, a smuggler, a murderer, even a werewolf.

But along the way he built up his acting talent. He did a superb job as Bill Sikes in *Oliver*, a film directed by his uncle, Carol Reed. But it was in *The Trap*, where he played the part of an ignorant, brutal French Canadian, that Reed proved he could really act. He went on to do D. H. Lawrence's *Women In Love*, which is best known for the scene in which Oliver and Alan Bates wrestled nude.

Some of his other credits include the title role in *Debussy*, the hard-drinking Athos in *The Three Musketeers*, the priest Grandier in *The Devils*, and the lecherous stepfather in *Tommy*.

His film image in general has been that of a violent, selfish man with blue eyes and black hair, who would be handsome if he could only lose that sullen, murderous look.

To find out whether Oliver Reed is really such a swine, *Penthouse* sent Linda Merinoff to Broome Hall, Surrey, the sixty-room gothic mansion which is Reed's newly acquired home. The estate contains fifty acres of land and a huge lake, and here Reed, an animal lover, breeds thoroughbreds with Clydesdales to create a new line of huge, fast horses. Since Linda Merinoff returned alive, we have to conclude that Reed is not all he appears to be.

He admits that in his early days he was, indeed, sublimely selfish, a macho character who used women uncaringly, picked fights, and acted like a child. But now he is thirty-seven—gentled down, even dignified. He says, "I *think* about it now—I think about whether I'm going to hurt people before I do something."

Photograph by Brian Aris

His son, by his former wife, is away at boarding school. His five-year-old daughter, by another woman, lives with him and obviously rules him. Broome Hall is open to friends and acquaintances, mostly actors, although he admits, "I can't take more than two actors at a time. They bore me." From time to time he takes in struggling artists and gives them shelter. Keith Moon of the Who became a great friend of Oliver's during the filming of *Tommy* and is a frequent visitor, invariably bringing chaos along with him.

Reed disclaims any interest in the stage and says that his film acting is just a way to make money. He says that he'd retire now if he could afford it. But the truth is that, because he loves the atmosphere in which the actor moves, he'll probably work until he drops. He loves the applause and the acclaim and all the crazy people who gravitate to the business.

Reed was born in Wimbledon, the London suburb made famous by tennis. His father, Peter, was a sportswriter. He has an older brother, David, who serves as his business manager and a younger brother, Simon, who is his public-relations man. He says that he had a perfectly normal, middle-class upbringing, but he found himself in constant combat with his schoolmasters. As a result he had a checkered academic career, attending a total of fourteen schools before finally abandoning education to become a bouncer at the age of seventeen.

After spending two years in the Royal Army Medical Corps, part of it in Malaya and Hong Kong, he came out of the service and asked Uncle Carol how to become an actor. The great director told him to join a repertory company. Oliver ignored the advice and got a job in TV as a swashbuckler on a BBC show. He went on to do more films, some Ken Russell made-for-television movies, and never went near the stage.

Reed says he will soon produce some films, but he has no plans for being a director. "I've no talent for it." At press time, Reed was hoping to produce a Ken Russell film, *The Offering*, about the four knights who killed Thomas à Becket. He was also acting in *Burnt Offerings*, a thriller with Bette Davis and Karen Black, and had just finished *Sell Out*, another thriller that had been shot on location in Israel.

He likes to drink, likes to eat, likes to make love, likes to show off his strength, and occasionally he likes to fight. He battles fat, but finds excuses for it ("You can't drive a nail with a tack hammer").

Reed seems somehow different from other men—as witness the fact that this interview starts off with him asking the first question.

Reed: Do you sometimes get the feeling that we're all just playing at being grown-ups? Do you ever get that feeling? I got it now when I was walking down the corridor with the gin. Playing at grown-ups saying, "Would you like a drink?" It's amazing. I feel like a big kid really. We're only copying what daddy and mommy used to do. It was very funny visiting my son, because I bought him some new suits. We went to Douggie Hayward to get them, which is, you know, quite the thing for a thirteen-and-a-half-year-old boy. He's very tall and very good-looking. He was acting very grown-up. I give him some wine now and then, or a toke. I'm trying to be progressive.

Penthouse: I understand you took him to Wales.

Reed: I fell over in Wales. I'd never fallen over before. I thought I was sitting on a chair in this restaurant, and I went down very, very slowly straight into the table next to me. The table went over and all the wine and soup went over and I said, "I'm terribly sorry." The wife said, "Don't be sorry. Just pay for the cleaning bills." So I took out some money, put it on the table, then stood on the table and clapped my hands so the whole restaurant would hear. I said "Excuse me. Not only would I like to apologize to this man but, seemingly"—and I picked up the bottle and looked at the label—"if he doesn't facilitate himself of the opportunity of having his clothes cleaned at least he'll be able to afford a better bottle of wine. Good night, sir," and I walked out. A note came across saying, "Thank you for the show. It's very good, but it's not as good as Richard's. Kindest regards. Mrs. Rex Harrison." As you know Richard Harris's wife married Rex Harrison.

Penthouse: Why did *you* get married?

Reed: I was twenty-one, and I liked screwing the girl I was with. Typical middle-class attitude. She was Irish, typical working-class girl, and she said, "Right, you've got to marry me if you want to go on doing that, baby!" And I said, "Yeah, yeah." She was a little spitfire, who wanted me to sign a contract saying I wasn't going to fuck anybody else.

Penthouse: Would you get married again?

Reed: I think I would if I ever felt dopey in love again and it seemed the only way out, the only way to get what I wanted.

Penthouse: That has a cynical overtone.

Reed: Well, yeah, I am a bit cynical because of the enormous alimonies. Really it's very destructive. I don't see why—in these days of equality when women can go out and work—why a man should pay so much toward a relationship which was, after all, a failure or a success because of *both* persons' attitudes. I think it should be 50 percent and that's a fair relationship. Why the hell should a man pay 100 percent?

Penthouse: Would you marry to legitimize a child?

Reed: I have an illegitimate child. The girl.

Penthouse: Does she look like you?

Reed: Just look at the picture.

Penthouse: How does it feel to have little "you's" running around?

Reed: Extraordinary! She's got an enormous great nose, very good ears, ears like shells—like mine. Very bright. At the moment she's going through a very smart period and she doesn't speak to me at all. I say, "Why don't you speak to me? Don't you want to speak to me? Why don't you say 'hello'? Say 'hello'!" So then I get cross and she thinks, "I've got him! I've got him just where I want him!" Then you're suddenly drawn down to their level, and you get really into it. "If you won't speak to me then *I* won't speak to you—so there. And you're not coming to *my* party either." And she says, "I don't care," or, rather, "Oi don't care," because there are so many builders around here that speak with a London accent. She really does sound extraordinary. I've never really even shouted at my daughter. I used to do a lot of shouting and pointing at my son, but I don't do that with her. I just try to out-psych her. She's turning me into a neurotic.

Penthouse: She sounds like she's going to come out of this much better than you. Do you have theories about child-raising?

Reed: I think one naturally does. The usual thing is just to get on with it. You start reading Spock and Kingsley and all that bullshit and it makes you crazy, and if you go crazy the child's going to be affected by it. But you've got to be a *bit* crazy. You start joking with children and you think you're very funny and they laugh—when they're three. You're just making noises and faces, and then you find that years and years have gone by and they're thinking "Christ, *not* the same old shit," and you've suddenly got to change your style.

Penthouse: Start reading her about Lolita instead of Pooh?

Reed: Oh, she's right into that, oh boy! Amazing. She said to me once, "Why do you have a straight weewee?" And I tried to explain and now she thinks that's absolutely fascinating.

Penthouse: Is your daughter especially precocious?

Reed: No, I don't think she's especially precocious. She just likes to get her own way. You know, she's been brought up by nannies the whole time, and so we are inclined to spoil her. The nanny left the other day—she's gone off to make love to a Greek or something and so we're without one. We had a really sexy nanny once. I was making a movie and all the actors promised to make her a movie star and take her back to California. After the location, of course, they did go back to California, but they didn't take her.

Penthouse: You once bumped, literally, into a friend of mine in a pub in Wimbledon, and as she backed away you scowled at her and demanded, "How dare you be frightened of me!" Left quite an impression.

Reed: It's quite difficult to talk about the effect one has on somebody, but I think that either women are really frightened of me or they're delighted to be a little bit frightened. They're probably hostile be-

cause they're a bit frightened, but the more educated ones—the liberationists for instance—try to do their own thing. But really, they're just as frail and frightened and beautiful as the rest underneath their battle dress.

Penthouse: Do they come up to you and verbally attack you?

Reed: Yeah. I probably say, "Oh shut up, fuck off!" which I never would have done in the past, but if that's the kind of thing they want to come out with, then they'll get that kind of talk back. If we're all going to be equal, well then let's go all off to war together, but at the moment, simply because of the physical realities of life, I don't find that we're sufficiently equal to warrant the police or the army being manned by women. Men *are* physically stronger. Until such time as that changes, until such time as the Amazons come along with their right breasts knocked off so they can shoot a bow and arrow better, I can't see the balance of power changing.

Penthouse: But *you're* not hostile because you're frightened?

Reed: I don't think so. I think that most of the women who are hostile are very young. They're young and intelligent, but they haven't any experience of life, and therefore it's just based on intellectualism rather than what they've really learned through living. I've known some intelligent, posh girls who have gone out, and then come back a few years later and told me they've realized what a marvelous thing it is to be a mother or a lover or a wife—and to be soft, to be looked after.

Penthouse: What is this list of fourteen schools that you went to?

Reed: Some of them I left of my own free will. At others, I was asked to leave. Either that or my father didn't pay the bill. So in one way or another I found myself in fourteen different schools with desperate little teachers writing to my father to say, "I can't teach him." I just wasn't interested.

Penthouse: What were they trying to teach you?

Reed: Latin and mathematics. I think the only reason I'm an actor is that I can't add. I'm sure if I *could* add I would have chosen a career which is far more conducive to a peaceful life. Can you imagine being a bank manager—putting on a smart suit and adding all day long, and going to lunch with people and either lending them money or asking for it back? Certainly, it's a far more reasonable way of making a living than jumping around on top of Glenda Jackson—much as I love her!

Penthouse: Some of your friends are quite eccentric. Keith Moon of the Who, for one example.

Reed: God, yes. The most crazy thing I ever saw him do was while we were staying in this hotel while we were filming *Tommy*. We probably had finished a bottle of brandy and he was trying to order up another, but the porter wouldn't answer the phone—so Moon picked up the television and threw it out the window. It landed outside the main door of the hotel, and the porter came running out. He thought a bomb had exploded. Moon yelled, "Answer the fucking phone or my bed's coming next!" He's amazing.

Penthouse: How did you feel about being involved in the pop world?

Reed: It was all right except for weekends. I had this suite and I used to fill it with booze; then I'd come back after the weekend to find that Moon, who knew how to get the key, had had a party in there and there was no booze left. You should have seen my bill. Moon doesn't think of paying for anything . . . any more than he'd ask you to pay. When he first came here he arrived by helicopter on the front lawn and he had his chauffeur drive along beneath on the road. So the car was coming down the road and he was hovering above the car in the helicopter shouting for it to go faster. He almost came in through the bathroom window. I'd been playing soldiers in the wood before he arrived, and he suggested halfway through dinner that we should play a game with me running round the fields while he chased me in the car to see if he could hit me. We also had a sword fight with those big double-edged swords and I drilled him up and down the hall. The next night he came in and asked me to see a dirty film with him and his girl friend. I didn't know what to say. Well, what *are* you supposed to say about this delightful girl with no clothes on? I just said, "Yes, that's pretty, Keith. Artistic—*very* artistic. Good night."

Penthouse: You're a great sports spectator, aren't you?

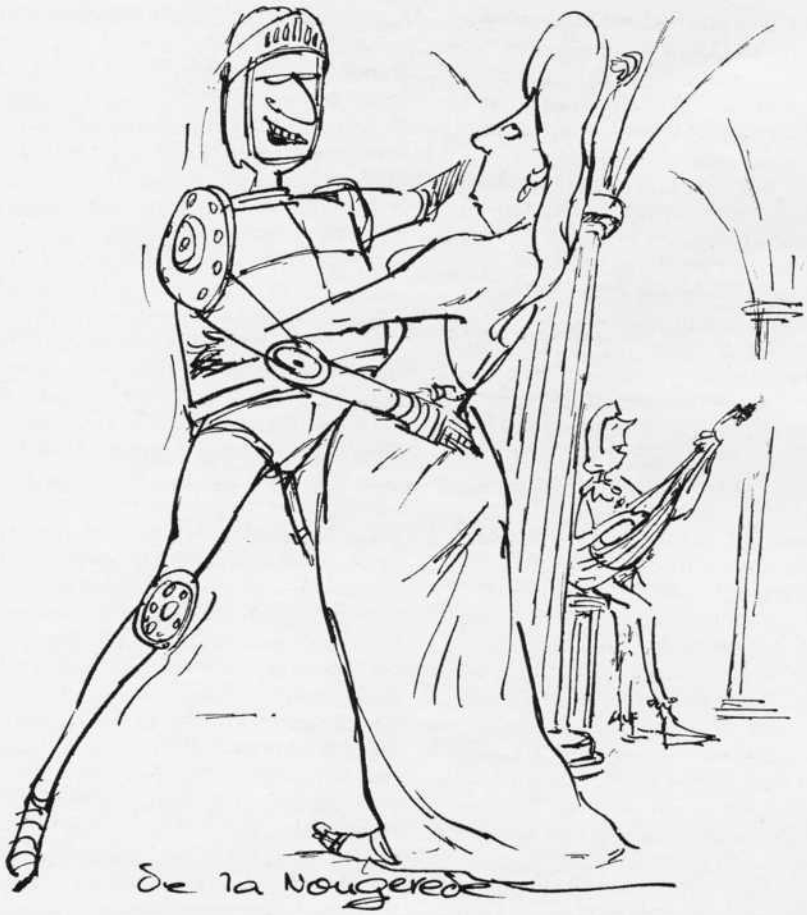
Reed: I sometimes go to the big fights because I'm really interested. I enjoy rugby, which is more like your American football, because I used to play that myself. And I still have a vested interest because a part of rugby is a drink at the bar afterward. The Australians play lots of rugby. An Australian's idea of a good night out is to put on his serge suit, drink twenty-five schooners of beer, have a bag of prawns, then a chunder in the Pacific, go home, beat up the wife, and finally fuck her.

Penthouse: What's *your* idea of a good night out?

Reed: Just leave out the chunder in the Pacific. Actually I'm getting too old and fat to involve myself in sports now, so I've become an expert, a professional television athlete. I think I could beat Richard Harris in the ring.

Penthouse: Do you have anything else to say about Richard Harris?

Reed: I think Richard Harris knows how I feel about him. You know we sort of have this slanging match that takes place all the time . . . and I'm preparing a draft letter which I shall send to somebody, because



"I must apologize for my dancing, but I'm a bit rusty."

he sent a draft letter the last time he was rude about me. I'm going to word it very carefully so I won't land up in court.

Penthouse: How did it start?

Reed: I don't know. I think he was rude to me, so I was rude back. I think it started because I was talking to some journalist once and I tried to explain that I represented quite a substantial part of the British box office. But they hadn't been to see me before, so I said, "Where's your Dickie Harris and his Mayfair punch-ups now?" That's how it started. He retaliated and we got more and more into it. I'm the only public school actor there is. Harris is very uneducated. He's Irish. He's supposed to be very good in *Juggernaut*—I haven't seen it, have you? Well, it's about time he gave a good performance. I read that he said Brando has hidden talents and he keeps them well hidden. I thought Brando was superb. He was always very down and low-key. I saw an old movie of *mine* on television last night and I thought *God almighty*! I didn't realize how bad I was.

Penthouse: Have you ever done any made-for-television films?

Reed: Not since the early Ken Russell ones. They don't pay enough. There's only big money in America. I suppose if there was a series, very interesting and not too many of them and it was done in a big way, I *might* be interested. But some of our British things, they're not too bright. I'd have to be on a percentage. An actor can't make commercials here—it's just not done in this country. But a lot of people in this country do make commercials for Japan.

Penthouse: Orson Welles made a sherry commercial.

Reed: Ah, but have you seen that smile? I may be working with Orson again. I worked with him once a couple of years ago. He was an amazing actor. He earns money just to make his obscure films.

Penthouse: Do you dance?

Reed: I did when we made a film called *I'll Never Forget What's 'is Name*. It was made during the swinging London period—you know, the red buses and Carnaby Street. I had to dance in that like I did in *The System*. I said, "I can't dance," and they said, "Do the same as you did in *The System*."

Penthouse: How are you as a singer?

Reed: Go see me in *Tommy*. I went down to the Who's studio—where they did all the music in quadraphonic sound. I believe in America you have fifty cinemas for quadraphonic sound. It was extraordinary because I simply can't sing, you see. But Ken Russell said, "Do you want to make the movie?" I'd just come back from Iran, and I said, "Yeah!" So we went down to the studio and Ken said, "Get out there and sing!" I said, "But I don't know any of the songs—I'll sing 'Wild Colonial Boy,' " But Ken said, "No. I don't want you to do that. I want you to sing one of the songs." I didn't know the music, I didn't know *anything*—but there I was and poor Pete Townshend, who wrote all the music, was drinking half tumblers of brandy and eating chips all the time while Ken was eating nuts. . . . And the next day I came in with some currants and we just spent the whole time eating. The only time I was to dance in *Tommy* was with Ann-Margret, but then the pier caught on fire. She said, "Oliver and I were dancing a very smoochy number and the whole pier started to burn." I love her! She's sweet. She's nice, jelly and ice cream are nice, and she's nice. She cut her hand very badly in *Tommy*. They had this thing where she had to dance in two and a half tons of chocolate sauce and bubbles and offal—all this garbage coming out of a television set. She was dancing and she cut her hand.

Penthouse: Did anything happen to you?

Reed: Not on *Tommy*. I survived that one. *Musketeers* was the last film in which I got run through with a sword.

Penthouse: How much research do you do for a film part?

Reed: None. I don't need to work on a part. I didn't even read *Women In Love* before I played Crich. Had I done so I would have been distressed by the fact that I am dark and Crich was blond. You know, he used to swim around with colored scarves on and things like that. He was really the epitome of everything D. H. Lawrence wasn't. He was a combination of two characters Lawrence knew.

Penthouse: Do you think if you do another film of a Lawrence novel people will begin to classify you as the actor who does all his things?

Reed: Well, it's about time I was involved in *something* artistic.

Penthouse: When was the last time?

Reed: I think in *The Devils*. I call that arty. I think it was misconstrued. A lot of people didn't understand that we were being serious. Lester turned *Musketeers* into a comedy, but it's very close to the book. I mean I'd say it's about equally as comic as the Douglas Fairbanks version. If you know anything at all about swordfighting, you know that nobody could fight like that. They didn't use big heavy swords. If you think about it, it's set in the same period as *The Devils*—a lot of plague, a lot of infection, the filth, the squalor, and the dirt which weren't necessarily there in *The Three Musketeers*. Of course, *Musketeers* is Dick Lester having a heyday with his mates. We actually made it all as one film; then they cut it into two and when we looked at our contract it said "film project" not "film" or "films" so we had a bit of a legal problem there.

Penthouse: Are all Englishwomen as awful as Lorna in *The System*? The one who kept saying, "Do you love me? I know you love me, don't you?"

Reed: No, they're not all like that, but I believe they *were*. We made it in, I think, 1963 and I suppose twelve years ago that's really how we were and how that kind of working-class girl still is. You go up to the Midlands, and they're not nearly as sophisticated as they are in the south. In that kind of industrial environment they used to just think about going to bed with somebody, having fish and chips, and then you get married and have lots of children. The husband goes off to the pub and she stays at home dusting.

Penthouse: Was there ever a time in your own life when that's what *you* looked forward to?

Reed: No, but that kind of life still goes on everywhere. If you've got the weather, you can sit out on the patio and bullshit and drink wine in the sun, but in England it's freezing cold and the beer is warm. Which leaves me no alternative but to drink warm beer in cold weather in pubs. I'm looking forward, actually, to getting quite old and playing the sage. I want to be wheeled around in a wheelchair, carrying a whip, pushed by a Negro in a white uniform—whipping people if they get in my way. There was a man who used to live here who was trundled around in a wheelchair whipping people with his crucifix.

Penthouse: All that pain and torture in *The Devils*—was that simulated?

Reed: No, it was quite painful. I had a little buzzer thing to use when I couldn't take any more. They used to have a quick release thing that would snap up the wedges and things, and when they burned me they had a bonfire with this chute coming down the middle. They had these flames all around, gas flames, which could be turned up and again I had a buzzer. They shaved my hair off, but that scene they saved until last in case I died. It's true! They built Loudon, the city, but they didn't account for the wind—and on this particular day, every time the flames went up high Ken would go completely mad and run up with buckets of paraffin and throw them on the fire. He went a bit strange. It got very, *very* tense, but I think the violence was quite effective. The trouble is I think sometimes one couldn't see the woods for the trees—there was so much calculation and abuse that Grandier, my character, got lost.

Penthouse: You've said that *Debussy* was your intellectual breakthrough.

Reed: Yeah. That was the beginning of my relationship with Ken Russell. Up to that time I'd been playing teddy boys, wild men, pirates, or werewolves, going around with a mouth full of false teeth.

Penthouse: How did *Debussy* affect you?

Reed: Well, I had to read a lot of poetry—and things like "The Fall of the House of Usher." Everybody was calling me up from the commercial world, asking me to speak into a microphone and say, "In my Maidenform bra. . . ." Also cosmetic commercials. So I did a few of those and then I made *The Tramp* and then it went on. You know I only did it for bread. I didn't actually appear on them.

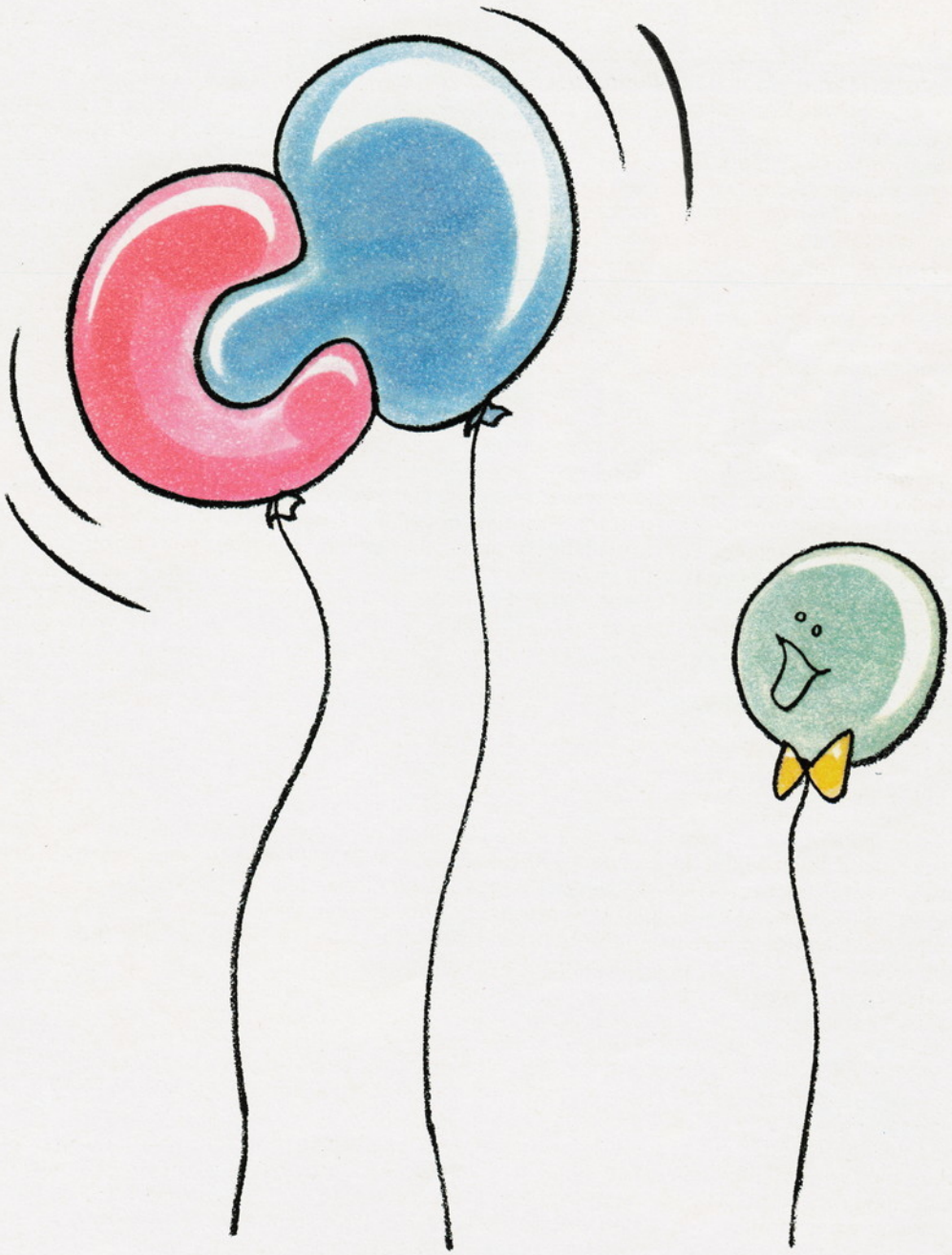
Penthouse: Do you read much now?

Reed: I want to catch up on a lot of stuff I missed out on myself. One can only do that by reading to one's children. I never get tired of *Water Babies*, of *Winnie the Pooh*, or *Black Beauty*.

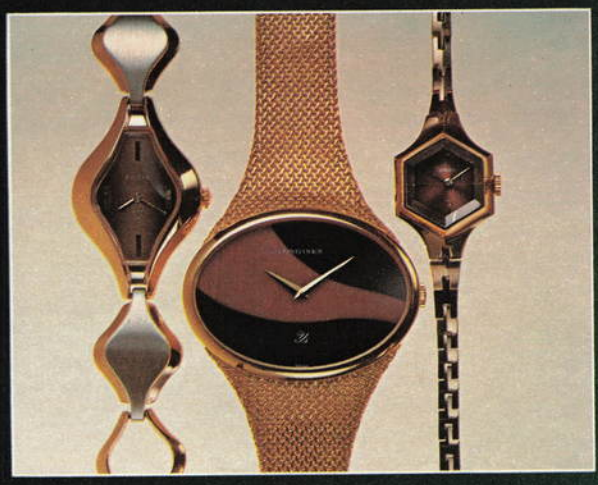
CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Hi, Mom. . . . Hi, Uncle Jack. . . . School's out!"



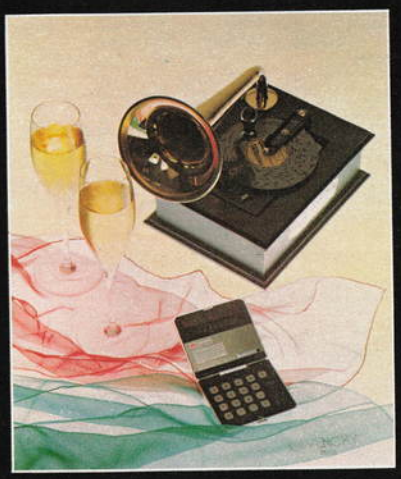
On this page, her opulent accoutrements include a coat of black Russian broadtail lamb with natural Russian sable collar and cuffs designed by Pierre Cardin for Michael Forrest, Inc. ($7,500); a black Georgette slip by Montenapoleon ($69); a pear-shaped diamond necklace set in platinum and 18-karat gold ($34,000) and an emerald-cut diamond ring ($18,000) both by Oscar Heyman & Bros. Her diamond-studded gold bracelet is by Gemveto and, at $7,790, matches her Windsor lighter by S.T. Dupont ($220) and her gold cigarette holder by Alfred Dunhill of London priced at a mere $120.

Above top from left to right: Give her a watch designed to compliment her beauty by choosing either (left to right) the $135 Seiko from the Designer Collection, the elegant Yves St. Blaise by Longines for $4,000, or the Bulova from the Dior collection for $135.
Above bottom: The wide range of rare fragrances here lets you choose a gift that is as individual as she is. (Center—left to right) Joy by Jean Patou-1 oz.-$225, Chamade by Guerlain-2 oz.-$60, Farouche by Nina Ricci-1 oz.-$85, (Clockwise from top) Calandre by Paco Rabanne-4 oz.-$13.50, Givenchy III-2 oz.-$85, Ciara by Revlon-½ oz.-$27.50, Norell by Revlon-1 oz.-$60, Imprévu by Coty-1 oz.-$10, L'Heure Bleue by Guerlain-2 oz.-$50, Arpege by Lanvin-2 oz.-$70, Shocking by Schiaparelli-¼ oz.-$15, Snob by Le Galion-½ oz.-$45, Rive Gauche by Yves St. Laurent-½ oz.-$14, Chloé by Elizabeth Arden-1 oz.-$60, Private Collection by Estée Lauder-½ oz.-$40, Apple 'N Musk by Mem-2 oz.-$3.50, Tigress by Fabergé-1.7 oz.-$4.50.

Photographs by Frank Lafitte/Letterforms by Tom Carnase

Gifts for Her
The season's the reason:
sensuous and stunning love tokens
for the women in your life. . . .

American Tourister's series 9000 carry-on bag retails for $42.50; the Bancroft tennis racket, strung with championship gut, is a smash at $58; and for a very special interlude present her with British Airway's London Show Tour—one week in London includes double-occupancy hotel, four shows, rented car, round-trip airfare, and other benefits from $399; Panasonic digital clock keeps her on time for $69.95; the Norelco shaver is a smooth gift, priced from $45 to $48; and for the ultimate massage try the X-rated Prelude II vibrator for $24.95.



If music charms her savage breast, the gramophone-shaped music box by Thorens is just the thing at $110. On the other hand, she might swoon under the immense silk scarves by Givenchy for $100 a scarf. For tippling and toasting, the crystal champagne glasses by Cartier are perfect at $14.50 each.

From her best man her best friends are always welcome. From the top, these diamond-studded fantasies are: a necklace of three diamonds floating in a block of lucite for $200 by Sid Meyers of Clearly Stoned; a diamond-studded turtle at $173; and a diamond-drenched pendant star, both by Honora, for $189.

Photographs By Tohru Nakmura

On holiday mornings she could be wearing this silk-and-satin nightgown with embroidered bodice by Montenapoleon, priced at $245. Near at hand is one of the more unusual gifts available this season—an 18-karat solid-gold phallus, one of a limited edition of fifty, for $25,000. But if your tastes are more traditional, you might send her a rose a day for an entire year via FTD florists for around $1,000. For toasting you will need two tulip-shaped glasses by Cartier at $14.50 each, a silver-plated champagne bucket from Georg Jensen for $85, and a well-chilled bottle of Réné Lalou champagne by Mumm $25. For her stocking we'd say that the saphire-studded gold cigarette case ($3,500) and the cigarette holder, both by Alfred Dunhill of London, is just the ticket. (Above) For evenings try Petropolis. This updated version of Monopoly replaces Boardwalk with Saudi Arabia. It comes with gold-plated markers and oil wells and its own Hermès calculator in a leather case for $790; sans calculator and in simulated leather for $190; available at Lederer Fifth Avenue & Saks.

THE BUN ALSO RISES

The Incredible Growth of America's Leading Fast-Food Chain—and What's Beneath the Bread.

The phenomenon occurs in hundreds of American cities and in several hundred cities abroad: the arches, shaped like upthrust bosoms, light up early in the morning and do not dim till late at night; they cast a bewitching golden glow on the millions of people who pass daily beneath them. The crowds of people speak a Babel of tongues: in Japan it's "humbuggah"; in Costa Rica, "hamburguesa"; in France it's "ambehrgguh"; in Germany, "hommboorger." But everywhere this mysterious word is understood and identified with the nursery-rhyme name of a giant concern that is America's leading fast-food chain: McDonald's, the hamburger empire on which the bun never sets.

Currently, nearly 3,600 stands display the emblazoned name and Golden Arches (over five hundred have been built this past year); McDonald's can be found today in some twenty countries outside the U.S. (there are fifty-two in Tokyo alone); and the giant burger corporation has forecast that under present conditions the planet could easily accommodate ten thousand more of its outlets.

McDonald's finds it must resort to outsize statistics in order to convey an idea of its size, especially the mass of foodstuffs that move across its spotless, stainless-steel counters. With the sale of the six-billionth burger, for instance, it was revealed that a total of 460,938,356 pounds of flour had gone into the making of the buns, and that hauling the flour for these buns required the service of 3,717 stripped-down 747 jumbo jets. At the same time, the ketchup and mustard served on six billion patties was enough to fill the 46,770-gallon tanks on 224 of the giant 747's. In addition, McDonald's used over one and a half billion pounds of potatoes for making french fries and over eighty-four million pounds of cheese for cheeseburgers and Big Macs. With the sale of its twelve-billionth burger two years ago, McDonald's claimed this total stacked in one pile would form a pyramid 783 times larger than Khufu's. McDonald's computed the area required to accommodate all the cattle—standing flank-to-flank—that had gone into the making of these twelve billion hamburgers, and came up with an area the size of Greater London. Finally, mercifully, amidst this surreal landscape was implanted a human, the McDonald's statistic become flesh: a man who ate a hamburger every five minutes for 114,000 years.

McDonald's current sale of hamburgers, as the giant red golden-lettered scoreboards testify from every company outlet, stands at seventeen billion. But even more decorative are the figures of the corporate bottom line—the magic margin of patty profits, sales, and earnings that denote the more significant elements of success. Of the $31 billion Americans spent last year in restaurants, McDonald's took in over $2 billion, a phenomenal 6 percent of the total market! While the food dollar steadily shrinks and shoppers cautiously pick through supermarket shelves, McDonald's 1974 sales were up 28 percent over the year before—a whopping $524 million. (But in previous years McDonald's has done even better, averaging a 40 percent increase in sales and earnings.)

In keeping with these triumphs, the hamburger corporation now calls itself McDonald's System, Inc., and today this system employs 150,000 teenagers as kitchen and counter workers, making McDonald's the country's biggest employer of youth. It buys 1 percent of all the beef wholesaled in the U.S.; it is America's biggest buyer of fish for its Filet-o'-Fish sandwiches, as well as America's biggest buyer of potatoes for its french fries. And even more amazingly, the system's prodigious record of growth has persisted through the two decades of its existence; McDonald's staggering figures and market penetration have been unmatched by any restaurant chain, which recently led one Wall Street analyst to envision an awesome and frightening portend of the future:

"Before long," wrote Milton Moskowitz in his column the "Money Tree," "McDonald's is going to be feeding all of us."

But what's beneath the bun?

What kind of diet shall we all be eating before long?

The logical place to start this inquiry is at Hamburger Central, the headquarters of the McDonald's Corporation in Oak Brook, Illinois, a super-sleek corporate enclave in Chicago's western suburbs; low-slung, low-profile architecture dominates the town where McDonald's neighbors are giant companies like Sears, Armour, Stauffer, and Sheraton. Hamburger Central blends in with this background well; it is eight stories high, wedge-shaped, with four wings—lonely gusty colonnades confront the windswept emptiness of a vast space called McDonald's Plaza.

But it soon becomes clear that inside Hamburger Central nobody is very interested in discussing the nutritive value of the McDonald's meal. It's not as exciting as talking about billions of hamburgers flying around the world in jumbo jets, the patty pyramids of antiquity, or European capitals filled with McDonald's ghostly cattle. Characteristically, all questions on the subject are referred to the advertising director, who has a sign in his office that reads, EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE, ADVERTISE, ADVERTISE, ADVERTISE. As spokesman for McDonald's most delicate and least publicized property, the ad director is uncomfortable with the subject.

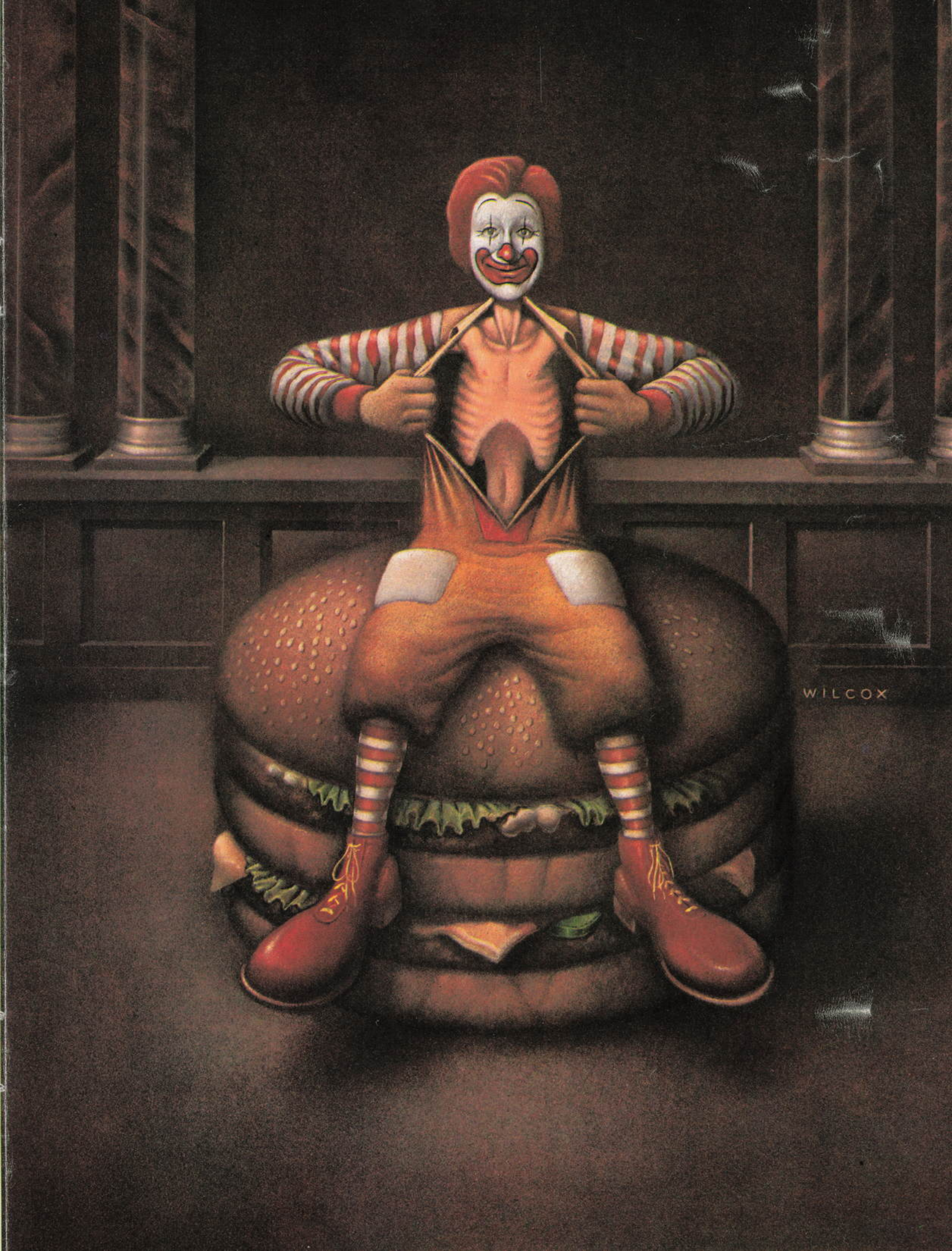
He is bulky, round-shouldered, and wears a clear look of consternation. But he says that in recent years McDonald's has done three studies of its own hamburger —one of which was made public (the "Trazeman Study," more of which later).

What happened to the other two? Can they be seen?

McDonald's advertising director reddens and sputters; petulantly he asks, "What do you need *them* for?"

Outside the advertising chief's office the story is the same. Nobody at Hamburger Central is overly concerned about the nutritional value of the hamburgers, shakes, and fries. Everyone is too busy. Their tasks are myriad, for at Hamburger Central re-

BY MAX BOAS AND STEVE CHAIN


WILCOX

sides the control that makes the thousands of McDonald's stands tick in harmony, turning out patties and profits, consistency and sameness in product and service from coast to coast.

From purchasing, supply, and marketing to law, finance, and real estate, every facet of McDonald's worldwide operations comes under Hamburger Central's four colonnaded wings; it oversees one of America's largest advertising budgets, high-priced consultants of every variety, test kitchens, and legions of managers, inspectors, executives, and an army of young hamburger workers. Hamburger Central's specialized lobes are attuned to every winking grill and sputtering french fry in every McDonald's kitchen; they're attuned to zoning laws, management, competition, labor unrest, union activities, university research, city hall, state legislatures, Capitol Hill, and even the White House. Hamburger Central controls a thorough and sophisticated public-relations apparatus that reaches into every McDonald's community; it runs a $2 million training academy known as Hamburger University; and it operates an ever growing number of hamburger-oriented Disneyland-style playgrounds for children, each one called McDonaldland.

Instead of a Department of Nutrition, Hamburger Central has the "open office" and the "think tank"—both part of the "total-concept environment," a mind-boggling interior design which McDonald's has hailed as the corporate look of the space age. Since its doors swung wide five years ago, the open office has been visited by hosts of curious sightseers, guests, and VIP's; by industrial designers, experimental psychologists and management consultants; by reporters and media people, including TV crews from Sweden and Japan; and they have all wandered through the building gazing at a series of office floors submerged in deep orange carpet where Hamburger Central's 400 employees work in a vastness devoid of obstruction: for in the open office there are no doors and no walls; each employee sits in a "work unit" called a task response module (TRM); lost, seemingly weightless in 33,000 square feet of open space.

But in the open office, the subject of nutrition runs into unexpected barriers, or else it dissipates in space. There's the think tank, however, an ideal place to mull the patty substance.

The think tank (which added another $100,000 to McDonald's space bill) is located on the seventh floor of Hamburger Central. Pitched like an odd-looking tent in a distant office enclosure, it is conical-shaped, made of a kind of hardspun soundproof canvas; its entrance shows a panel of signal lights and a hermetically sealed door like the hatch of a spacecraft, and inside the think tank there are soft-albumen walls and a nine-foot-diameter, pink, fleshy, undulating water bed from which McDonald's executives regularly launch themselves into high mental orbit —or, as frequently happens, into deep dreamy sleep. Several departments have held meetings here and advertising and PR people have used it for brainstorming sessions. The top faculty of Hamburger University has met here. McDonald's youthful president has used it. But as far as can be determined, no McDonald's staffer has been immersed in the think tank to grapple with questions about the fundamental nature of the hamburger substance: whether or not the McDonald's meal provides proper nourishment.

To no one is this type of debate more irksome than to McDonald's founder and chairman Ray A. Kroc, the seventy-three-year-old, plump, spry, dapper Hamburger King whose $500 million fortune (a conservative estimate) ranks him among America's dozen richest tycoons. Ray Kroc has never been in the think tank. "These young people nowadays have problems," he says indulgently. "I don't need a think tank. I put two words down on paper and I talk for hours."

After spending a lifetime as a travelling salesman, selling anything from Florida real estate to paper cups and milkshake mixers, Ray Kroc finally struck it rich at sixty selling McDonald's franchises. Since then he has been showered with honors and recognition. He has received the Horatio Alger trophy ("Towards the enhancing of the American tradition of overcoming obstacles to achieve success through diligence, industry, perseverance"). He has received perhaps more Good Scout awards than any other living American. Kroc has been named American of the Year by Lions International, Mr. Pickle, and an honorary citizen of Idaho, the potato state. He has been Marketing Man of the Year and the food service industry honored him with its Golden Plate award. But amidst all these triumphs Ray Kroc has never been distinguished with an award for nutrition.

"So you want to have perfection in diet?" McDonald's founder fumed when the subject came up during an interview a few years ago. "Do you want to live in a laboratory?" he asked scornfully. "After all," he reasoned, "you can't just live on pills!"

There is still one place, however, where you might expect basic questions about the hamburger meal to be answered. This is Hamburger University, McDonald's own ground round educational complex in Elk Grove Village, about a twenty-minute ride from Hamburger Central. Of white Mediterranean-style architecture with a campus of shade trees, a reflecting pool, and grassy knolls, Hamburger U stands just off the town's busy main road, a beacon of higher hamburger knowledge.

McDonald's Elk Grove institute is the home of Hamburger Science, a discipline first formulated back in 1955 by Ray Kroc

when in one of his first McDonald's stands he revealed his patty theories to a young grillman by the name of Fred Turner. As Fred Turner has since become McDonald's forty-year-old multimillionaire president, so the science has evolved into a multi-volume work known as the McDonald's Operating Manual, HU's standard textbook which provides chapter and verse of every conceivable aspect of running a McDonald's restaurant. There is not a word about nutrition in it, though, or any other instruction with which HU grads might counsel patrons about the possible deficiencies of the McDonald's diet.

For Ray Kroc, the basics of the hamburger science had been as simple as meat and potatoes—hamburger and french fries—and one other item that he thought was necessary: clean toilets. Happy rumbling plumbing, the music of the privy, was to accompany the all-American meal. These principles, though refined and grown ever more detailed, are still at the core of Hamburger U, which was founded seven years ago to train the legion of overseers required by the restlessly expanding McDonald's chain—franchisees, managers, assistant managers, field inspectors, regional, subregional, and area supervisors. The school bristles with all the trappings of a busy academic mill; with the latest in audiovisual teaching aids; with cutaway models of grills, friers, shake and beverage machines; with ringing bells, busy classrooms, quiet tutorials, and darkened auditoriums strobed by silver flashes of overhead projection screens. Every month a new crop of several hundred graduates are awarded the BH and MH degrees—the Bachelor and Master of Hamburgerology. HU has over ten thousand alumni spread throughout the McDonald's empire as well as in competing fast-food chains. It has a faculty consisting of a dean, assistant deans, full professors, and senior professors. HU has a foreign-student program (with translation booths), seminars on real estate and law, and it even awards honorary degrees (one was given to Johnny Cash).

The full HU course can run anywhere from ten days to three weeks, and when the trained cadres stream out to take their place under the far-flung Golden Arches, they have been schooled in all the minutiae of hamburger knowledge. They have studied not only the leaders of the McDonald's meal—Big Mac, Quarter Pounder, shake, and fries; but they have also covered everything from management decision and basic refrigeration to teenagers and cash control; they have attended lectures ranging from buns to filet/steamers and fries/shortening; they have completed workshops on grill calibration, equipment care, and ventilation; they have learned where to buy a Ronald McDonald watch and how to extract the "recommended yield" from each product used; they have watched an inspirational film called *New Dimensions*, and they have watched training films with titles like *Big Mac, Fish and Tartar Sauce*, and *A Lot of People Sell Hamburgers*.

Nevertheless, many observers find America's biggest-selling meal less than inspirational. Some of these critics have been more charitable than one California doctor who recommended the "air between the bun" as the most wholesome part of the McDonald's burger. Generally, however, most experts lump McDonald's menu in the category of "junk food." Author and TV chef Julia Child, like most of her colleagues, dismisses it as "nothing but calories," the biggest portion of it bread. Dr. Jean Mayer of Harvard University's School of Public Health, has noted that the typical McDonald's meal—hamburger, french fries, and shake—not only contained little in the way of vitamins, but he also observed something dentists have discovered to their own expressed alarm: namely, that McDonald's bland mushy food was so lacking in roughage that it did not require any teeth.

There has been even more serious criticism of the McDonald's meal over its possible role in the coronary troubles that victimize Americans at an uncommonly early age. The contents characteristic of a McDonald's meal—fat, carbohydrates, calories, and sodium—are also characteristic of food that raises the cholesterol count, which leads to heart disease. Long-range health problems are usually cited as a possible result of a regular intake of this type of diet. Dr. George Christakis, nutrition chief at New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, estimates that one-third of the children raised on the all-American meal would be high-risk heart attack candidates by the time they reached fifty. His grim picture of the future forecasts a race of debilitated Americans—the "McDonald's Generation"—who were fueled and bloated by a lifetime addiction to hamburgers, fries, and shakes.

Overall, what most impresses those who examine the McDonald's diet is not the bundle of empty calories; rather it is the formidable array of machinery that's been massed around it. For many years, a closely held string of research labs and equipment makers has supplied the company with a stream of continually updated gadgets to automate the serving and cooking of food to the ultimate degree. McDonald's boasts a Brave New Kitchen that seems far removed from the lackluster trade of burger flippers and fry cooks; with winking lights to guide the grills and computer-run fryers that adjust to the moisture of every stick of potato; with instruments for testing the solidity of raw potatoes and the fluffiness of shakes; and with a host of measured scoops and dispensers that serve the cause of standardization, volume, and profit rather than that of providing a more wholesome meal.

3PGA + xSPh → TSQH + AT-PP
DPN + + PhD → TSOH + PGA
PYRIDOXAL PHOSPHATE + CoEnz A +rcl
+ 10ADP → 10ATP + xDPTH
+ CoA Co To + Q10 + FLAVIN
+ O2 → Cu O2+ use 3d π
-CH3 + CoA + R'NH2 →

"Well, it's worth a try."

Speed, rather than nutrition, is at the heart of hamburger science; in the very early days of McDonald's, founder Ray Kroc alotted fifty seconds to serve a hamburger, shake, and fries; and a milestone was achieved in 1959 when a record thirty-six hamburgers were served in 110 seconds. Since that eventful day, further breakthroughs have added to the propulsion; the cooking capacity of fryers has been constantly increased until it recently reached $230 worth of french fries per hour, and in the company's newly established, grandly named Department of Food Science and Technology, test runs have begun on a "direct draw shake machine" which is to replace the familiar high-speed multi-mixers and enable one counterman to draw directly four shakes of different flavors.

This sort of technology has been lavished to an unusual degree on Mac fries, making the pale golden sticks, basked in infrared lights, the most profitable item in the store, scoring an approximate 40 percent sales increase each year. An ingeniously devised wide-mouthed scoop eliminates even a few crumbs of waste, and as an instrument it was symbolic of the whole McDonald's fast-food merchandizing approach: the scoop not only avoided costly spillage, but it actually gave the impression of abundance by making each bag appear to be overflowing with fries.

But as an example of technological food engineering nothing could beat the shake. Since there is barely a drop of milk in it, it is never called a *milk* shake, and in the Brave New Kitchen of McDonald's this product was literally materialized out of thin air. It's a cold chemical brew, a sweet, heavy froth averaging 317 calories.

The steady companion of the shake on McDonald's American plan is Big Mac, 560 calories of blustering burger. When thawed from frozen dormancy, dressed and garnished with pickles, onion, and Secret Sauce it attains a formidable appearance. But most of this is due to a burgeoning bun (with high sugar content for faster browning) and a spare tire of "roll" in the middle. The premeasured sprinkling of onions is *de*-gassed for faster broiling.

Big Mac's appearance hinted at a life of secret patty perversion, a burger boudoir filled with scents and cosmetics. It wore color to bring on a gleam. Texture to give it volume. Flavor to give it taste. The Big Mac lettuce was kept green with applications of sodium bisulfite, citric acid, ascorbic acid, calcium silicate, sodium citrate, and sodium hexametaphosphate. Its pickles were douched with polysorbate-80. Not surprisingly, when a few years ago a writer for *Today's Health* set out to take a comparative sample of fast-burger brands, he gave Big Mac lowest marks in gustatory appeal, reporting that the "whole thing tasted like a charcoal-broiled roll garnished with day-old salad."

The *real* secret of Big Mac's bulk was something known in the fast-food trade as "fixin's"—"filler" that ran from computer-counted splats of ketchup and mustard and burgeoning bun to massive advertising and a volume of packaging that completely overwhelmed the measly measure of meat with a cascade of Golden Arch paper cups, bags, boxes, sacks, napkins, straws, wrappers, balloons, and give-aways. Looking inside this mountain of patty paraphernalia, *Consumer Report* found in its recent study that the Big Mac meal not only contained less meat than other burger brands, but that altogether it provided less total food.

The issue of deceptive "bulk" and "food value" that riddled Big Mac was to take a quantum leap with McDonald's introduction of the Quarter Pounder: the big burger that didn't quite weigh up to its promise. The Quarter Pounder shared all the nutritional disqualifications of the other major members of the McDonald's meal—the "overflowing" bags of french fries, puffed-air shakes, and Big Mac "filler"; but on top of these it had political problems: last year the Quarter Pounder briefly stewed in Watergate, and it barely avoided being served on the Nixon impeachment menu.

The Quarter Pounder entered the world in the 1972 Nixon reelection year, and as the newest, the biggest, and heaviest addition to the all-American meal it was given the debut of a long-awaited superweapon. It was paraded before the Investment Analysts Society of Chicago, at McDonald's annual stockholders meeting, and at the Fourth International McDonald's Convention for Operators held in Honolulu. It was billed as a "Meal on a Bun," and accompanied by high sloganeering, such as "The sandwich where the meat really takes over"; "Man does not live by bread alone"; and "It won't cost you a lot of bread to get a lot of meat." The Quarter Pounder quickly proved to be the Big Bertha of the burger arsenal, booming away and rolling up earnings.

But the multimillion-dollar ad campaign that came wrapped around McDonald's super-burger was challenged not long after its introduction by Benjamin Rosenthal, the volatile, bespectacled Democratic congressman from Queens, New York, who revealed the findings of a USDA-run series of tests showing that the Quarter Pounder weighed as much as a *full ounce and a half less* than its name implied. Rosenthal charged that McDonald's replacement of its former Double Hamburger with the Quarter Pounder substituted a lower-value product at a comparatively higher price. This was just another way, Rosenthal said, in which McDonald's helped cheapen the American food dollar.

Some time later Ray Kroc visited the White House and met with Nixon during a dinner for big campaign givers, and it wasn't long before Kroc's contribution—$250,000—came under fire from various people, including Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey and columnist Jack Anderson who linked Kroc's huge donation to McDonald's attempts to include a *sub*-minimum wage for teenagers in the minimum wage bill then being debated by Congress. The "youth differential," as this provision was called, would have immensely benefitted McDonald's, the largest employer of teenagers in the country.

Congressman Rosenthal, the determined foe of the Quarter Pounder, had another explanation for Kroc's sudden political generosity; the Queens representative seized on a favorable ruling by Nixon's Price Commission (then part of the "economic stabilization plan") which in the fall of 1972 allowed McDonald's to raise the price of its Quarter Pounder by four cents—a 9 percent increase that spelled millions of dollars in additional hamburger profits. Charging that McDonald's had bought this plum with Kroc's "massive campaign contribution," Rosenthal ranked the Quarter Pounder with the Soviet wheat deal and the ITT affair as an example of the administration's readiness to make special deals with big corporate election supporters.

The final word on the role of the Quarter Pounder in what has been described as the White House Horrors might well be in the still-guarded Nixon tapes. A commentary in the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1974 offered the possibility of an explosive hamburger conversation between President Nixon and Ray Kroc. "Once the House Judiciary Committee gets hold of the White House tapes . . . it's all over," wrote Washington columnist John D. Lofton. "The controversy involving John Dean and the million dollars in hush money will pale into insignificance when the committee chairman, Representative Peter Rodino, flips on the recorder, and the president says to Ray Kroc: 'Raising the price of the Quarter Pounder Cheeseburger would be no problem.'"

The controversies embroiling the Quarter Pounder have made McDonald's even more defensive about giving out nutritional information regarding its products. Some of this has been couched in hamburger mystification—the Secret Sauce, for instance, "the formula of which," *Time* magazine wrote, "is guarded like an atomic secret." McDonald's has put a similar blanket of silence over the rest of the all-American meal, dismissing all nutrition queries politely on grounds of "competitive reasons"—as *Family Health* magazine learned a few months ago when it asked the company for a list of menu ingredients for a fast-food survey it was doing. McDonald's outright refusal surprised the magazine. *Family Health* complained about people with milk allergies who eat at McDonald's and asked angrily: "Are they not entitled to know whether the shake contains milk?"

But the questions have not gone away; and in the wake of its recent political turmoil, stirred by economic discontent, the country has been in a questioning mood

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"I like Rome very much—
but what really turns me on
are the men."

EVA

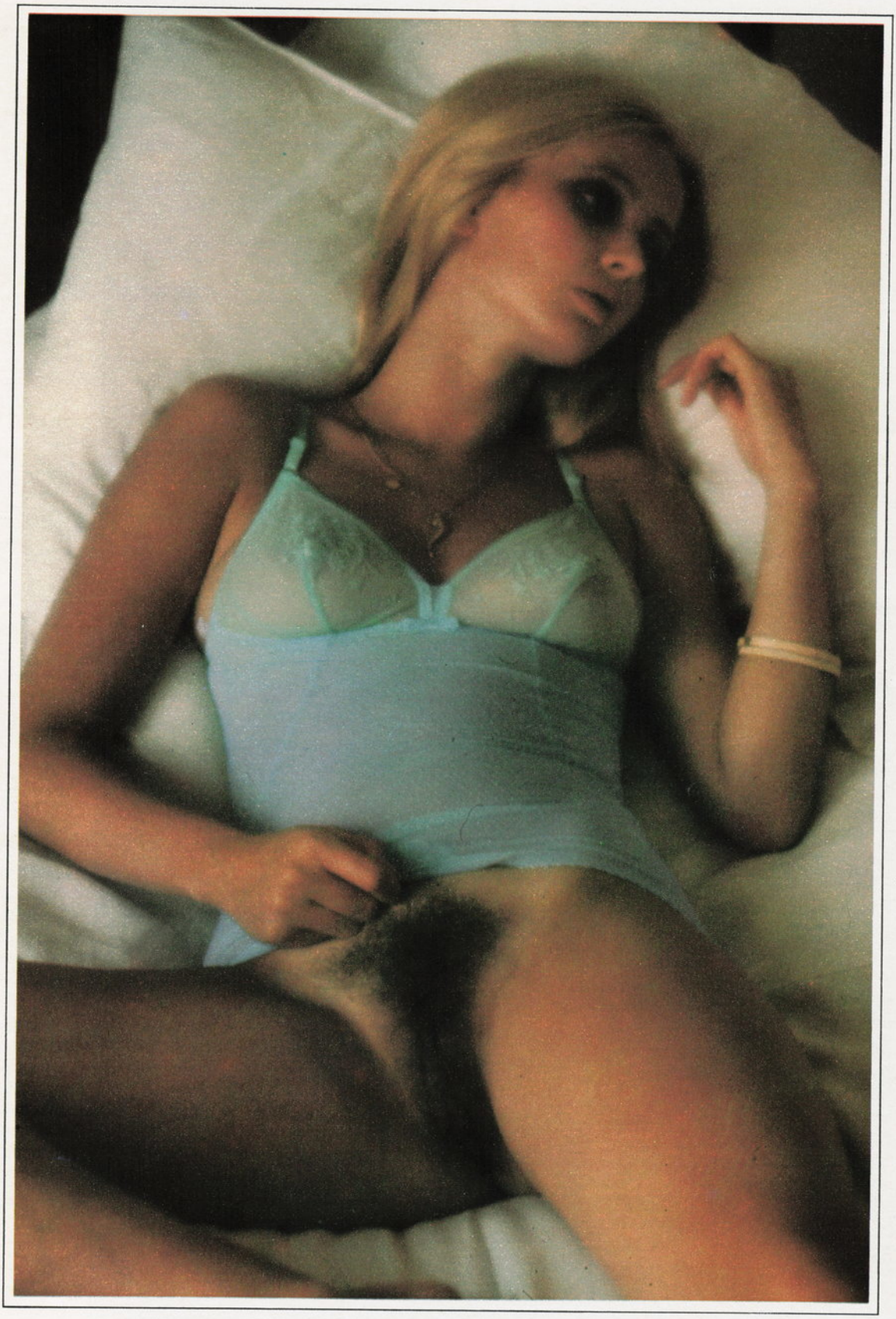
"The best man
I've ever had barely came up
to my nipples."

Eva Carson pronounces her first name "Ava" (as in Gardner) in deference to her German birth. "It's all right to mispronounce it once," she smiles, "but only once—if you want to know me better. You should hear what these Italians do to three little letters...." She smiles again. This long, blond lass is currently on a working Roman holiday, making a very erotic movie titled *Never on Friday*. Fluent in English, German, French, Italian, and Swedish ("I'm often mistaken for a Swede"), Eva has little trouble crossing borders. "My father, who's an artist, taught me languages. He also taught me how to travel. 'Make sure you can always

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

leave,' he said. 'You may go in the front door but always check the back as well! I came with him to Paris, where I began to model, then I got a bit part in *The Story of O*, which was just as much fun to make as it is to watch. That took me on to my first big break, a starring role in *Never on Friday* here in Rome. I like the city *very* much. ...Oh, I could

tell you about the paintings and the night life and half a dozen other things, but what really turns me on are the men." Eva laughs, "Some of them are very short and very dark, and I like that very, *very* much. "Now I'm 5 feet 10½ inches and that's not exactly small." (Not with a 35-24-36 frame it isn't.) "But the best man I've



ever had—and this is really true—barely came up to my nipples. I met him at a party, and he flashed this sexy smile at me—all those white teeth in a dark Italian face. Now if a man doesn't turn me on right away, then nothing can make me go. But when I *do* connect—it's magic. Let's just say that I found out what all those white teeth could do."

REED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Penthouse: Was that what you meant when you said you wanted to go back to family-type films?

Reed: Yeah. I've had this idea I've been playing around with for some time. I wrote a script once about the four knights who killed Thomas à Becket that Ken wants to direct, and I think we'll get that off the ground at last. But I also have this idea about two clowns which—providing you can harness Keith Moon's energy—he'll be able to do as well. It's just about two clowns who wander around a garden, looking at butterflies and stroking horses and pushing each other in the water. When I eventually get this together, you're only going to hear the sounds, you'll never actually see the characters. It'll be like an Invisible Man thing—all around the grounds, big trees and flowers. And it'll be cheap! No, really, it's just going to be two and a half hours of Moon and me wandering around stoned talking to dandelions—dressed in those jester things with bells, unshaven. . . .

Penthouse: Were you often in school plays?

Reed: No, I wasn't. I played a shepherd once in a Nativity play. I understudied all the other parts and then tried to give them a cold or chicken pox.

Penthouse: Even the Virgin Mary?

Reed: Oh yeah, sure. My older brother played a bird once.

Penthouse: How old was he at the time?

Reed: Ten.

Penthouse: Did it give him a complex for life?

Reed: You'll have to ask his wife.

Penthouse: How does it affect you, being in a world where so many people are gay?

Reed: I don't mix with them—I don't mix with theater people or film people. The only time I do is when I work. The only thing I didn't want to do was in a film called *Triple Echo*. I was in the Caribbean and they sent me this script. It seemed all right until I came to this place where I was supposed to be groping this fellow—thinking he's a girl—and I had to give him a kiss. I said, "The kiss is out. Unless the kiss is out I'm not doing the movie." So they sent back a cable saying, "Kiss out. Come in."

Penthouse: Why did you have that kind of reaction?

Reed: I just don't fancy kissing a fellow . . . whom I don't love.

Penthouse: I am glad you qualified that. But isn't that all part of acting?

Reed: No, I don't think so. Not for me, anyway. I don't know why it is. . . . I just didn't fancy the idea. I don't mind kissing birds, and I didn't particularly mind taking my trousers off for *Women In Love*. But for the first two years after making *Women In Love* I never received a script without a naked scene in it. I always said no and it was always taken out.

Penthouse: After *Women In Love* did you get letters from women fans saying, "Oh, please"?

Reed: No. I thought that there would be a lot of strange remarks, but in actual fact, the only women who seemed to be interested—which really shows a great deal about my anatomy—were some rather old, spotty waitresses at fish restaurants who used to say, "Oh you naughty boy." And once when I was walking down the Kings Road past a show shop a fellow went [kiss sound]. I'm still not convinced, though, he wasn't whistling at my shoes.

Penthouse: Have you worked on this macho image or does it come naturally?

Reed: "Macho"? What does that mean?

Penthouse: Super masculine.

Reed: I think I might have done that in the past, but not anymore.

Penthouse: Do you have young fans?

Reed: Girls come up to me and say, "My mum wants your autograph," so I know I've arrived. It's true. So I say, "What about you?" And they say "Well-l-l-l-l-l, all right then."

Penthouse: Like they're doing you a favor?

Reed: Yeah. "I don't know what my mum sees in you," they say.

Penthouse: Well maybe they haven't seen *Women In Love*.

Reed: Right! I don't suppose they have—they're too young. But they'll write to me, thinking I still look like I did in the film last night on television. Then suddenly they'll see this fat old man.

Penthouse: You seem obsessed with that.

Reed: Yes, I am. I'm obsessed with age. I don't like it very much simply because it doesn't offer one as much opportunity to do the things one likes to do. For instance, I find it great fun to jump about the place and play soldiers in the woods and do physical things, and I haven't yet reached the age where my brain says that all that shit simply doesn't matter. I had an anvil-lifting competition here and I wrecked my back. Anvils are quite important to me. I have this anvil in the yard, and every now and then we get juiced up and all the fellows slap each other on the back and try and lift the anvil.

Penthouse: Do you have many male fans?

Reed: No, except a few who write in, the larger-than-life sort of thing from factory workers. They think I've had all those birds—the image sort of comes across to them.

Penthouse: Sad letters?

Reed: Not so much. They're more the "Good on ya—hope you have a good bunk-up [fuck] tonight" sort of thing.

Penthouse: Do you think of yourself as an actor first or a sex symbol?

Reed: I just don't think of myself as a sex symbol anymore. I think in the second part of *Musketeers* Athos is very much how I feel about myself—slightly disillusioned. I don't think Crich was like that in *Women In Love*, because he was so destroyed he couldn't understand why Gudrun went off with that fellow. . . . And down here in Surrey there's very little opportunity to be a sex symbol, locked away in this house all day. I go down to the pub every day. Actually you'd be surprised—there are some very pretty girls who come down over the weekend, but there's nothing you can do because they're all married. Then again, in the old days I wouldn't have cared, but now I care about hurting someone.

Penthouse: I understand you're starting a production company.

Reed: I have a production company. I probably have several of them locked away in bank vaults somewhere. It's simply a name under which one trades, and I trade under my company rather than as an individual. I think that helps the tax problem in some way.

Penthouse: Have you been affected by the whole big tax mess?

Reed: Sure. That's why Keith Moon's in California. Everyone lives in France, Europe, California . . . somewhere else. Never England. I've been told by my advisers that you can live anywhere in the world and get a better tax deal than you do here. They're chasing us out. I mean the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the last thing he said was, "We will make the rich scream until their pips pop." So it's no good being a rich man in England anymore. In America you're allowed to keep 50 percent of your earned income. I don't think there's anything there like the English wealth tax, which means you're taxed on anything you have already, let alone your income tax. At the higher end of the scale, they can charge you 89 percent—so that's a hell of a lot of money you've got to earn if you employ people.

Penthouse: Tell us about the theatrical production that you and Moon want to create.

Reed: We just want to have dinner on stage with our friends and invite an audience. That's all.

Penthouse: Do you really think people would be interested in watching you have dinner?

Reed: I think so, the way *we* have dinner. We would just send out invitations saying, "Have you been to the dinner party yet?" You must understand we have quite talented friends. If John Lennon were in town, he'd come. Also sportsmen, athletes. . . . We'd have table tennis and a pool table, and people would have throat mikes and just do their thing. We'd have it catered by the best restaurants in London in exchange for a credit on the program.

Penthouse: How close is it to actually happening?

Reed: Well, it will be fairly difficult to do if Moon keeps on living in California.

Penthouse: You have no control over getting old, but why are you getting fat?

Reed: I go up and down. It depends on the quantity of beer one drinks, and at the moment my body is inclined to retain liquid. I think young kids nowadays are very much into dieting. They must be—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Find a place for yourselves. Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum and soda

You may not have tasted a white rum and soda. You may not have even heard of it. It's gone quietly unnoticed amidst the hoopla around more colorful-sounding concoctions. Drinks that, by any description, taste even stranger than their names.

White rum and soda has a taste that doesn't need a fancy name. It's a marvelous combination of clear effervescence and smooth white rum from Puerto Rico.

Only the white rums that come from Puerto Rico can do so much for club soda. They're the only white rums aged by law. Aged until they're smooth enough to mix with almost anything—from club soda to orange juice to vermouth.

In fact, nothing mixes better than white rum from Puerto Rico. Not vodka. Not gin. Not anything.

Try it today. See how nice it is to have a place for yourselves. A place to stay.

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How many times have you decided to give up smoking?

Nobody these days is telling you not to give up smoking.

But if you've given it up more times than you'd like to remember, the chances are you enjoy it too much to want to give it up at all.

If you're like a lot of smokers these days, it probably isn't smoking that you want to give up. It's some of that 'tar' and nicotine you've been hearing about.

So you tried cigarettes which were low in 'tar' and you found yourself checking every once in a while to see if they were still lit. Which drove you right back to your regular brand.

Now, there is Vantage.

Vantage cigarettes, either filter or menthol, deliver considerably less 'tar' and less nicotine than most cigarettes.

But what really makes Vantage special is our special filter which allows the tobacco flavor to come through.

Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette, but it may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

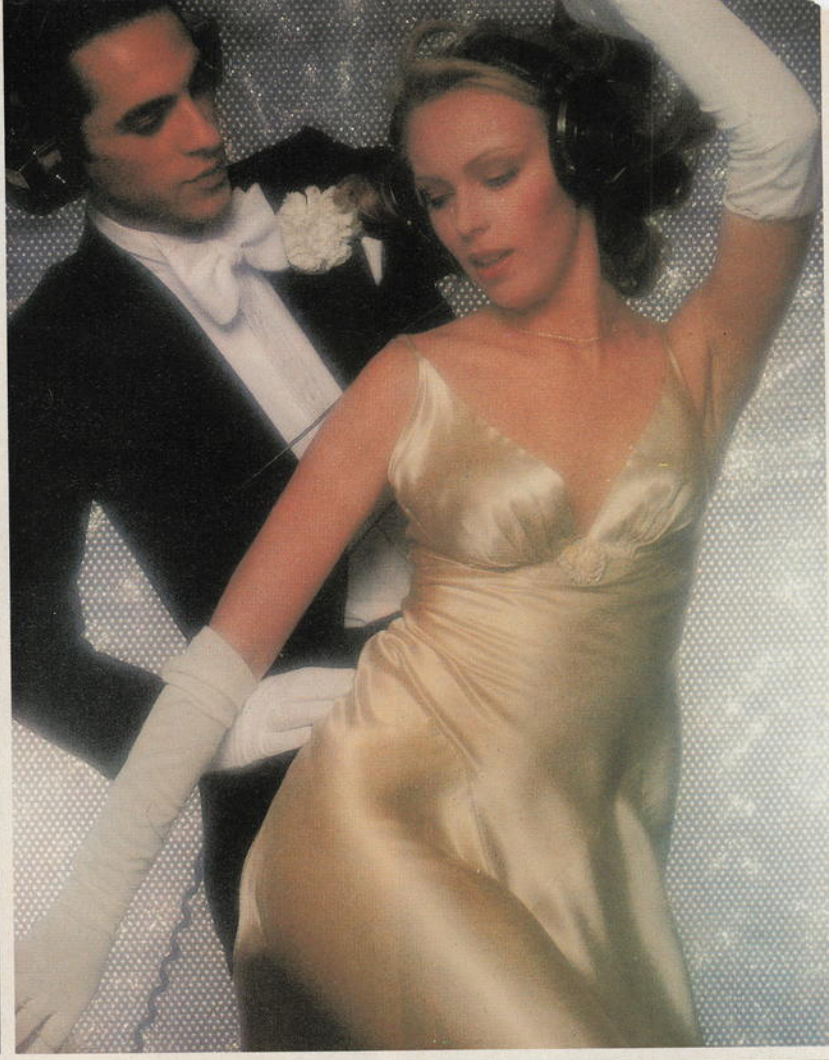
And that's what makes all the difference.

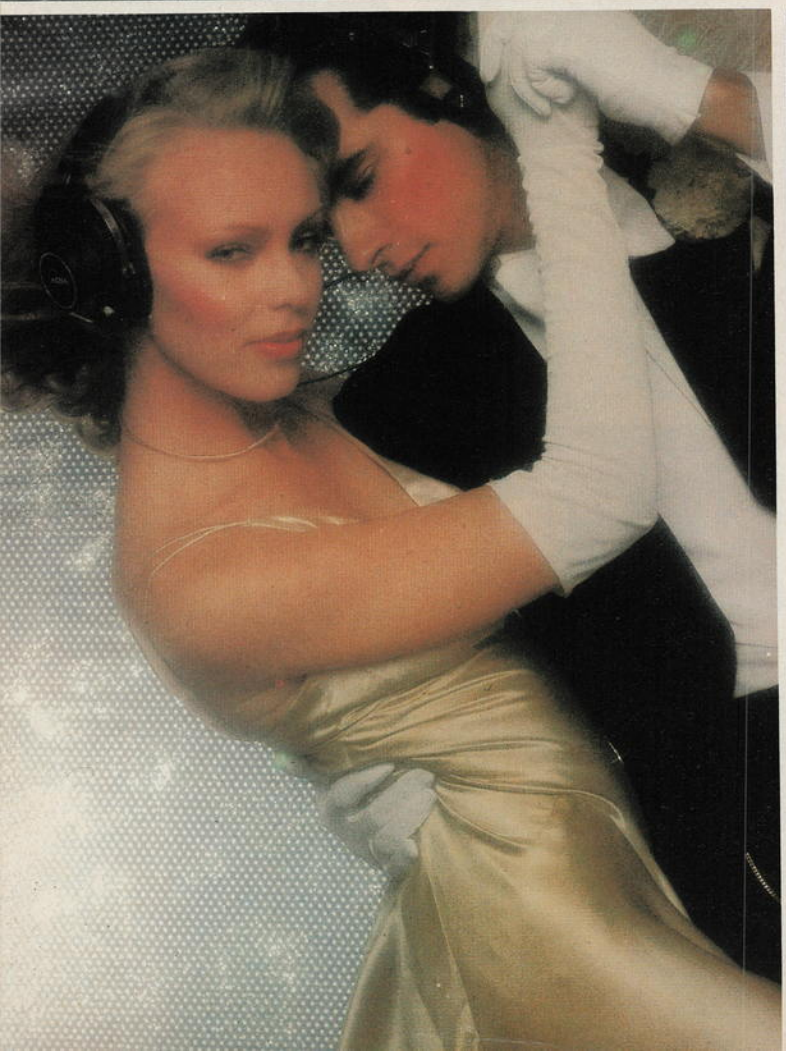
Filter: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. "tar" 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SYSTEMS OF SEDUCTION

If music be the food of love.
the menu for 1976 is superlative.





the learn tape
60
the music tape
90

"Well, what'll it be—my system or yours?"

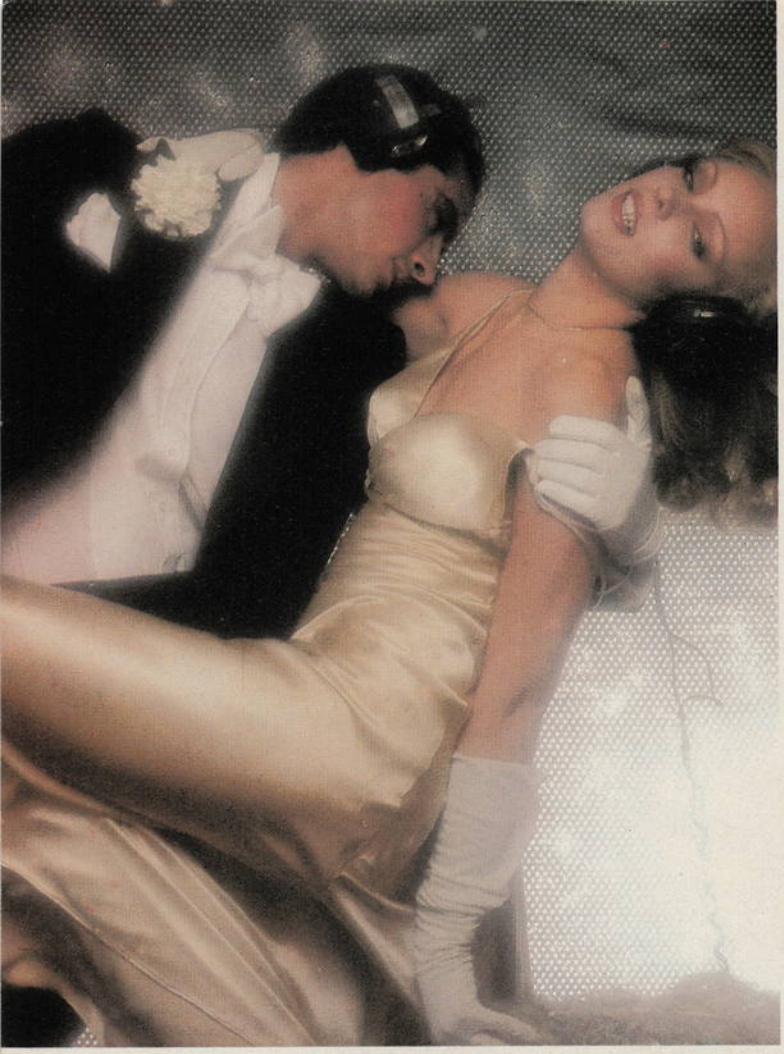
For an evening out with that special woman you want everything to be perfect. You don your best evening wear, take her to dinner at that small French restaurant where the waiter knows your name, then to the ballet before dancing together until the last disco club closes. But should the music stop there? It needn't if you've prepared your home with a stereo system that embodies today's most advanced technologies for the re-creation of sound.

It's no secret that you can get perfectly adequate sound quality from the numerous, readily available stereo compacts that assemble amp, turntable, tape deck, and tuner as one unit. But the discriminating man who expects, demands, and gets the best must be willing to go the distance and invest in a serious, multiple-component system.

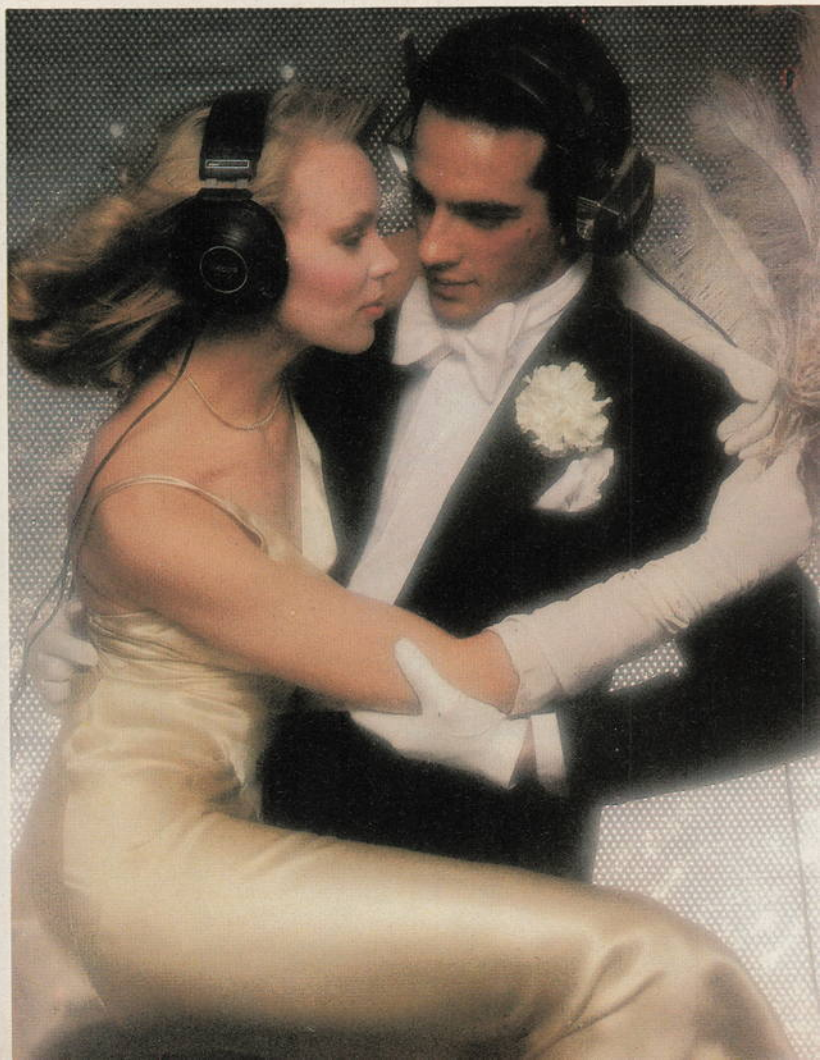
Besides the quantum leap in the quality of the sound itself, the great advantage of a system over a compact is its ability to adapt to new audio equipment, and to absorb the latest advances put out by an industry that just can't stand still. Basic systems, unlike many compacts, can take on such extras as dolby units, tape decks, cassette recorders, additional speaker systems, even microphones for home recording enthusiasts. And since most people find they keep their stereo systems longer than they keep their clothes, cars, furniture, and lifestyles, the wise buyer will avail himself of a good basic system at the start and add to it as his

(Far left) Two Contrara speakers by Jennings Research, Inc. ($225 each) put a solid foundation on this system which is powered by an Eclipse 500A ESS amplifier ($826). The Scott T33 digital tuner brings in radio signals with space-age accuracy for $995.95 while the Nakamichi 1000 cassette unit (shown here with TDK SA C60 cassette tape for $3.29) will handle your needs well into the twenty-first century for $1,295. Real reel-to-reel buffs might opt for the Revox A700 tape recorder at $1,800; we recommend Maxell's 35-90 reel-to-reel tape for high-quality recording ($11.35).
(Center) The MX 1580 receiver and amplifier ($479.95) or the Kenwood KR-5400 receiver and amplifier ($379.95) both match up well with Epicure's #10 speakers at $109 each. For those who need only a fine stereo receiver there is the Harman Kardon 430 for $319.95, and for close-up listening you might don a pair of Sennheiser HD424 headphones for $74.95. Records do a good turn—and then some—on BSR's 20BPX turntable for $142.80.
(Right) The Garrard 770 turntable sets things spinning for a modest $120. A choice of two receivers: the Nikko 7075 (top) retails for $399.95 while the solid-state Onkyo TX670 (bottom) costs $519.95. The kick of the system comes from JBL's Decade 26 speakers at $156 each. For variety's sake you might also add the Akai GX270D reel-to-reel tape deck with automatic reverse for $599.95; Columbia's 1,200-foot tape is $3.99.

STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HEDRICH
COUPLES PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK LAFFITTE



maxell
35-90



"Oh, I don't know— all systems go."

tastes demand and his means allow. Over the long run, the multiple-component system is the route to travel for superior sound and economy.

Today's manufacturers of sophisticated stereo equipment have made that route more fascinating and rewarding to travel than ever before. With the advent of advanced tape-recording systems coupled with quadraphonic systems and the increasing use of dolby systems by FM stations, the age of interchangeability in home sound units has blossomed. Never before has the man in pursuit of the ultimate sound for sensuous listening or serious seduction been able to tailor a system that fits his needs so precisely.

To enable our readers to find their way through the sometimes bewildering maze of components and accessories, we've selected six systems that incorporate some of the finest equipment currently on the market. We should stress, however, that tailoring a stereo system for optimum results is a highly personal procedure involving individual considerations such as room size, amplification power, and acoustical and technical factors which only your ears can determine. Unless you're a real electronics buff you would do well to seek expert advice on your specific stereo needs and preferences before laying out cold hard cash. Still, when you opt for fine components that will give you a solid base with the flexibility to expand as your perquisites (and your purse) expand, you'll probably find yourself in the position of connoisseurs the world over. For premium sound is like fine wine and fine women—once you've experienced the château-bottled vintages you'll never want to go back to *vin ordinaire*.

(Top left) Sennheiser Dynamic HD414 stereo headphones ($49.95) top off Pioneer's CT-F6161 cassette tape deck with built-in dolby system; it retails for $300. Pioneer also makes the SX-535 stereo receiver ($299.95) as well as the Project 80 speakers ($100 each) and the PL-120-II turntable for $100.
(Center) Two thundering Empire 9000 GT octagonal speakers ($330 each) provide the backdrop here. The headphones are Superex Classics retailing at $55. The Bic 960 turntable sells for $159 while the TEAC A450 cassette unit checks out at $450. (The Columbia cassette tapes are C60 for $2.99 and C90 for $3.99. Capitol's 120-minute Music Tape is $4.79.) The Fisher 432 AM/FM receiver is a solid investment in quality sound at $499.95.
(Right) Behind TEAC's superlative A-3300S reel-to-reel tape deck ($699.50), fitted out with Scotch Classic 1200-foot tape for $6.99, are KLH's CL-4 speakers at $189 each. The automatic direct drive SL1350 turntable is from Technics by Panasonic and retails for $349.95. And to get it all together we suggest you tune in to Sansui's 9090 stereo receiver ($750) and turn on.

Diamond jewelry by Geniveto. Nightgown from 40's Wink. Tuxedo by After Six.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured here see page 167.

otherwise they couldn't get into the shirts and trousers they sell in all the shops now. You've got to be built like a beanpole. The kids have money and the shops pander to them. A lot of them are dying . . . aren't they? . . . because they're dieting so much. I think if you don't eat, in the end you don't *want* to eat.

Penthouse: They certainly look unhealthy, the trendies. But do you want to be heavy?

Reed: No, but I do think that a carpenter needs a good hammer to bang in the nail. I think it's the same with life. If you're going to live a strenuous life, then the best thing to do is feed yourself. I'm not really into dieting. At the New York Athletic Club they serve amazing food. People go there, get healthy, and then eat themselves to death—which is, I suppose, the right way to do it.

Penthouse: What about health spas?

Reed: I've been to a couple of them. I went to one at Buckstead Park. I spent seven days playing Ping-Pong, which was quite frustrating because I'm not a very good Ping-Pong player—but it was certainly very good for the weight because you have to keep getting down to get the ball out from under the table. You get so weak from eating pears that you fall down, and they come and take you away on a stretcher. Then they feed you and let you out into the world again.

Penthouse: Were there any temptations?

Reed: There was a pub nearby that sold crab and lobster and white wine. It was quite tempting. And they put a television in your room—Jesus Christ! all those Kitacat and Lassie commercials! I'd never really been into dog food before but. . . . And Graham Kerr cooking! He was actually at Buckstead Park when I was there—nobody could turn on their television because people were always eating and drinking. When you don't feed yourself your brain goes and you can't read. You can't concentrate. It really *is* very frightening. Women go down there and after about four days burst into tears and phone up their husbands. Certain people are allowed to eat and they had these separate rooms. We would go to bed at about nine o'clock after we had a footbath which was the big social event of the day—everyone gets in a big line to walk through hot water first and then on pebbles in cold water. You get chilblains and then you go to bed. Well, I was saying good night to some people and outside their room there was a tray with a little piece of cheese rind on it. So we said, "Good night, good night," and I went in my room thinking about that cheese rind. I was only in there about three seconds when I burst out, but it was gone.

Penthouse: Do people go there to gain weight also?

Reed: They do. Some people come there to put on weight, so they have eating rooms and sometimes they don't quite close the door and all these *marvelous* food scents come out and you see the people eating.

Penthouse: I take it you just like eating.

Reed: Yeah. I'm not too fussy.

Penthouse: Do you hunt?

Reed: I like keeping things alive, not killing them. I'm not saying that I'm more sensitive than other people. I believe in eating meat as much as anybody else, but I believe animals should have a chance. They breed them, you see, and then they let them go and shoot them. I'm trying to get the creatures to come over here. There are the most amazing pheasants around here, and they're not frightened because they know they're safe. But if the deer came they'd go after the roses—they can clear three hundred rose trees like that by morning. So I keep the horses down there in the big paddock to keep the deer from coming across. Also, I fill the ponds with goldfish and the heron come and get a lot of them. Then I net the goldfish ponds and the dragonflies get caught in the nets. It's just all a big cycle. You try to help one and you're screwing up another's life.

Penthouse: So where do you get your food?

Reed: I don't know. It comes from the kitchen.

Penthouse: Do you live surrounded by a bevy of females?

Reed: No, I wish I were. I'm not allowed that by my bird.

Penthouse: What does your older brother, David, do?

Reed: He's my manager.

Penthouse: The whole family's together?

Reed: Yes. I know where to find them if they abscond. I used to have an agent. An agent does everything, but they also know *everything* about you—who you're kipping with, how much you spend in a restaurant, how much you spend on your staff. It's very personal, and I'd much rather that it was kept in the family. Plus why should I pay 10 per cent to somebody I don't know instead of to one of my family? I can trust my brother. He's bright and he's got my interests at heart. That's true of very few people in business.

Penthouse: Do you listen to much music?

Reed: No, but my son's into that, so I sometimes get roped into listening. When I was young music was for holding women to. Now you don't seem to need an excuse. You can hold them anyway, so half the joy of listening to music and dancing is gone. Now everybody's doing their own thing, which doesn't seem to be connected with sex or with any of the old tribal rites that seem to me to be important in listening to music.

Penthouse: What did you used to listen to?

Reed: Oh, when I was a kid I used to listen to really old records that I found in the attic that belonged to my father. "Begin the Beguine," "Hutch," "Cute, sweet, and tall and you can't love them all, but you can marry one little girl." Things like that. And "Winnie the Pooh" and songs from *Dumbo* like "Did You Ever See An Elephant Fly?" But once I'd got into girls and the music for holding them, I was in the army. I spent most of my time in the jungle or in huts somewhere where they didn't have music, but there was one place with a jukebox that had Nat King Cole on it. We used to put money in and play all the Nat King Cole records—sitting in front of it in our chairs and threatening anybody who even tried to play "Tammy" or something like that with extreme violence.

Penthouse: How did you feel about army life?

Reed: I hated it. But I tried to get through it with the minimum of trouble.

Penthouse: You went in for cross-country and boxing.

Reed: Yeah. If you were on the boxing team, you didn't have to go and work in the cookhouse peeling potatoes. It was an easy life if you were an athlete—the nearest thing to being a professional athlete that I've encountered in this country. In Russia, usually, their athletes are in the army. They're professional soldiers or, in other words, professional athletes.

Penthouse: Do you play tennis?

Reed: No, I've got binocular vision, which means that one eye focuses at a different length from the other—so sometimes I squint and I don't see small moving objects in three dimensions. Since I'm a show-off when birds are watching, I like either to play well or I'd rather not play. In fact, I don't like doing most things unless I can do them quite well.

Penthouse: Do you gamble?

Reed: No. Oh, of course, I gamble on the odd race or the Derby or the Grand National or sometimes a football team, but I don't gamble on the horses *every day*. Simon does far more than I. Our father was a racing journalist and we grew up with horses and jockeys and working the system. But it honestly doesn't interest me.

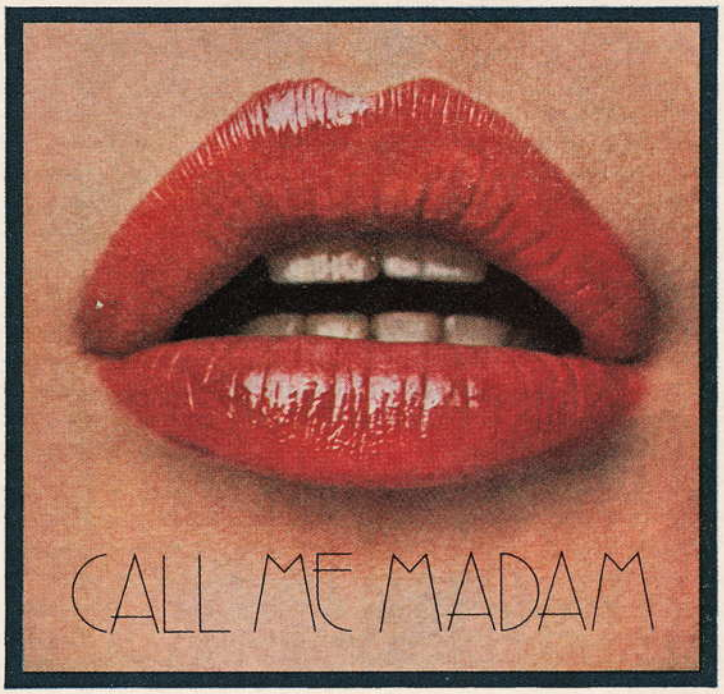
Penthouse: Did you vote in the last election?

Reed: Yeah. And that's a sort of a gamble isn't it? It's the first time I'd ever voted. I believe that there's a very dangerous element in this country now—mainly the Communists—in the unions, and I think they ought to be looked into very seriously. I've been in Communist countries and I don't believe it works. I don't like what I've seen. I think that if the Communists in the unions get too much power they will start welding political force through the unions rather than looking for financial betterment. But I believe in a democracy where one can be whatever one likes and one doesn't have to be terrified of the government. I was in Czechoslovakia two days before the tanks rolled in—when we were making *Assassination Bureau*. I was in Bulgaria when Fidel Castro, that "Man of the People," came and they closed off all the streets. They held all of the men in the hotel at gunpoint. I worked with a Spanish crew and if any of them had Bulgarian girl friends the hotel would be raided in the middle of the night and the girls taken away for fraternizing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

"When I'm alone I fantasize about navels while I masturbate. I get an erection just thinking about them."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I guess you could call this "Confessions of a California Teenager." I want to tell you about two things that have happened to me in the past year and would like to get your reaction. I'm eighteen and would particularly like to know if you think my behavior is all right for a guy my age. I'll tell it like it is, so here goes.

First of all, for almost a year now I have been getting sucked off by my father's forty-three-year-old insurance agent. It all began one evening last summer when my father sent me to the insurance office to pick up some papers for him. I had known this man only casually for the five years my father had been engaging his services and had noticed that he had always been especially friendly toward me, although not in any conspicuous manner. As I sat down in his office waiting for him to finish work on some papers, I noticed an illustrated book on fellatio that was lying on top of a stack of magazines. Intrigued by the unfamiliar word in the title, I picked up the book and checked out the material. I did not try to conceal the obvious effect these pictures were having on me. When he walked over to me with the finished papers he commented, "Oh, I see you've found something interesting." It took only a few more sentences for him to offer to show me what the sensation was like, and I let him. I'll never forget how it felt that first time. He told me that if I ever wanted him to do it to me again he would be available, that he would never bother me or approach me, but that I should call him if ever I felt the urge. Well, I have been seeing him ever since, and it has been very satisfying for both of us.

The second part of my story begins early this summer when I took a grass cutting job for a doctor and his wife who just moved into our neighborhood. After she had shown me where all the tools were located and explained the kind of job she expected, the doctor's wife remarked as she looked me up and down rather hard, "Well, you won't have any difficulty handling it because I can see that you've grown to be quite a man already." The third time I did the job, when I had finished work, she invited me into the living room for cookies and milk. After some small talk about the weather, she began to ask some personal questions like, "Do you exercise a lot?" and "How did you develop such a good body?" As she talked she began flicking her tongue casually between her lips and I could feel her eyes crawling all over my pants, which were now beginning to bulge noticeably. "You know, you're making me hungry," she said softly. "And it looks like you've got plenty to eat," she added. I sank slowly back into the soft cushions of the sofa as her fingers began to unbutton my jeans. I was soon enveloped in a world of unbelievable sensation which climaxed in the inevitable explosion. It happened the same way the next time she invited me in. But she went farther just two days ago. She led me up to the bedroom where she stripped me and really went to work on me.

I would like to continue these experiences because they have been very exciting and I do have plenty of energy to keep both of these affairs going. I'm rather well-developed for my age, and think I am lucky for running into two people who can handle me so well. My question is this: Is it all right for an eighteen-year-old to let a forty-three-year-old man and a thirty-seven-year-old woman play around with him? I really get off on it and look upon these affairs as only passing phases. The doctor's wife told me she would teach me how to fuck, and I'm looking forward to that. I really want to experience sexual intercourse with a woman since I want to know what I'm doing when I make it with a girl my own age. Xaviera, what do you think of my sex life?—Tom

Almost every young boy has either been touched by some guy his own age, or compared dicks, or partaken in a competition with

Photograph by James Moore

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

other guys to see who can ejaculate fastest or farthest. The majority of these boys grow up to be heterosexuals and would rather not be reminded of such incidents as they grow older. In your case the lack of fondling and clumsy sex with either boys or girls your age does not seem to be a loss. You seem to look upon your sex life without guilt, and that's always good. Make sure, however, that both the woman and the man realize that you don't plan to fall in love with either one of them.

As for the man's homosexuality and the woman's husband, you may find that continuing these relationships is a bit more than you can handle. It might not be a bad idea to find a girl friend your own age.

A HOT SLOT IN THE COT

My husband is a wonderful guy who always goes out of his way to please me sexually. You can imagine how badly I felt when I lost my job this year and couldn't afford to get him a nice birthday present. Instead, I got him a secondhand army cot with a hole in it! Let me explain.

I bought the cot in an army surplus store for four dollars. Using a pair of my husband's pants to measure for the right spot, I cut a hole in the canvas wide enough to accommodate my husband's erect penis. I stitched around this with heavy thread.

On the night of his birthday I set up the cot and stuck a big bow over the hole. His reaction was priceless; he didn't know what to do or say! I told him to trust me, and lie on his stomach with his penis through the hole. Then I put a pillow under his head and gave him a good rubdown. After a few minutes of analingus, I slipped a lubricated rubber dildo up his rectum and covered him with a satin comforter. Next I slid under the cot, propped my head on a pillow, and began sucking his very hard penis. He says it's the height of pleasure—lying comfortably on his stomach while I fellate him from below. I think he had a happy birthday. Wasn't that a unique gift?—Sara

A very ingenious idea. I am sure a lot of soldiers envy your husband for having such an inventive wife. More army cots should be so equipped. Then again, even if the army drilled a hole in each of its cots, you'd need a loving woman underneath each one to complete the whole job.

SECONDHAND RUBBERS

A year ago I went to a party that developed into a great orgy. Most of the girls were really responsive, but none of them was on birth-control pills. One fellow in the gathering had several prophylactics that we used. Unfortunately, he did not have enough to go around, so some of us either had to use "seconds" or try some other form of intercourse. For some reason I wanted to use a rubber, and before long there were a few used ones around. I washed two of them and started "going to town." I don't know why, but I had the biggest erection I'd ever had. I was puzzled, but didn't think about it much. I thought that because I was at an orgy I was just very turned on.

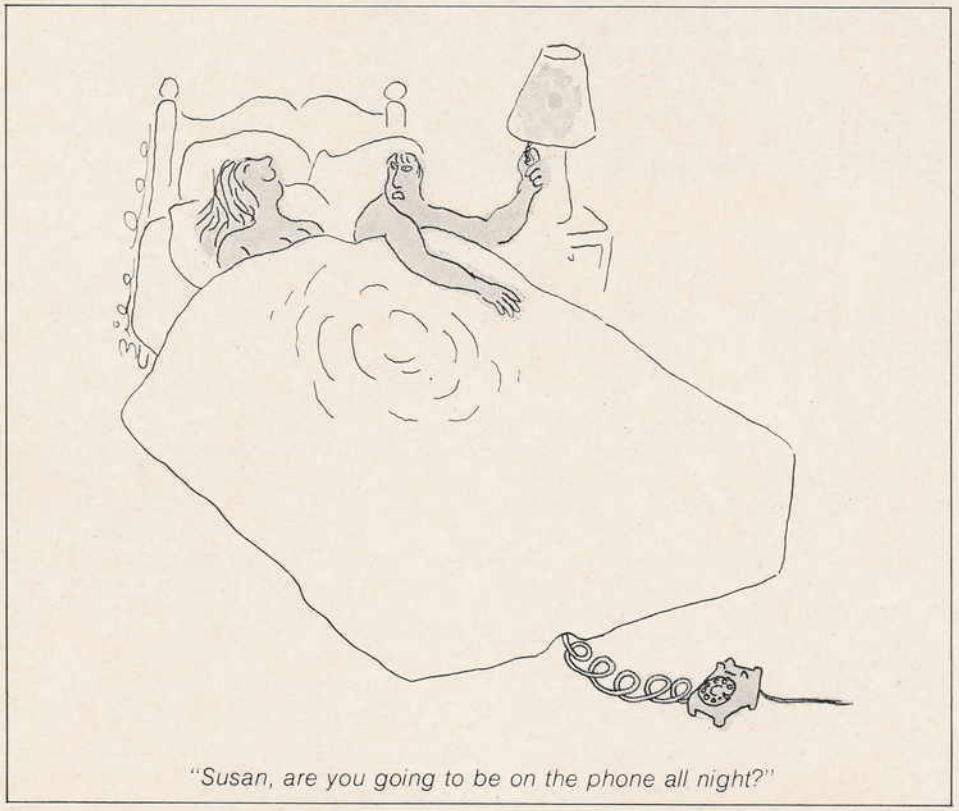
Recently, while walking down a dark road in my neighborhood, I saw two people in a parked car. I was within several feet of the car when they took off, and the driver threw something out of the window. It was a freshly used prophylactic. I picked it up and immediately got the world's biggest boner. Well, I saved the bag and brought it home. After washing it, I placed the rubber on my cock and jerked off. I could have come without touching my cock; just the thought of the used rubber got me off.

When my girl friend came by a few days later for intercourse, I put the twice-used rubber on my dick again. Well, it happened again. I couldn't believe it. I seemed to have the world's biggest hard-on. I don't really know why I get so turned on by this. Maybe it's the thought of using something that was inside a cunt or two that subconsciously gets ,to me. I really don't know. Please let me know what I should do. Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated.—Charles

I want to tell you an anecdote of what happened to me when I was a teenager in Holland. I used to go rowing with a bunch of girl friends, and one of them, Helga, was a beautiful girl. I had a crush on her, and so did another woman whom I could not stand. Anyway, one sunny day I went out in the water all alone in a rowboat. I was in a great mood. On my way back to the dock, I noticed a rubber floating in the water. Since I had just lost my virginity, I was not very experienced with rubbers. Somehow this used rubber turned me on so much that I decided to stop the boat and pick it up with my oar. When I finally got hold of the slippery rubber I felt a warm sensation go through my body. I got all excited and was feeling up the knotted rubber. There was still a load of sperm in the rubber from the previous user. I put it in my pocket and went back to the boathouse. In the boathouse I put the rubber inside the towel of the girl who was competing for Helga and waited to see her reaction. Believe me, it was quite a scene when she discovered the rubber. She yelled and screamed and threw "the thing" out in disgust. I later picked it up when nobody was looking. At home I masturbated while fondling the rubber. I think I came twice in half an hour.

You and I must have the same erotic fantasy. Just the thought of two other people making love and spurting their love juices into that bag is enough to stimulate anyone's imagination. Today I generally prefer not to use a rubber since there are so many other more effective methods of birth control. Lovemaking can be so much more relaxing and uninterrupted without the rubber. Prophylactics, however, are very good for preventing the spread of venereal diseases.

As sex tools, the rubber can add to the fun. They come in all different colors and with or without extra space at the tip. If you and your girl friend get off on rubbers —new and used—then be my guest.



"Susan, are you going to be on the phone all night?"

INVASION OF PRIVACY

I am a practicing attorney and would like to comment on the letters you have received from various voyeurs. Many of these people have wanted to install one-way mirrors or cameras in their homes to survey the sex scenes that occur in their guest rooms. I would advise these voyeurs to get permis-

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sion for this surveillance from their houseguests first, or they are leaving themselves wide open for a civil suit based on invasion of privacy.—C.T.

Good comment and thanks for the advice.

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

For the past year I've been seeing a beautiful young man. He has provided me with friendship, trust, love, and 80 percent of the time, fantastic sexual pleasure. The other 20 percent he experiences periods of impotence. We have pinpointed the probable cause—his worries about work and college. At times he becomes extremely down about tuition and other expenses. I am a bit confused about his impotence. He is a highly sexual person and is easily aroused, but during these periods of impotence, he becomes flaccid in about fifteen minutes. When that happens, I usually perform fellatio using different techniques, but nothing happens. What should I do when this occurs?

One additional question: Could his impotence stem from a previous confusion between loving someone and having sex with that same person? We had known each other for four and a half years before anything intimate started. During that period we were just close friends. Before me, he had never had a sexual relationship with anyone he really gave a damn about. All the women he considered his friends he never had sexually. Women he could pick up at a local night spot were his sexual partners. He has had a definite problem dealing with loving me—since I was once a friend—and having sex with me too. He saw a counselor about it and has told me that he has pretty much overcome this obstacle. He did tell me once, however, that he didn't want us to make love every time we see each other. I said, "Why hold back your feeling if it's just for the sake of holding it back?" We both really love each other and loving means giving to each other. It comes naturally. I think he just can't deal with loving me and having sex with me, too. Could this cause his impotence?

We are both twenty-three and love each other too much to let this problem jeopardize a beautiful love affair. Please help us out, Xaviera.—Maggie

Judging from your letter, there is probably some psychological hang-up concerning love, friendship, and sex involved with your relationship. I am almost sure that your lover had no trouble picking up girls and screwing them, since it was done for pure enjoyment without regard to "love."

I have found it difficult, in some cases, to sleep with a man whom I've known in a strictly platonic sense. Sometimes friendship has far more value than a sexual relationship. I often wonder what would happen if I were to sleep with one of my longtime friends. I think at the height of it all I would start laughing and ask, "What in the hell are we doing in bed? We are such good friends, what in the world is all this fooling around about?"

Since your lover is in shape 80 percent of the time, why hassle him over the other 20 percent? Show him your true friendship when he goes through his dry spells. Don't be selfish. After all, it's quite normal for men to go flaccid occasionally. Any man is entitled to some time off. Even though he may not always be able to get up, don't mistake his flaccid cock for a lack of love.

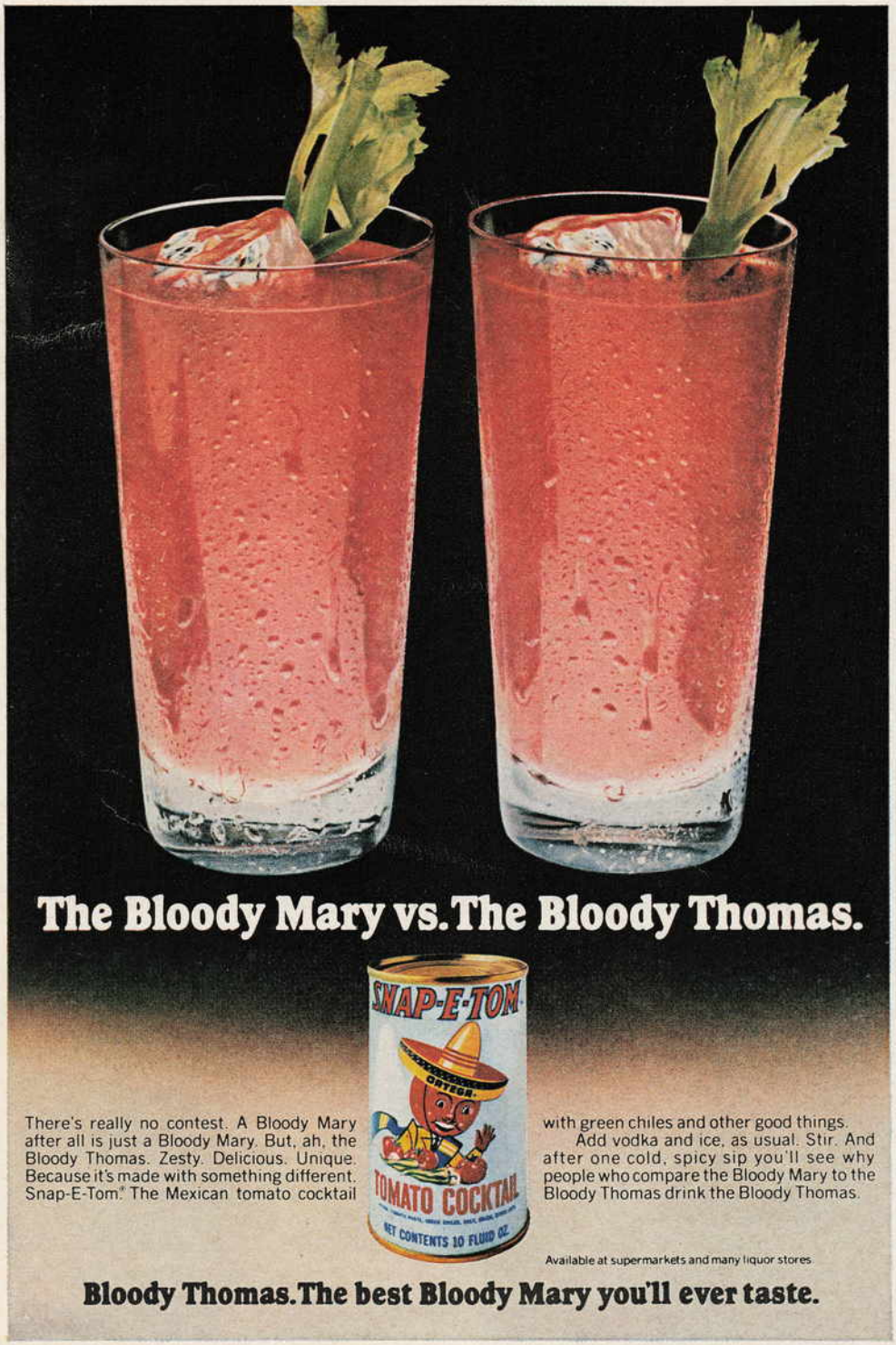
QUICK QUAD COME

Can you give me any advice on controlling multiple orgasms? There are really times when I would like to have only one release, but once I start I always come four or five times. It is very exhausting.—Overspent

I really don't feel very sorry for you and I doubt that any of my female readers do either. Your problem is really a nonproblem since most women would be purple with envy after reading your letter. There are thousands of women who have never experienced a good orgasm, and very few ever have multiple orgasms. If your sex life is so exhausting, just make sure you're well-rested before screwing. If it really is too much to handle, stop having sex for a few days so you can recuperate.

A SHOOTING PUSSY?

I recently read a book where I found refer-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PIONEER SX-1010
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PIONEER CT-5151
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ences to a female phenomenon that I am unacquainted with. I quote several passages: "A few blistering tongue strokes later, the juices started to shoot from my pussy." "My lover swallowed every droplet of the hot juices that had shot from my mound." " 'I'm gonna juice, now, Charles; go after every drop of the hot stuff. I'm shooting it into your mouth.' "

As you can see from every sentence quoted, Xaviera, there is a statement about women "shooting" juices from their love nests. This is something new to me. Have you ever heard of women who "shoot" from their cunts? I would appreciate your comments.—Dick

I am almost sure the book you read was filled with sexually titillating exploits that weren't medically valid. For your information women don't shoot their love juices out of their vaginas. If anything, they might experience some kind of gushing, but even that happens only sporadically.

Usually women just get very wet and juicy, but I assure you they don't shoot come like a man does. The material you quoted was written just to get you off. We women, however, can come many more times than a man. Our orgasms are muscle contractions rather than ejaculations.

A BELLY-BUTTON BRUNCH

I am a male in my early twenties and I've got a real fetish concerning my navel. I'm crazy about navels and particularly love my own. My greatest sexual pleasure comes when I'm being sucked off or jerked off and a girl is fondling my navel and I'm fondling hers. I get extremely satisfied when any girl participates in mutual navel-fondling. When I'm alone I fantasize about navels while I masturbate. I get an erection just thinking about them, and this leads to a few questions I must ask you.

What is a good technique for navel-fondling? Is it rare or common for someone to be as navel conscious as I am? I find my navel fetish a bit of an embarrassment because I feel insecure about asking a girl to fondle mine and I feel just as insecure about beginning to fondle hers. My favorite fantasy is of a girl on a beach, wearing a microbikini that exposes her gorgeous navel. I see her lying on her back, eyes shut, and as I silently approach her I reach to fondle her navel. She is taken by surprise and begins writhing with sexual pleasure. I guess in real life I would get my face slapped, or even worse. My last question: is there a conceivable way to use navel-fondling as a pickup technique?—G.S.

For many people, the navel is a very sensitive erogenous zone. Jewelers have even designed special jewelry to be worn in the navel. Navels can be licked, kissed, tickled with a feather or finger, sucked on, etc.

With regard to navel fondling as a pick-up technique, I wouldn't poke around. If anything, on the beach you may compliment a lady's navel. I don't think any wom-

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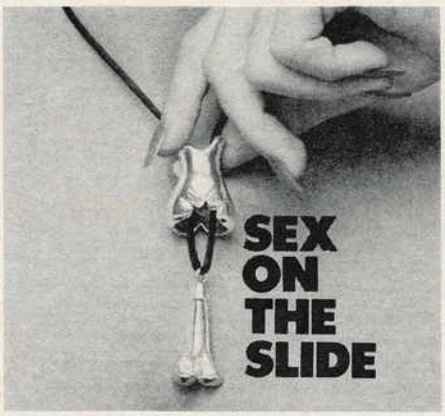

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an—once she allows you to go to bed with her—considers it kinky if you stroke or kiss her navel. You might even try rubbing your penis tip against her belly button. It's a great feeling and rather exciting as well.

TEENAGE LOVER

I'm a single woman in my twenties, and like to think of myself as being pretty sexually active and experienced. I occasionally see this teenage boy who works with me and we've had sex half a dozen times in the last six months. He was a virgin before I came on the scene. He's a good kid, a lot of fun, and very sexy. I believe he has great potential as a lover, and I'd really like to show him the ropes, but each time we are together he either ejaculates as soon as he is inside me, or worse, before we even get our clothes off. Usually he comes as soon as we kiss. He's always eager to see me, but everything is too quick. If we stay in bed ten minutes, it's unusual. He's always embarrassed when he ejaculates too fast, and frankly I feel as if I must be doing something wrong. What can I do to help show him the pleasures of real sex? How can I get him to "slow down"? How does one go about teaching a teenager how to handle himself?—Massachusetts

Young boys are quite often premature ejaculators because everything is so new and exciting to them. Also, many teenagers masturbate in a hurry for fear of being found out by any of their family members. So far the majority of parents still look upon masturbation as something sinful and dirty. I would highly recommend any parent to buy the book called *Show Me* with pictures of young kids and teenagers getting to know their bodies and those of their friends intimately. It is a great book and can be of help to parents who are too uptight to give their young preteens or teenagers sex education. Right now the book has been banned in several cities, because somehow this country is not quite ready for anything as explicit as sex education with photographs. So, to get back to your problem, this can be cured, but will take a while and definitely needs more frequent sexual episodes than just six times over the period of half a year. Maybe if you could spend a weekend with the boy or even have him stay with you for several days and nights. Once you have time for more than one session, you can start educating him. Don't hurry him, let him come once fast then give him a drink or so and maybe something to eat, and let him get his strength back. At his age, he most probably can come more than four times in an hour, anyway. Then, the second time around you apply the so-called squeeze technique which I described extensively in my latest book *Xaviera on the Best Part of a Man*, which should be in the bookstores. Success is guaranteed nine times out of ten, provided the boy has willpower and you have the knowledge of how to work on him physically. ○—□

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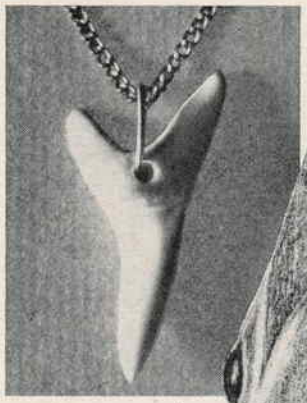

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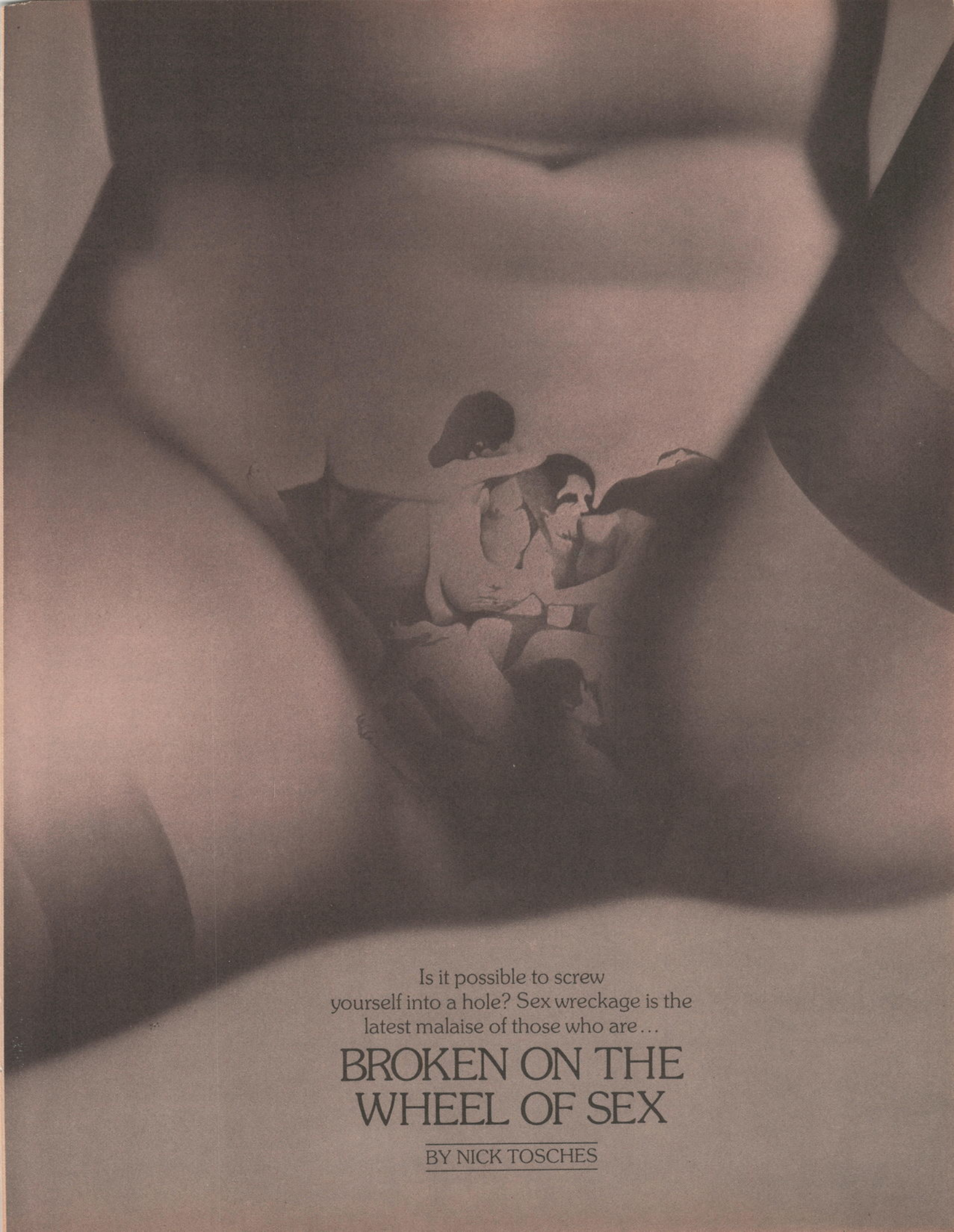


Is it possible to screw yourself into a hole? Sex wreckage is the latest malaise of those who are...

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL OF SEX

BY NICK TOSCHES

"I think of my cunt as a chapel," says Marie with a giddy wine-twinkle in her eyes.

"A chapel? Hell, I'd call it a cathedral!" Ralph smiles, kisses her forehead.

It's a slow night at the Four Farthings. Outside a warm Chicago rainstorm is pelting Lincoln Avenue, and when the jukebox hushes between plays you can actually hear the rain. It's that kind of slow night.

Marie and Ralph come here, have been coming here for quite some time, to connect with sex mates. There are other bars they frequent for the same purpose: Papa's III, the Oxford Pub, both also on Lincoln Avenue; Butch McGuire's, She-nannigans, the BBC, all on Division Street. While cock and cunt often seem to be more plentiful at the Division Street bars, Marie and Ralph don't really enjoy hobnobbing with the snappily dressed conspicuous-consumption types that hang out there.

In any case, tonight is a night that Marie and Ralph want to spend together, at the Four Farthings and nowhere else. Five years ago, while both were students at the University of Illinois, Marie and Ralph met here. Five years ago to the very night. In a way, this is an anniversary celebration.

"We fucked four times that night," Ralph says after extracting a swizzle stick from a fresh vodka and tonic. "Four times. And the next morning, Christ, I'll never forget it. Marie had a jar of Dexedrine in her cupboard, and we each gobbled three of them for breakfast. We started fucking during 'Captain Kangaroo,' and I think 'Concentration' was almost over by the time I came. One of those great, explosive, speed orgasms. Felt like my toenails had fallen off. My cock was sore for two days after."

"From one night of balling blooms a five-year relationship. Ah, sweet karma," Marie laughs.

"A lot has gone down in the last five years, though. Things were different when we were in college. People's heads seem to have changed. Love—physical love, spiritual love—was more of a vortex scene a few years back." Ralph fingers the lime scrap from his drink, sucks it, plops it in an ashtray on the bar.

"People seem to be regressing," says Marie. "We've talked about this a great deal, Ralph and I, about how the sex-is-dirty mentality seems to be making a comeback. Like we used to know this guy named Tommy. He went to school with us. We doped together, balled together. A really together guy. About a month ago we ran into him for the first time in three years, and we couldn't believe it. I mean, the guy's cracking nigger jokes, referring to women as broads and slits. It's like the lovingness had been drained out of him; he was a different person."

"She's right," Ralph says. "I know, life is change and all that, but it's sad the way things have evolved. God knows I've gone through some heavy changes myself in recent years. I started out in college wanting to be a lawyer, for Chrissake. I wanted to help a few people, do some good. So what happens? Wearing a lousy suit five days a week, sitting in a cubbyhole office on LaSalle Street bothering my head with investment risks, long-term trends, and price-yield-stability reports. What I've done is I've sold my ass to the state for a lousy thirteen thou a year. A securities analyst, a goddamn securities analyst. Right, life is change."

"Don't get melancholy, Ralphie." Marie is drunk now. She has one hand on my knee, the other on Ralph's. She asks the bartender for another white wine.

"It used to be so warm, so Tantric," says Ralph. "It was like Holy Communion, balling was. No petty games, no dirtiness. There *was* a goddamn sexual revolution. Maybe it's like the *Easy Rider* thing, 'We blew it,' I dunno."

"Ralphie is getting melancholy." Marie takes a sip of wine, plucks two quarters from the change on the bar, and goes to play the jukebox.

They bring to mind World War II veterans, or washed-up heavyweights. They are a new type of human flotsam, though. They don't sit in seedy bars drooling private non sequiturs into their shots of Seagrams. They cope. But they will not let go of the glorious past. There is a frowzy scent of patchouli whenever they open their souls; each word from their mouths seems to summon puffs of stale rose incense from the floorboards of memory. Like Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, like a millinery magnate wiped out in the economic crunch, Marie and Ralph are cultural wreckage. More precisely, sexual wreckage. For them the sexual revolution has become a grind. Batons of meat, vulva; but nowhere the cosmic flash of days past. They do without that cosmic flash, as the wiped-out milliner does without his foie gras and his eighteen-dollar neckties. Fucked out in America. Where once floated calmly the lotus of Tantra, a used prophylactic drifts.

Marie and Ralph live in a pleasant apartment on Sandburg Terrace. Three rooms. In the center of the largest room is a walnut-framed king-size water bed. On it, Marie and Ralph are fucking. They have asked me to watch them fuck. Actually, they have asked me to direct them. Fittingly, I am sitting across the room in a director's chair. I have a hard-on and a glass of Irish whiskey.

"Suck his cock," I say. I am the Lee Strasberg of fuck; I want a black beret and a megaphone.

Obediently, Ralph de-dicks from Marie and rolls over on his back. Marie sweeps her hair behind her ears and kisses the head of Ralph's pink thing. She licks it, from the balls on up to the glans; she licks it again, and blows softly on the wet tongue tracks. His cock disappears into her mouth. She doesn't move her head, just holds the dick still in the wet softness. She

"It used to be so warm, so Tantric," says Ralph. "It was like Holy Communion, balling was. No petty games, no dirtiness. There was a goddamn sexual revolution."

looks like she has two dollars' worth of Bazooka bubble gum. Slowly, she begins to move her head up and down. Very slowly. Then faster, as Ralph's moans get louder. Faster still, her tongue churning about visibly inside her cheeks like a Waring blender switched to liquefy. He's about ready to shoot off in Marie's mouth. Not yet he's not.

"Stop sucking. Ralph, eat her cunt. Wait. First fuck her with your finger."

Marie's snatch is already sopping wet. Ralph sticks his middle finger in, out, in, out, making a deep thlupping sound. He begins massaging her clit with his thumb. The harder he rubs, the more strenuously Marie jerks her head around.

"Okay, eat."

Down between her thighs, Ralph's head vibrates like a turboprop as he laps the woman's salt-source. Her fists clench, making tight little concentric circles in the air. Her mouth opens, stays that way, as Ralph tongues her pussy. She shoots her legs out straight, clamping Ralph's head tight between her pale thighs. She yelps, "Don't stop! Don't stop! Don't stop!" She's on the verge of coming.

"Time to stick it in again," I announce.

They both moan, a thread away from orgasm. He mounts her, slips it in slowly, silently, like a well-greased piston. In an instant, he is pumping wildly, and Marie's pelvis is rocking in febrile response. The surface of the water bed is turbulent. They are fast together, like a great wet knot of flesh, moaning soprano sex sounds.

"Quick, come in her face." Those porn flicks must've gotten to me.

He jerks himself out of her steaming cunt, straddles her neck, and whips his cock at her mouth. She opens wide, tongue hanging out like a dog in August, panting. He tosses his head back, jerking maniacally at his now red cock. It's out, a flash flood of hot white come, half into her mouth, half onto her sweat-streaked face. Silence. She has not come.

"Make yourself come, Marie."

On her back, she starts toying with herself as she feels up Ralph's ass. Faster, two fingers against the clit, her hips shaking like an alcoholic's hands. Moan city. Culmination, as her tongue tastes the come around her mouth.

"This is a wild building," Ralph says, divvying a small mound of coke with a single-edged razor blade. "There's this woman lives down on the second floor. Never saw her with a man. Never. Or with another woman, for that matter. She's a nurse or something, I think. Got this big dog, an Afghan. Marie and I always wondered about her, y'know? No men in her life, no women. So one day last winter I'm standing outside the building waiting for a lift downtown. Out the door comes the woman and her Afghan. Whoop, she slips on the ice, falls on her ass with her dress up around her waist and her legs open. The goddamn Afghan sees this and, lickety-split, he's lapping away at her crotch. Just like Pavlov's dogs with that dinner bell. That woman was so embarrassed she must have stayed in her apartment for a month, afraid she might run into me in the elevator or something."

"Awful pun, Ralphie." Marie finishes her dish of homemade couscous and takes a snort of coke.

"What pun? Whadaya mean, pun?"

"Oh, come on. 'Lickety-split,' that's what pun."

"Huh, didn't even realize."

The door buzzer.

"That must be Fergie now," Marie says, getting up.

It is Fergie, and he has come to fuck and suck. He, however, does not want me watching, let alone directing. Marie and Ralph explain things to him. You are being petty, Fergie; you are playing games. Marie slowly drops out of the argument. I feel my zipper being opened, a hand down there. Marie touches my cock, takes it out of my fly. She kneels down, envelops my flaccid inches with her hot mouth. In a second it's hard and Marie is sucking fast. I am being looked at, or rather we are being looked at, by Ralph and Fergie. I fill her mouth with my come. She swallows it, looks up to me demurely. She hugs me around my thighs and smiles.

Marie has a cock up her ass. Fergie's cock. Ralph's got his cock up front. As they fuck, Marie kisses Ralph's forehead a lot. Marie is rubbing Ralph's balls, too. Fergie raises his body, his cock tense in Marie's ass, and Marie pulls at the base of Ralph's cock with precise wrist action. Soon they all come, Fergie and Marie and Ralph, and then they lie down together to rest.

"After you left the other night, Fergie made a scene," says Marie switching on the pilot light under a kettle of water. She yawns, scratches her cunt. "He's a flakey guy. Got some kind of persecution complex. He thought we were using him to entertain us, or something like that. Got very bitchy, said his sexual life wasn't a circus show. Then he started getting into a lot of other heavy shit. Said he felt like a piece of sexual hardware, that Ralph and I use him for our gratification. Said we treated him like a vibrator. He's been with us for about three months; we felt really tight for awhile. Then he started up with those games of his."

Sassafras tea and muffins. Marie's second breakfast of the day. Ralph left for work, as usual, at 8:45. Since Marie lost her job as a remedial reading teacher six months ago, she's gotten into the habit of hanging around the apartment until long past noon.

"We like to always have a steady third partner. Lately, though, we always seem to have these horrible flare-ups before things are really underway. Before Ralph left this morning, he asked me to call up a woman we used to know. Jeannie, her name is. She's about twenty-three, I think. A year

"Like Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, like a millinery magnate wiped out in the economic crunch, Marie and Ralph are cultural wreckage. More precisely, sexual wreckage."

older than me. We had a scene going last year for awhile, Jeannie and us. She's a really together lady. Gave good head, too. Want some more tea? Let me turn on the radio." She has a cotton nightie on, nothing underneath. If I say something cosmic, I may be able to swing another blow-job. "No more tea? You sure? Okay, let me make that call." I try to think cosmic; it's been a long time.

"Jeannie's on for tonight. I told her we had a Director of Tantric Affairs with us last night, meaning you, and she got a kick out of it. Wanna watch some television?"

"Maybe we could do something a little more galvanic?"

"Meaning?"

"Meaning my cock is hard."

We are on the water bed and I am being tongue-bathed. She starts sucking my cock and I tweak her firm jujube of a clit. She stops, asks me to suck her tits. She rolls over on her back, and I slurp each nipple till it's hard as a cherry pit; then I take both tits and squeeze them together like two mushy grapefruits, darting my tongue back and forth from one nipple to the other. She turns over, props herself up on her hands and knees. I kneel behind her, jimmy my cock into her vagina, and start pumping. I came first, then licked her pussy unto satiety.

"I feel absolutely . . . rived," she sighed. I turned over and, from somewhere, had come a joint; she had it in her mouth and was lighting it with a bright red Cricket lighter. She sucked at it, passed it to me.

"Christ, Ralph'll be home soon. I'd better shower and throw some food together," she said.

Ralph arrives home from the office at six o'clock, looking for all the world just like any other working stiff who's had a hard day at the office. He's wearing a green three-piece corduroy suit. He takes off his jacket, vest, and tie; unbuttons his shirt and plops down into the director's chair. Marie is in the kitchen making tacos.

"I could use a beer and a little Jamaican," he says to no one in particular. Then, to me: "Don't ever become a securities analyst." It's very obvious now that Ralph has no personality; it's disorienting. He is a MAKE LOVE NOT WAR sticker peeling and faded on the rear bumper of a busted 1967 Dodge Dart in some Midwestern junkyard. He takes off his Earth shoes, and rubs the back of his neck.

"I could use a massage." He looks tired, grim. At the age of twenty-two, he could pass for a Samuel Beckett character in the shape he's in right now. But soon, soon the reveille of Tantra will stir him, and his cock will rise to salute the tattered flag of the sexual revolution.

After tacos and beer, Jeannie shows up. She is beautiful, and a bore. No matter what anyone says, Jeannie manages to tie it in with her recent trip to Yucatán. Aside from Yucatán, the only other thing Jeannie talks about is the fact that she once fucked Eldridge Cleaver when she was in Algiers. She nursed a glass of Mateus for an hour.

Around midnight, Ralph asked Jeannie if she was going to spend the night.

"That's the best offer I heard all day," she smiled, and I more than slightly expected her to add that, as far as offers went, none could compare with those made by the natives of Yucatán. I was getting grouchy. I thought of Jack Nicholson in *Carnal Knowledge*.

"It's riving time again . . .," I sang to the tune of Buck Owens's "Cryin' Time" while looking at Marie. No one laughed, so I shut up. I was fast becoming persona non grata in the temple of sex.

We nudized and hit the sack, the four of us. I had planned on asking Marie to put on a garterbelt and dark stockings (I knew she had them; I had seen them hanging behind the bathroom door), but now I dared not press my luck.

Ralph and I hunkered over Jeannie, each sucking on one of her tits, while Marie rubbed our balls. Marie sat on Jeannie's face and Ralph moved so that he could stick his bad thing into Jeannie's cunt. Marie moved off Jeannie and squatted down upon my hard cock as I reached up and began rubbing her tits. As she pumped, slowly at first and then faster, she had her hand out and was pawing Jeannie's cunt and Ralph's cock as it stroked in and out of it. This time, Marie came before I did, and she took my cock in her mouth and gave it its due. Jeannie and Ralph were still going at it, and we watched. After a minute or so, tumescence overtook me again, and I whacked off on Jeannie's tits while Marie tongued my back. Ralph finally came and then Jeannie, with the help of Ralph's tongue and Marie's thumb. When she came, Jeannie made strange forest noises, sort of like a deer or something.

A joint was lit, passed around. Sleep.

At ten o'clock the next morning, both Ralph and Jeannie had left for work. Marie was in the kitchen making oven noises.

"I have to get my ass out of here soon," she said. "And you'd better get a move on too. Ralph's taking the afternoon off, and he's bringing someone over. Wants to be alone. Says she's very special and he wants to get into her head." Something clanks to the floor. A baking pan.

"Drawing unemployment's nice, but I wish I could find another job. When Ralph and I both worked, it was easier. He wanted to bring somebody over here in the afternoon, it was no problem. I'd be at work. Now if he wants to be alone with somebody here, I have to go to the movies, hang out at the museum all afternoon, sit in the Four Farthings or something. And then tonight I've got sensitivity group. Really I wish I could just scarf a couple of Amytals and sack out for about six hours." She is Alice on *The Honeymooners*.

Marie and Ralph are at the bar of the Four Farthings again, two weeks after their anniversary celebration. Ralph has the clap, or so he thinks. Tomorrow he'll go and have a blood test taken during his lunch hour. Marie is slightly pissed off, but denies it. They are both woozy and sleepy looking, deciding whether or not to call it a night.

"I suppose you want to meet some people and spread the clap around a bit, hey Ralphie?"

"You're angry. Why won't you admit it?"

"Oh, come off it. I'm tired, I want to get some sleep."

"Admit you're angry."

"OK, I'm angry. There, you happy? Now can we go get some sleep, please?"

"You won't give me the satisfaction, will you?"

"What satisfaction?"

"The satisfaction of hearing you admit you're wrong."

"I'm wrong? *I'm* wrong?" She is almost hissing through her teeth.

"Ah, forget about it. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

Marie stares past him, tapping her fingers on the bar in cadences of wrath.

Ralph seems closer to that World War II veteran now, closer to that washed-up heavyweight.

"Oh, come on," he says to Marie. "Let's not have a rift. Let's stop all this pettiness. Come on. Look, I asked you to leave the apartment for an afternoon, right? You went out, got caught in the rain, wound up with a cold. While I was at home getting the clap. And you're angry. Okay, you have reason to be angry. Who knows? What's the incubation period on the clap? Maybe I gave it to you, too. I feel bad if I did, but it's not the first time, right? So let's just calm down, OK?"

"Yeah, sure. Okay." She is not calmed down, but she has stopped fingertapping. "And listen, next Tuesday night I want the apartment to myself. I want to get together with Bobby from my group."

Ralph shakes his head slowly, like a drunken vet, like a washed-up heavyweight. "Yeah, sure. Next Tuesday night. What if it turns out you have the clap too?"

Marie doesn't answer, and Ralph shakes his head again. He orders another round, and tries to change the subject:

"Jeannie called me at work today. Said she had a really great time last week, wants to do it again soon. Hell, she's a real sweetheart, isn't she? Said we should come over her place, she'll cook up something really terrific for us. Said she stumbled over some great recipes down in Yucatán. I told her maybe in a couple of weeks or so."

"I guess my food isn't terrific enough for you anymore, huh Ralphie?"

"Oh, Jesus Christ, will you come off it? You're starting to sound like some kind of suburban battle-ax."

"A battle-ax, huh Ralphie? A battle-ax. That's real nice, Ralphie. Real nice."

"I didn't mean to say that. Come on, love, let's go home and get some sleep, OK?"

"Nice, Ralphie. Real nice." O+

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE ♥ COUPLE

Ian K., 23, 5′11″, 162 lbs. Brown hair and blue eyes. Ian is an English exchange student in theater at a prominent midwestern university.
Sara V., 19, 5′5½″, 115 lbs. Blond hair and blue eyes. Sara is a theater major in the same university.

IAN'S STORY:

It's my feeling that probably the whole thing was a mistake from the beginning. I don't condemn Sara for the way she chooses to conduct her life. But it's not the way *my* woman is going to conduct her life. It's not that I don't love Sara; I wouldn't be here if I didn't, would I?

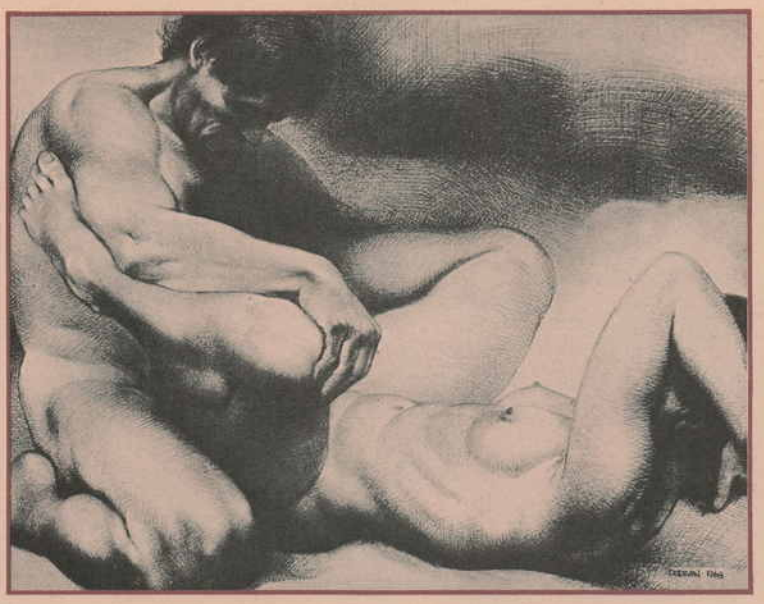
I've moved out of our flat, and I was sure it was over. Yet there's no question that we have this tremendous, basic rapport and attraction for each other. Frankly, I find her the most exciting woman I've ever met. As a last resort, I thought an interview with a third party might give us some insight—either how to make a go of it, or at least accept a separation that's making us both miserable.

I've been in this country less than a year, and though I'm enthusiastic about the way of life here, I can't get used to the freewheeling attitude of American girls—at least, the ones that I seem to come in contact with. Take Sara, for instance. It doesn't bother me that she's had affairs with other men, since I'm by no means a virgin myself. It's just that it's gone way beyond that.

I grew up in Manchester, which is pretty provincial compared to a city like Chicago, but a fairly urban area for England. Almost everyone with ambition talks about moving out of the old country, so when I was offered an exchange scholarship I leapt at the chance—and here I am. The school here is run rather differently, and I enjoyed the novelty and challenge of a brand-new system. I was also aware that my being English held a certain fascination for some of the girls—and some of the men as well. I've never been an overly social sort, but people seemed very anxious to know me.

The day I arrived I was quite unsure of myself. Well, I

hadn't even found my dorm room (in fact, I was carrying my bags across campus), when a petite blond coed named Marie rode up on a bicycle and introduced herself. She'd apparently heard of me, heard I was coming, anyway. Well, she took me in hand, and I mean that in every sense of the word. She found my room for me, helped unpack my bags, then popped into the bathroom and started running the shower.



I asked what she thought she was doing, and she said, "Oh, I thought you could do with a nice shower," and so help me God, she started undressing me and herself at the same time. She practically pushed me into the shower and started soaping my cock—which responded as you might expect. Then she rinsed it, and it seemed totally natural that she put it into her mouth. The water rolled over my face and belly, and I lay back against the shower walls enjoying the sensation of her tongue on my penis. As I felt a climax start to rise, the first dribble of sperm seeping from me, I tapped her head to let her know and tried to withdraw. To my amazement she shook her head angrily and refused to yield, and my cock spewed my seed in her mouth—a sensation she seemed to relish. I was rather taken aback, and very pleasantly surprised.

I had, of course, experienced this before, but always at a price. I'd never met a girl before who would allow it, much less enjoy it, and the whole idea excited me beyond belief. I gathered her up soaking wet, tossed her onto my bed, and we made love for the next two hours. When we'd finished I suggested we go for a bite to eat, and she told me she had to get back to her husband!

I was flabbergasted. Not only was she married, but her husband was the director of the drama department. He would be my immediate supervisor, whom I would study under four days a week. She said it wouldn't be possible for us to meet in the dormitory once classes began. She assured me that her husband was not jealous, but that gossip could make things unpleasant. We made a date to meet outside the lavatory of the library during lunch on the first day of class. It was a date that I was very wary about keeping.

However, I managed to keep our little appointment, and I was in no way disappointed. The lavatory was one of those cubicle affairs, and Marie had thought to wear a heavy coat which served as a mattress. She insisted that we perform rear-entry to remove the strain from her back.

All this in my first week gave me the idea that America was the capital of sexual fulfillment. I found girls very easy to talk to, and in many cases *they* took the initiative in starting a conversation. Most were quite willing to drop 'round the room "to hear a new record," or whatever. Not all of these meetings were sexually consummated, but were enough to give me a good idea of the odds.

Such was my introduction to American girls before I met Sara. I suppose I could sum up my attitude toward most of them by saying they were nice to get it off with, but not for any long-term affair—much less marriage.

Now, Sara. She was the feminine *star* of the drama department, one of your Southern belles. I was very aware of her from the first because she's so extremely attractive. I mean a *real* Marilyn Monroe type with a voice like Vivien Leigh. Now, in the various classes we had together I'd try to get close to her, but she acted as though I were syphilitic; she was actually rude in some cases. Someone told me she was having it off with Marie's husband, of all people, so I asked Marie about it one Sunday when she had the house to herself and we were alone in bed. Apparently she knew all about it and was even good friends with Sara. She offered to set up a sort of *ménage à quatre* as a means of breaking the ice. You can be sure I put my foot down on that one bloody quickly. I don't mind fooling around now and then, but I just don't go in for group sex. I'll stay in my bedroom, and the next man can stay in his. In any event, from what I'd seen of Sara I was sure she wasn't the sort to go for anything of that nature.

Early in October the drama department happened to hold an open reading for the Christmas production of *Romeo and Juliet*. I had played Romeo in a church production in Manchester two years before and was looking forward to the part of Mercutio, but type will out and I was cast as Romeo once more. This was not the tragedy that I expected, for I found myself cast opposite Sara as Juliet. When one stopped to think of it, this was no surprise. There was not another girl in the class who even approached her in beauty or talent.

To my surprise, as we worked I found her considerably warmer than I had originally thought possible. Many actresses shine in class, but playing opposite them is sheer torment. Ego is an actor's blessing and his curse; there's nothing worse than working with someone who continually upstages you. Well, it was nothing like that with Sara. I swear she's the finest actress I've ever worked with. We complement each other to a T.

One evening the director, Marie's husband, criticized our work as being too cerebral. He said the passion failed to come across. He wanted to know that we were aching for each other's hungry bodies. That kind of thing.

It occurred to me that perhaps I was too reserved with Juliet because I was very unsure of my stand with Sara. I walked home with her after rehearsal to talk about this difficulty.

When we got to her home she invited me up to go over the problem scenes. Here I might add that we started at the balcony sequence where I kiss her in the moonlight.

We turned down the lamp to create the atmosphere. She was wearing white trousers and a candy-striped blouse, and I was struck with how lovely she was. I stepped close to her and gathered her to me, brushing the soft blond hair from her face. From that point on, the original script changed radically. Her mouth was open in expectation of me, her tongue searched out mine, and her fingers tangled my hair, drawing me to her with a kind of passion I had never previously experienced. My mouth caressed her ear, her throat, and the cleft between her breasts. Her blouse unbuttoned effortlessly. I was soon nursing at the pink little buttons that blossomed at the ends of those marvelous tits.

I searched for the gentle folds of her pussy, and I was delighted to find that she had already loosened her pants and was standing naked except for a pair of sheer string bikini panties. I pushed her back on the bed and kissed the feathery line of hair that runs from her navel to that blond, bushy tangle. I could smell her coming. She groaned with passion and lifted her rear off the bed, pulling at the elastic waistband of her panties. As I entered her I had the sensation of being enveloped in a

soft, warm fur. Her cunt was so wet that entering her was as smooth as running a blade through soft butter. It was as though I was afraid to withdraw from her, afraid of losing the comfort of her body. Neither of us slept that night.

You can imagine that this turn of events enhanced our performance in no small way. I thought I detected the ghost of annoyance in our esteemed director, but he is, I feel, one of those "modern" Americans who finds common jealousy a fault. He refused to allow my relationship with Sara to alter his opinion of me. I can assure you that I did not fall into the same trap. As Sara and I became emotionally involved I made it quite clear that I should accept nothing short of fidelity. She seemed to agree.

I returned to England for a week during the holidays, and when I got back to school I moved out of the dormitory and into Sara's flat. We had received marvelous notices for our *Romeo and Juliet* and were already preparing for a production of *Look Back in Anger*. Then one afternoon I ran into a girl I'd had a brief relationship with shortly after my arrival. In speaking she mentioned briefly that there had been some sort of unusual affair at one of the fraternity houses the night before. I knew nothing, and for that matter cared nothing about it. On very slight encouragement she let it drop that Sara had been at this "party" in the company of another chap. I'm sure she knew quite well that I was completely in the dark.

I was, shall we say, a bit put out, and I dropped around to see this fellow. That was perhaps the most unpleasant experience I've ever had. He became abusive immediately. He called me names and started on the most ignorant kind of remarks to me, all of which I thought were jealous ravings. Then he started on Sara.

He told me a few things that should have been clear to me from the first. Do you know that she had been to bed with every male member of the theater faculty? Apparently she is totally indiscriminate as to who she sleeps with. Of course I wouldn't believe him at first; then he showed me the most incredible pictures which included Sara in all manner of positions with two men I wouldn't know from Adam. I can't begin to describe the sickness that overcame me. I don't mind telling you that I had fallen deeply in love with this girl. I was to return to England for my final year, and we had planned to marry and go together.

I could perhaps have rationalized the party and even this bit with the faculty staff, but those pictures. . . . That she could pose for such things makes her seem to me an entirely different girl.

I left a cursory note and moved out my things. I wish I could say that I'm happy it's over, but I can't. I'm miserable. At the same time, I just have no idea what it would take to make it a worthwhile relationship again.

SARA'S STORY:

I never thought I'd feel like this. Imagine me wanting one man badly enough to forget about pride and all the things I've always thought mattered. Most people who meet him think he's a beautiful asshole. He's such a snob, so stuffy. I've never heard him swear. I've lived with Ian for a couple of months now and I've never heard him say so much as "shit." But I like that, and he's such a refined lover. As in acting, there's just nothing that can replace technique.

When he first came here, every girl on the campus was after his ass; I guess a lot of them got it, too. I knew though that I would get him in the end. I played it very cool. I never thought I'd want a guy so badly that I'd bend to everything he said, even the stupid things. If he'd take me back now I wouldn't fuck for anyone else ever again.

Ian didn't even tell me what was wrong. He left me this horrible note that said I was a "guttersnipe." I didn't even know what I'd done. He told Marie (he tells her everything) what was the matter and that was how I found out what was going on. I cried for three days. I haven't slept with anyone since he left and I'm horny as a cat.

Let me tell you how those pictures happened. I grew up in North Carolina. My family isn't Southern; in fact, my father's from Chicago and I was born in Madison, Wisconsin, but he got a professorship down there so that's where we lived. I was never really accepted by the elite families. You can imagine how difficult it is to be seven years old and not be invited to your best friend's birthday party. Well, that's what happened to me. It had to do with racial bullshit and religion. Anyway, you get hurt just so much and then it stops hurting. I developed an exterior of concrete, I can tell you. Then, as I got into high school, it all started changing. I was a lot more talented than prissy Miss Sartoris. When I was fourteen I won a $2500 scholarship for my role of Salome in the play by Wilde. It was a nationwide competition and I took first prize. Suddenly people were a lot more attentive. When I graduated three years later it was still the highest scholarship in my class.

So, as I got to be known as an actress, I sort of got into playing that role. I acted crazy; I got to be an incredible flirt, a real cock tease. As a kid, too, I was kind of ugly. My mother practically shaved my hair so she wouldn't have to brush it, and I had to wear glasses all the time. When I was sixteen the doctor said my eyes had corrected themselves and I wouldn't have to wear them anymore. As I grew older I got—well, some people have described me as beautiful, and a number of guys seemed to share that opinion. I couldn't have just one guy; I had to have every guy. I accepted seven invitations to my junior prom and asked my brother to tell each one as he came to the door that I was sick. Instead, my brother (I love him dearly) invited each one in and made them a drink while they waited. There were seven guys in the parlor when my dad came home.

I lost my virginity at seventeen to this Irish kid in the drama club. It was very weird, and it's sort of the beginning of this whole hassle now. There's a whole group of hens down there who don't think about the guy they're going out with, but only what kind of car he drives. They sit in the girls' room at lunch and talk about how they've got a date with a "hemmie," which is some kind of fancy car, for all I know. I always avoided those girls and also the kind of guy who spends half his life under the greasy ass of a car. There was one girl who really got my goat for reasons that are too many and too stupid to go into. She was dating this kid in drama workshop who was also a big wheel mechanic. He had one of these souped-up cars and I flirted with him maybe a little vindictively because of the girl, and one Friday he asked me out.

His car had a rumble seat that he had fixed so it was an extension of the backseat, sort of a bed. We drove out to the country club which is *the* spot to go necking on Friday night, and we wound up in

the back doing a really hot make. I had let boys feel me, oh, a lot. If I went out with someone, I would usually let him feel my tits, and if he got me real hot kissing me I would let him finger my cunt. Once before this a guy I'd gone out with very often read me this book about a man licking a woman's vagina and I let him do that to me, but at the time it made me feel kind of funny so I made him stop. That was as far as I'd ever gone until now.

When I came to school my whole situation changed. No parents, no special time to be in. I went wild for the first semester and got into some very strange scenes. Joel was in my philosophy class. He'd been into group sex and he got me into it for a while. It started kind of slowly over at someone's house with another couple. We'd get naked and watch each other fuck, stuff like that. Then, Halloween night, five of us did some coke, and Nicky, who is a photographer, set up his camera with the automatic shutter. There were two other girls and me and Joel and Nicky and we all took them both on. It was fun. I wasn't going to have them published or anything. Joel even told me he'd get rid of them when we broke up, but he didn't.

I broke up with him when I got involved with Michael, our director. Contrary to popular rumor he is the *only* faculty person I've had anything with. Marie and I got to be friends (she's twenty-six), and we always wanted to get Michael into a threesome, but I guess both our lives are destined to be surrounded by rigid men. I was sort of surprised, too, because I'd always thought Michael was a little gay—well, not gay, but sort of AC/DC. I didn't think he'd balk at fucking with two women!

Anyway, I guess Joel was sort of thinking in terms of getting back with me when my affair with Michael ran out. He was crazy from the beginning because after we were together a few times he started trying to tie me up and things like that; I'm just not getting into that, so there was no possibility of my being with him on any sort of regular level. It was fun to be with him sometimes, though, sort of an extreme change from Ian, so I went with him to that stupid party, and I fucked with him and a couple of other guys; I'm not saying I didn't. It was the social thing to do in the situation. I didn't think Ian would find out.

You know, they always go through that shit about how you don't have to put out to be popular? Well, you do. I mean, being pretty and clever and stuff is all very nice, but it doesn't relieve a hard-on, does it? Ian has to realize that things are a lot different *now*, in this country, from when his mother was a girl in England. He wouldn't spend ten minutes with a girl who wouldn't fuck with him, so what does he expect? I can dig that he wants a—what do you call it?—faithful relationship. I don't really care about that, but I'll go along with it as long as he likes. He's a very sensuous man and I bet in time he'll want to get it on with other chicks. I'll understand and we can work something out. That could be very important when the time comes. If he finds the kind of straight chick he's looking for, he'd better be prepared to give as good as he gets.

As far as going to England is concerned, I'll go or I won't, whatever he wants. Some things he says make me think he's afraid I'm only with him so that he'll take me to Europe, which is stupid; he's so paranoid about things. My parents have bread; I've been to Europe before. I genuinely love him. I can't help it if I'm a little kinky. You know, he's a little kinky himself.

He's made me do some really demeaning things at times and I've done them because I love him, not because I'm a slut. Did I tell you about the time it was raining and he had me suck him off on the steps of the astronomy building? He knows I don't like to suck cock that much. It's not that I don't like the taste, but the first time I did it this guy sort of forced me to. It wasn't really rape but it was kind of scary. Anyway, we were coming home from rehearsal and it was pouring so we stopped under the arch of the stairs. We kissed and watched it rain; it was very nice. Then he told me how hard his cock was in his pants and had me touch it. He asked me when the last time I gave a guy a blow-job was. Answering questions like that always makes me feel funny. I was brought up a Catholic, and I get this feeling of being at confession. I feel very guilty but excited, and I always tell the truth no matter how bad it is. Well, the truth was that the week before we started living together, just before he came back from England, I'd sucked this guy off in the Bivouac (that's the college bar). He'd seen us in *Romeo and Juliet* and at first I let him know I was tight with Romeo, but then he bought me a few drinks and got very aggressive, so I thought, "What the hell." I told you, I don't like to do it because of the first time, but I forgot to say it's sort of a switchy thing. When someone takes me by the hair and makes me go down on him it's scary, but I always come without being touched; isn't that odd? Well, that's what this guy did, and I told Ian while we were standing out of the rain. He got all huffy. So I did it for him in plain view of anyone passing, but who would be out in the rain, right? My voice teacher herself walked right past—saw everything. Fortunately, she's a young chick and was very cool. She winked at me in class the next day to let me know she could dig where I was at. Boy, if it had been Michael I'd have never heard the end of it. Ian thought it was very funny.

So he's not as straight as he puts on. I just wish he could see that and maybe he'd realize that I'm a pretty good woman, all things considered. I've never gone to such lengths for a guy before, being interviewed by a sexologist and all this. I could be with anyone I want, but all I want is him. He's not just a really good fuck, but a warm, clever person when you get to know him; he really is. Just tell him to talk with me again. If I could just see him I know we could work it out.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM'S COMMENTS:

I think that when Ian wants to know "either how to make a go of it, or at least accept a separation that's making us both miserable," he is making a realistic appraisal of what's before him. He may well have his choice as to whether to look at this love affair and breakup as a growth experience, or else to stay with Sara. At the least, two young people have had the opportunity to grow up—although they both have a long way to go before either is ready for marriage. Several of Ian's personality traits, if not worked on now, are going to create difficulties in a later relationship—whether with Sara or another woman. If he's willing to take a serious look at his hypocrisy, possessiveness, and lack of communication skills, he'll have a much better chance for success in the future.

Ian might well take a look at his hypocrisy. When he condescendingly says, "I can't get used to the freewheeling attitude of American girls," it appears he has no intention of changing his own attitude *toward* those girls. One tends to doubt that his moralizing attitude would be maintained if those young ladies stopped giving him the "freewheeling" lovemaking to which he has so readily adapted.

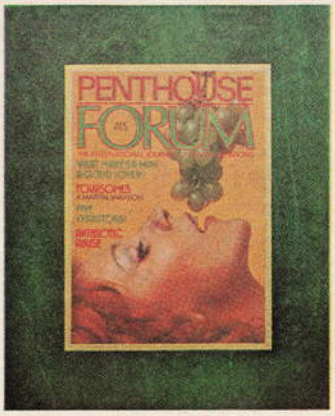
While some possessiveness is normal in any love relationship, Ian obviously carried it to foolish, childish extremes in his feelings toward Michael, Sara's former lover. If Michael had participated in the holiday gangbang, Ian might have some reason, but to feel hostile toward anyone because of something that happened prior to a relationship is only self-defeating.

Ian owed Sara far more than a cursory note and insults when he left her. It shows a selfishness and inability to communicate that needs to be drastically changed. If Ian had been more explicit and less interested in hurting Sara, he would have expressed his displeasure over the pictures and found out long before this interview that they had been taken prior to his dating her.

It should be remarked that Ian's problems are primarily ones which could be solved immediately by looking at them and deciding that there is much to be gained by being less hypocritical, less possessive, and more communicative. Some effort at kindness wouldn't hurt, either. Whether the resulting growth will benefit his relationship with Sara is for them to decide, but it will certainly help himself and his relationships with others.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167

SEALED WITH A KISS



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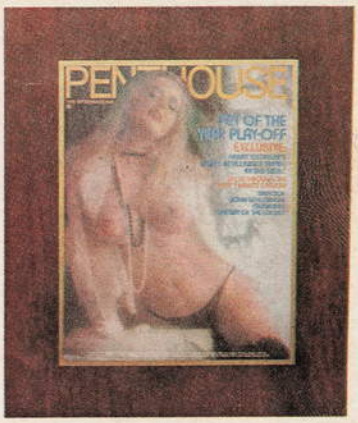

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ROCKEFELLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

in New York State when he quit in 1974 to go to work for the Rockefellers and associates at $100,000 a year.

New Yorkers who used to wonder what made William Ronan so arrogant when he was running New York City's faltering subway system learned why when they found out from the Rockefeller hearings that he wasn't *their* servant at all. He was Rocky's—and a near millionaire to boot. While they were waiting for the promised new Second Avenue Subway, or a subway to connect the new town the UDC was building on Roosevelt Island to Manhattan, Ronan was up the Hudson in Newburgh trying to ram through another Rockefeller boondoggle, an unwanted and unneeded jetport. As the hearings revealed, the Rockefeller family has a considerable financial interest in air transport and brother Laurance is the largest single stockholder in Eastern Airlines.

Quite a number of congressmen and senators felt Rockefeller's apple-sharing with these public officials was just plain illegal under New York State's anti-gratuities statutes, and New York City Congresswoman Bella Abzug has asked the Manhattan District Attorney to investigate. Certainly, if the law was not actually violated, its spirit was. Congressman John Moss of California said that Rockefeller's generosity "seemed directed towards persons, especially toward Dr. Ronan, who, by virtue of their office, were in a unique position where they could make decisions directly or indirectly affecting the Rockefeller family holdings." Was this an "act of compassion by a very wealthy man for a dear, dear friend working for the state?" asked Moss during the House debate on the Rockefeller confirmation last December. "If such an employee or employees were so underpaid," he further wondered, "why did not the governor recommend raises for all state workers?"

Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman was even more cynical about the great-hearted apple-sharer: "Why was Mr. Rockefeller's compassion directed only to persons who served on his personal staff, Republican party chairmen, and persons who headed state agencies controlling billions in construction?"

Perhaps more to the point, she also wanted to know, "Why, in the fifteen years he was governor, did he not feel compassionate toward the commissioner of education, the commissioner of health, the mental hygiene commissioner, or any trustee of the state university? Did not these people have pressing family obligations as well?"

The flap over Nelson Rockefeller's generosity to selected officials not only caused his standing in the public opinion polls to drop quite a few points across the country, but he himself made it worse by saying that he couldn't understand what all the fuss was about: "I like to give gifts, and a hundred thousand dollars to me is like ten dollars to other people."

The biggest single scandal of Rockefeller's public career was the 1963 capture of the Republican State Chairman, L. Judson Morhouse with his hand inside the Playboy Club cookie jar. He had taken a bribe to get a State Liquor Authority License for the club.

Morhouse was not only convicted later himself, the scandal in the Liquor Authority threatened to engulf others in Rockefeller's administration just as the governor was seeking the presidency. It may or may not be a coincidence that Rockefeller and his brother Laurance became extremely generous with gifts and loans to this crook, and that later (in 1970) Rockefeller commuted Morhouse's sentence without his serving a day in jail. Naturally, Morhouse had kept his mouth shut.

Much ado was made at the confirmation hearings by Rockefeller of the "fact" that the Rockefeller family did not work together as a unit. Each did his own thing. Nelson was a politician (as was also the late Winthrop, who was governor of Arkansas); Laurance was a conservationist and venture capitalist; John III was only a philanthropist; and David was in business—running Chase Manhattan, the family bank. But the Morhouse gifts and loans confirmed suspicions that the family really worked in concert. On the witness stand, Laurance kept denying that he was in politics or had anything to do with them. But then the Morhouse story came out and Laurance had to admit under oath that, although he didn't even know the man, he'd helped him because *Nelson asked him to*. (Later it was also brought out that Laurance had helped another politician he'd never met, the Republican National Chairman, William B. Miller.)

Laurance Rockefeller was also forced to appear on his brother's behalf before the House Judiciary Committee because he'd been mixed up with brother Nelson in an even bigger scandal—a book covertly financed by him on Rockefeller's 1970 Democratic gubernatorial opponent, Arthur Goldberg. He tried to explain this cheap and discredited hatchet job as simply a business venture.

The brothers continued to swear that any implication the family worked in concert was a "myth"—just as Nelson had earlier maintained that tales of family wealth and power were "myths." Laurance was such a moralizer that some of the congressmen clearly enjoyed puncturing his pomposity. He appeared on stage quoting one of his father's maxims, which he said had long been an inspiration to him, and which had been modestly engraved in marble in Rockefeller Center "as a living memorial." Quoted Laurance: "I believe that the rendering of useful service is the common

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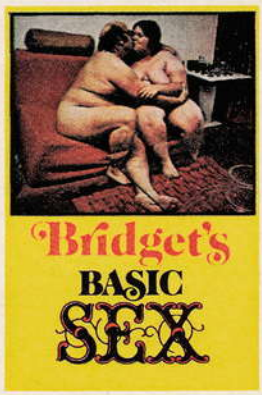

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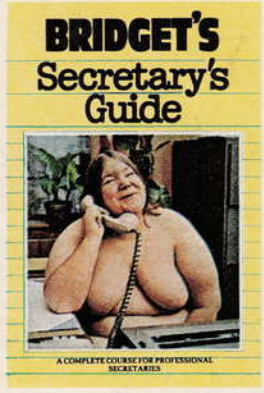

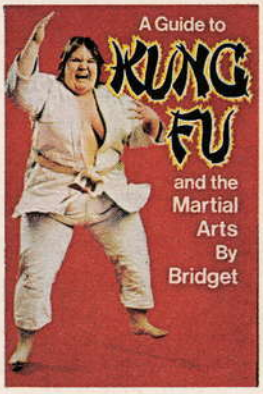

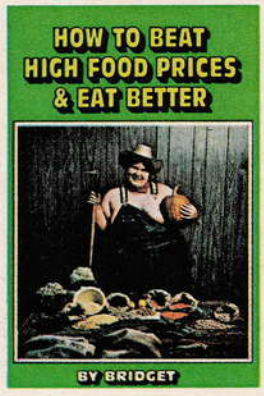

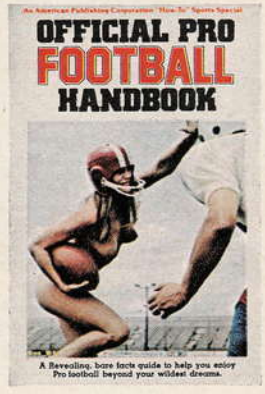

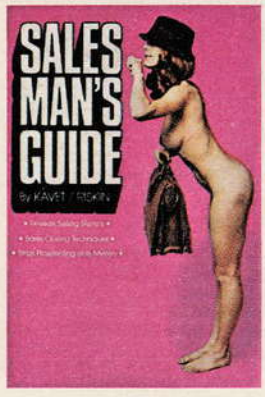

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duty of mankind, and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free."

But, Congressman Jerome Waldie knew another of John D. Rockefeller II precepts: "I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand, that the world owes no man a living, but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living."

"Will you relate that to the Morhouse loan or the Miller loan?" Waldie asked Laurance sweetly.

Laurance: "Well, I do not see the context of the relationship. . . ."

Waldie: "Did Mr. Miller labor to receive $30,000 as a gift?"

Laurance: "Well, the governor perhaps can tell you about that. I do not know anything about it. He worked for the Republican party very hard, and if that is considered labor and socially purposeful, I guess he did labor."

Waldie: "And I presume the answer would be the same on Mr. Morhouse, that you could not tell me about it; the governor could?"

Laurance: "That is correct."

Waldie: "You were only a conduit for the governor's purposes?"

And this very high-minded moralist replied, "Yes sir. I made no judgments."

When asked who had decided how much each family member would contribute to Nelson Rockefeller's political career (it came to some $27 million over the years), Laurance simply had no idea. The senior financial adviser of the Rockefeller family also denied making such decisions. And he had no idea who did.

But finally the truth was squeezed out of Nelson at his final hearing on December 5, 1974. Congressman Waldie asked: "Do you know who makes the political decisions in Rockefeller Family and Associates as to how resources of [the] family are to be distributed for political campaigns?"

"Laurance," answered Nelson Rockefeller at last.

The family that stays together apparently prays, pays, and preys together.

What Nelson Rockefeller did to New York, he could do to the United States of America—given the chance. He left New York in a financial shambles.

In 1960, he helped change the law to permit big New York City banks—like his brother David's—to move out into branch banking in adjacent counties. The big banks quickly swallowed up all the little local institutions.

Also in 1966, Rockefeller pulled the plug and millions of dollars of mortgage money from the savings banks fled the state to be invested at higher interest rates in California and Florida. Rockefeller had helped change the law that limited savings-bank assets in conventional mortgages to housing within the state. This loss of housing money was a disaster for low- and low-middle income people.

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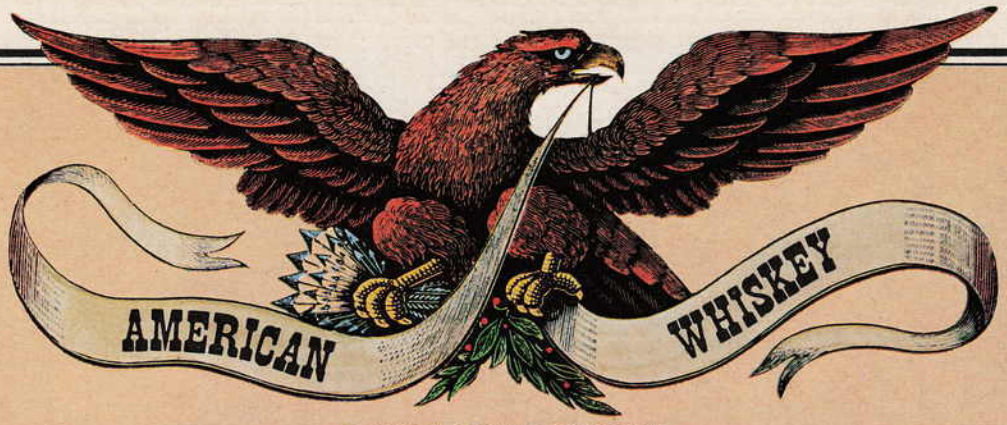


BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

As we enter upon our two-hundredth year as a nation, with all the attendant fireworks and red, white, and blue razzmatazz, we may discover that some of the things we've taken for gospel in our past are merely legend. As a young republic, we never were much on history—we kind of made our own as we went along. And now, Bicentennial scholars bent on setting the record straight are telling us that some of the legends we learned by rote are, in fact, remote. We learn, for instance, that there's no real evidence to support the claim that Betsy Ross made the first American flag. And—worse—that Elijah Craig may not have been the sole creator of the whiskey we revere as bourbon.

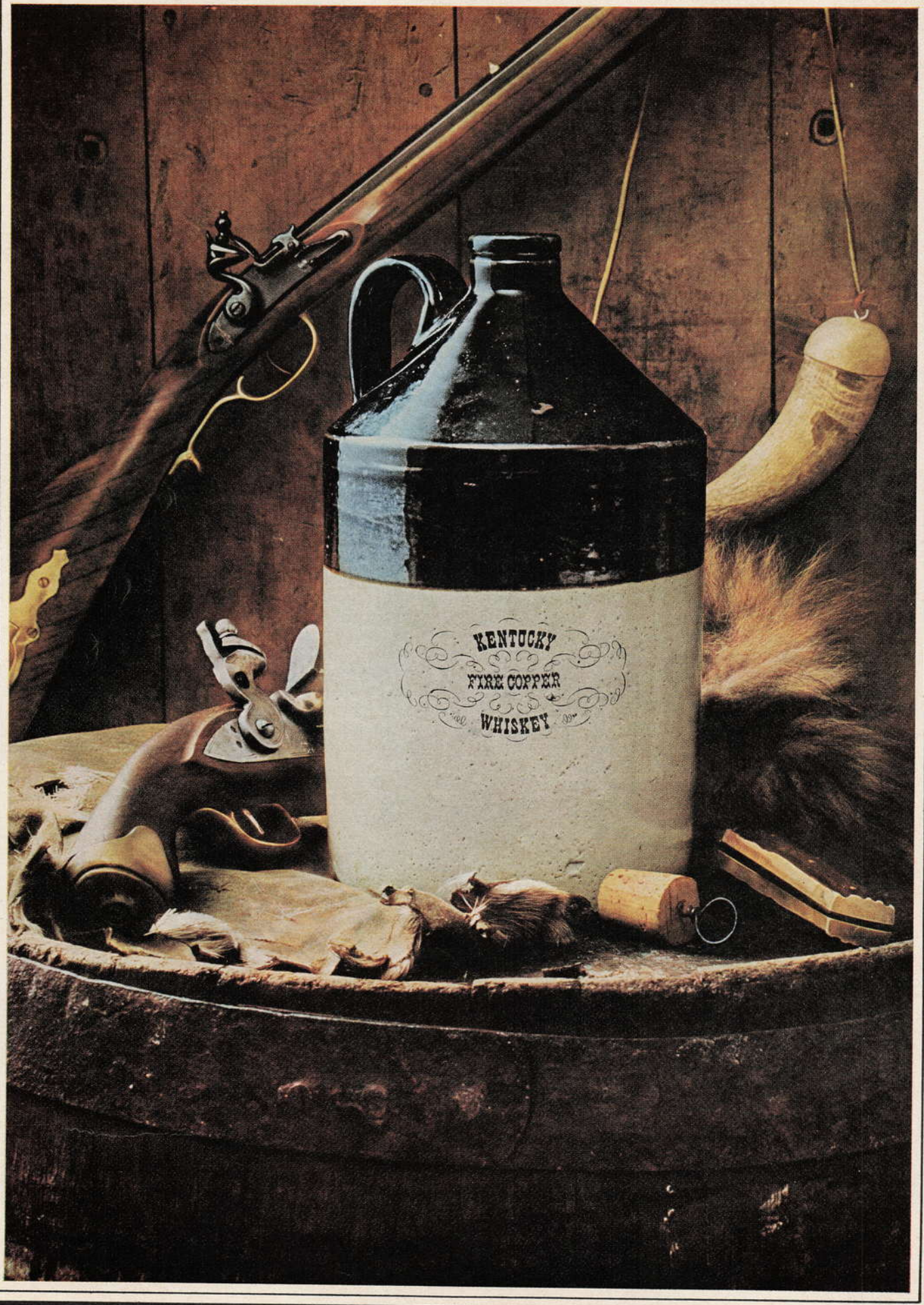
In some Southern circles, them's fightin' words. After all, we're speaking of a spirit as frontier as fringed buckskin, as smooth as a swallow-tailed coat, and as rugged and robust as the American past, when westward the jug of empire flowed. It is legend. It is folklore. It is history. But what the hell is American whiskey *really* anyway? Is it rye? Is it corn likker? Is it barley malt, blended or bourbon? Is it Jack Daniels? Bourbon Supreme? Ezra Brooks? Walker's Deluxe? In truth, it's all of these—and more.

Let's try to clear the air with a few definitions: to wit, American whiskey is an alcoholic distillate from a fermented mash of corn, rye, wheat, or malted barley. Straight whiskey must contain 51 percent of one of these grains to be so designated, and it must be distilled out at not less than 160 degrees proof and stored in new charred-oak barrels for two or more years. Blended whiskey must contain at least 20 percent straight whiskey, plus grain spirits (for the most part spirits distilled from fermented grain and stored in oak cooperage). And that's just for openers! Since we're more interested in what the whiskey's all about and how it got that way, however, we'll move on to a little of the lore. There's no better place to start than in Bourbon County, Kentucky, which state has the honor of producing something like 70 percent of all the whiskey made in these United States.

Legend has it that in the year when George Washington became our first president, a Baptist preacher in Georgetown, Kentucky, was making his own memorable contribution to the fledgling republic—to say nothing of its future economy. The aforementioned Elijah Craig (who'd done a little jug time of his own) made a mash of corn and certain other grains, fermented and distilled it, and the result of his labors became known—in due time—by the name of the county in which the good reverend rode circuit, i.e. Bourbon. The trouble is that in 1789 Kentucky was part of Virginia, and Georgetown was then situated in what later became Scott County, Kentucky. Heaven only knows what utter confusion might have resulted from all this geographic uncertainty if bourbon had been called "Scott's" for its native habitat. So much for legend!

The Reverend Craig's spirit (liquid variety) was a far cry from the bourbon of today, and Craig was by no means the only distiller in the region. He was one of scores of Virginians who set up stills along the rivers and creeks that flowed over limestone outcroppings containing minerals which added a distinctive quality to the water—and therefore to the distilled spirit. As originally made in those primitive pot stills, it was pretty rough stuff. There were no purity standards, of course, but the alcohol was strong enough to kill off any strange bodies in the liquid—or at least to render them totally incapacitated. Ready to drink, it was a raw, fiery, colorless liquid. It had no age to speak of and certainly none of the characteristics we associate with bourbon today, but did have a kick like a Kentucky mule and more real value than currency. It

Being a Short Treatise on the Versatile Spirit of 1976


KENTUCKY
FIRE COPPER
WHISKEY

was bartered for goods and services of every kind, and a man with a stock of "fire copper" whiskey had blue chips.

It wasn't too long before the large-scale commercial possibilities of the bourbon business became evident to a few bright businessmen, and the resulting wave of professional distillers all but put an end to backyard and barnyard production—give or take a few enclaves. The competition was fierce throughout the region, but something happened to give the Kentucky distillers the edge. Lapsing into legend once again, the story goes that a distiller, trying to save a few bucks, figured to store his whiskey in barrels that had contained salt fish shipped from Up East. To kill the pungent odor, he charred the inside of the barrels and found to his subsequent delight that the flavor of his stored whiskey had improved considerably. A much more likely hypothesis, however, is that Kentucky coopers, in order to bend the oak to make their barrel staves, heated them over an open flame and singed the wood. The distillers found that whiskey stored in the charred wood took on a distinctive caramel flavor—the very flavor we associate with bourbon today.

Speaking of barrels, few of us realize that before the Civil War, bourbon was *sold* by the barrel. In general, it wasn't even called bourbon, but went under such names as "Kentucky," "sour mash," or "fire copper" whiskey. To purchase it for home sipping, you just went down to the general store or the whiskey merchant with a jug or a flask and filled your own. As the expertise of certain distillers increased, they identified their product by burning their marks into the barrel wood with a hot iron (hence the "brand" name), a practice which later gave way to printed labels that covered both ends of the barrel—so that the customer could see whose liquor was being dispensed.

But selling straight from the barrel posed obvious problems. It was simple for any unscrupulous dealer or vendor to water down the contents, or sell backwater bilge from a respectable barrel. In 1870, one George Garvin Brown, a young wholesale drug salesman who also traded in liquor (originally for medicinal purposes), realized that by sealing his spirits in bottles, he could stamp out the skulduggery. The bourbon he dispensed was called Old Forester, and it's still very much with us. Then, a couple of years later, a liquor salesman for the Bernheim distillery in Louisville went Brown one better. He was shrewd enough to see the potential of the fancy bottle, or decanter, as a sales promotion tool. He packaged the bourbon in an elaborate bottle with his own name on it. That name? I.W. Harper. And from these beginnings came the rash of commemorative bottles and flasks now highly prized by collectors of Americana. Obviously, 1976 will see a profusion of commemorative decanters. Seagram's, for instance, is marking the Bicentennial with a new blended whiskey called "1776," which comes in a decanter designed by Tiffany & Company.

Another twenty-five years were to pass before bottling at the distillery under government supervision (that is, in bond) became mandatory, and what's in those bottles today is an infinitely superior product. There are the straight bourbons, distinguished by their light brown color and sweetish, velvety caramel flavor and its penetrating tang of charcoal. The mashes must contain a minimum of 51 percent corn (exact grain formulas are a closely guarded secret), fermented either with fresh yeast or by adding part of the previously fermented mash to the new fermentation. The latter process is known as "sour mash" and it is a method of distilling that some manufacturers (and consumers) prefer. The whiskey must be stored in charred oak for at least two years, but additional aging adds that velvety smoothness so beloved by the straight bourbon man.

Blended whiskeys go back to the days when some of the straights were so rough and raw that the vendor would "rectify" them for the consumer market. What at first was a necessity refined itself over the years into an art—so much so that almost half of the domestic whiskey consumed today is blended and a blended whiskey, Seagram's Seven Crown, is the nation's biggest seller. Yet if you were to ask the average drinker what a blended whiskey is, he'd probably answer "rye." Not so. A blended whiskey contains straight whiskey (rye, bourbon, corn, wheat, etc.) plus grain spirits. If it contains no less than 51 percent by volume of rye, bourbon, or other straights, it is designated by the name of the dominant whiskey type. Straight whiskeys can be blended, too, and they are classified in the same manner. If you're confused, the clues to what you are drinking are right there on the label, which spells out the whiskey type (blend or straight), the age (if no age is mentioned, the whiskey is four years old or more), and the place of distillation and bottling, along with the producer's name.

Much confusion still hovers around the respective merits of straights and blends. It shouldn't. *Both* are excellent whiskeys, the sum total of the art of the distiller and the blender, and one is by no means inferior to the other. As with everything that concerns the inner man, the choice is purely a question of individual taste and preference. The straights reflect all the characteristics of the distiller's formula—the grains and yeast he uses, the qualities of the local water, the method of distilling, and the barrel age—all of which combine into a unique spirit. The blender's art is in selecting his straights and balancing them in his blend to produce a lighter whiskey, one that will be exactly the same year in and year out.

Both are excellent in mixed drinks. Straight bourbons, because of their heavier, rounder flavor, provide the base for countless cocktails and mixed drinks in which the whiskey taste is a fundamental quality. And while straight ryes, rye malts, barley malts, etc., are still available, more than 97 percent of all straight American whiskey consumed here is bourbon.

But we've come a long way from those wild and woolly days when a thirsty cowpoke would step up to the bar for his "two fingers" of white lightnin' and shoot a few holes in the roof by the time it got to his thumbs. Yet somehow the image persists. Today's young dudes are cottoning on to the notion that bourbon is a macho drink—a sentiment that the makers themselves would seem to espouse, what with such brand names as Cabin Still, Rebel Yell, Ten High, and Wild Turkey—while grass-roots names like Kentucky Tavern, Kentucky Gentleman, and Old Grand-Dad roll off the tongue like good Southern sippin' likker.

But today's swashbucklers don't necessarily take their bourbon by the shot. They're far too versatile, like the spirit itself, and shrewd distillers —the Early Times people, for example—are stressing the comtemporary mode, which is to match the drink to the mood. Makes sense with a liquor that can run the gamut from a Manhattan to a mint julep. The remarkable thing about bourbon is its flexibility. It's easy to tailor to your individual taste, and whatever you add to the glass will serve to enhance, rather than drown out, the richness of the flavor that makes bourbon unique.

Happily, the people who tend to that flavor do so with a diligence that comes of long association with the product. Even though many of the old private distilleries have been bought out, the making of the whiskey has wisely been left to the people who know it best. The Beams, for instance, have been making whiskey since 1788, and the Jim Beam formula has been handed down over the years from father to son. The Bowman family—makers of Virginia Gentleman—even grew their own oak, made their own barrels, and raised the corn they used in the mash.

And there are other people like Ernest Ripy, who runs the Wild Turkey distillery in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, and whose family—naturally—has been making whiskey there for five generations. Ernie, of course, never for a moment considered doing anything else. "What else is there?" he said, standing in his office, surrounded by portraits of his forebears. "I'm a whiskey man. It's all I know. A man is lucky to love what he does, to do it well, and to reap the rewards of his labor. Here, taste this." Sitting there, sipping a fine 101-proof, eight-year-old whiskey, and looking out at the soft Kentucky countryside that spawned it so many years ago, I knew what Ernie meant.

Photographs by David Hedrich

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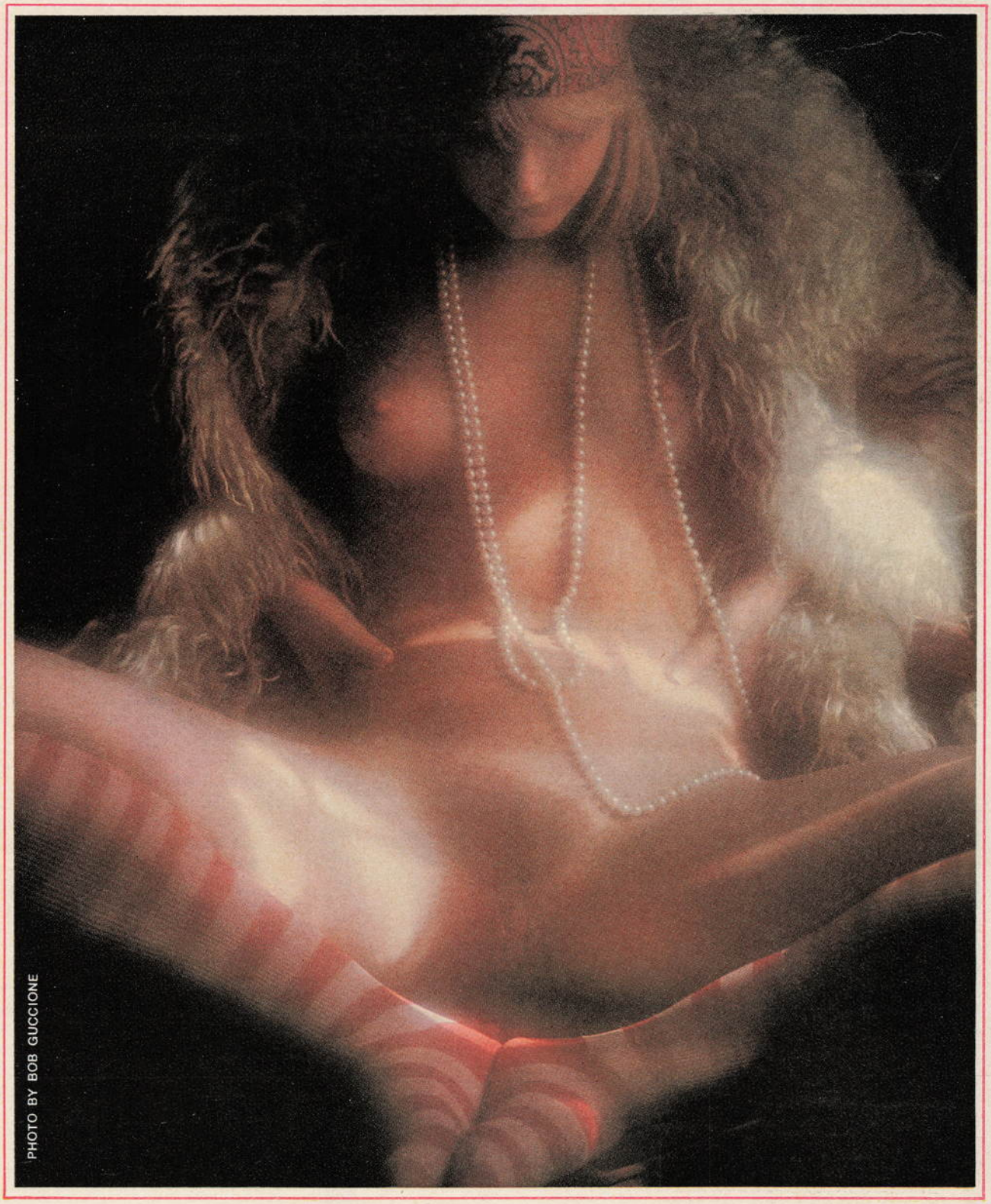

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ROCKEFELLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

Much has been written about two of Nelson Rockefeller's most extravagant failures, the World Trade Center in New York City and the Albany Mall. Suffice it to say that the still unfinished Mall—which has been described by fiscal critics as "more expensive than the Taj Mahal"—was conceived by Rockefeller to impress royalty. Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands had come over and when Rocky showed her around Albany, he had felt ashamed that it was his state's capital.

So, one billion dollars later, and with nine thousand poor people moved out of their homes, we have a suburban office center which doesn't work too well. And the usable office space costs six times that of private construction.

As Linda Greenhouse of the *New York Times* reported, "Chiefly because of unusually large and elaborate central service cores, the Mall's office towers provide an extremely low ratio of usable space compared with the total area of the buildings. . . ." When asked why such an apparently uneconomic approach to the Mall's architecture was taken in the first place, Greenhouse said, "Officials of the Office of General Services, who have been living with the Mall day in and day out for more than ten years, usually smile, shake their heads, and refer to former Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller."

During the House confirmation debate Bella Abzug summed up Rockefeller's years as governor. Even the minimal disclosure of Rockefeller's financial interests that he had made to Congress revealed, she said, that "he was guilty of serious conflicts of interest as governor of New York. His holdings in two trusts that encompass the bulk of his personal wealth included 7,550,000 shares of tax-exempt bonds of New York State agencies, all of which were affected by decisions he made as governor."

But you don't need a flaming liberal like Abzug to tell you what Rockefeller did to New York. Here is Sam Stratton, a conservative upstate New York Democrat discussing Rockefeller's administration: "We have had an eightfold increase in the state budget over his fifteen years; we have the highest taxes of any state in the United States; and we now have the highest bonded indebtedness of any state. Moreover, that bonded indebtedness is scattered through a maze of independent authorities, with virtually no accountability to the people themselves." What the people in his district are afraid of, Stratton continued, "is that if Mr. Rockefeller should become president, he will put into effect nationally the same program he put into effect in the state of New York."

Or, in other words, what Rockefeller did to New York, he can do to *you*.

BE A WINNER... MAKE THEM WINNERS TOO!

ENTER THE $150,000 US SKI TEAM SWEEPSTAKES FOR 1975

1000 FABULOUS PRIZES

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PLUS: 800 OTHER SENSATIONAL PRIZES OF THE WORLD'S FINEST SKI EQUIPMENT, LUGGAGE, AND WINTER SPORTS CLOTHING.

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THE NEED IS NOW!

It's unbelievably expensive to condition our Alpine and Nordic ski teams for the 1976 Olympics in Innsbruck and competition against some of the most professional amateurs in the World.

It's also expensive to operate the New National Training Center in Park City, Utah, where we are working now to develop the World Champion skiers of the 80's.

Fortunately for our team, a number of sympathetic individuals and corporations knowing the desperate need for funds to accomplish these goals have generously donated their products or facilities toward making this Sweepstakes a success.

NOW IT'S UP TO YOU!

Enter today by sending your DOLLAR or a facsimile dollar along with the official sweepstakes entry blank below. You can send more than one dollar with an entry if you wish and enter as often as you like. The more you enter, the greater your chance of winning!

BUT REMEMBER... YOU CAN'T WIN IF YOU DON'T ENTER AND NEITHER CAN OUR TEAM ... SO DO IT TODAY!

OFFICIAL RULES:

1. To enter, print your name, address, zip code and mail, together with check or money order for one ($1) dollar, payable to USSEF (United States Ski Educational Foundation), or make a facsimile dollar by printing the words "United States Ski Team. One Dollar" on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. NO CASH IS REQUIRED TO ENTER. 2. All entries become the property of the U.S. Ski Team, and to be eligible for the sweepstakes, must be postmarked by December 20, 1975 and received by December 30, 1975. 3. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing conducted by GPI, inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. The drawing will be held in January, 1976, with all prizes being awarded and the winners notified by certified mail. No cash will be awarded in lieu of prizes. 4. Sweepstakes open to all U.S. residents regardless of age, excluding employees, members and families of the U.S. ski team and its advertising, public relations and promotion agencies. This Sweepstakes is void wherever prohibited by law, including the state of Missouri. 5. Federal, State and local taxes are the responsibilities of the winners. 6. Your chance of winning solely dependent on number of entries submitted. 7. The sweepstakes judges, GPI, inc., will not enter into any correspondence with entrants as regards the sweepstakes. However, final winners list will be sent to any entrant enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with their entry.

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U.S. SKI TEAM SWEEPSTAKES

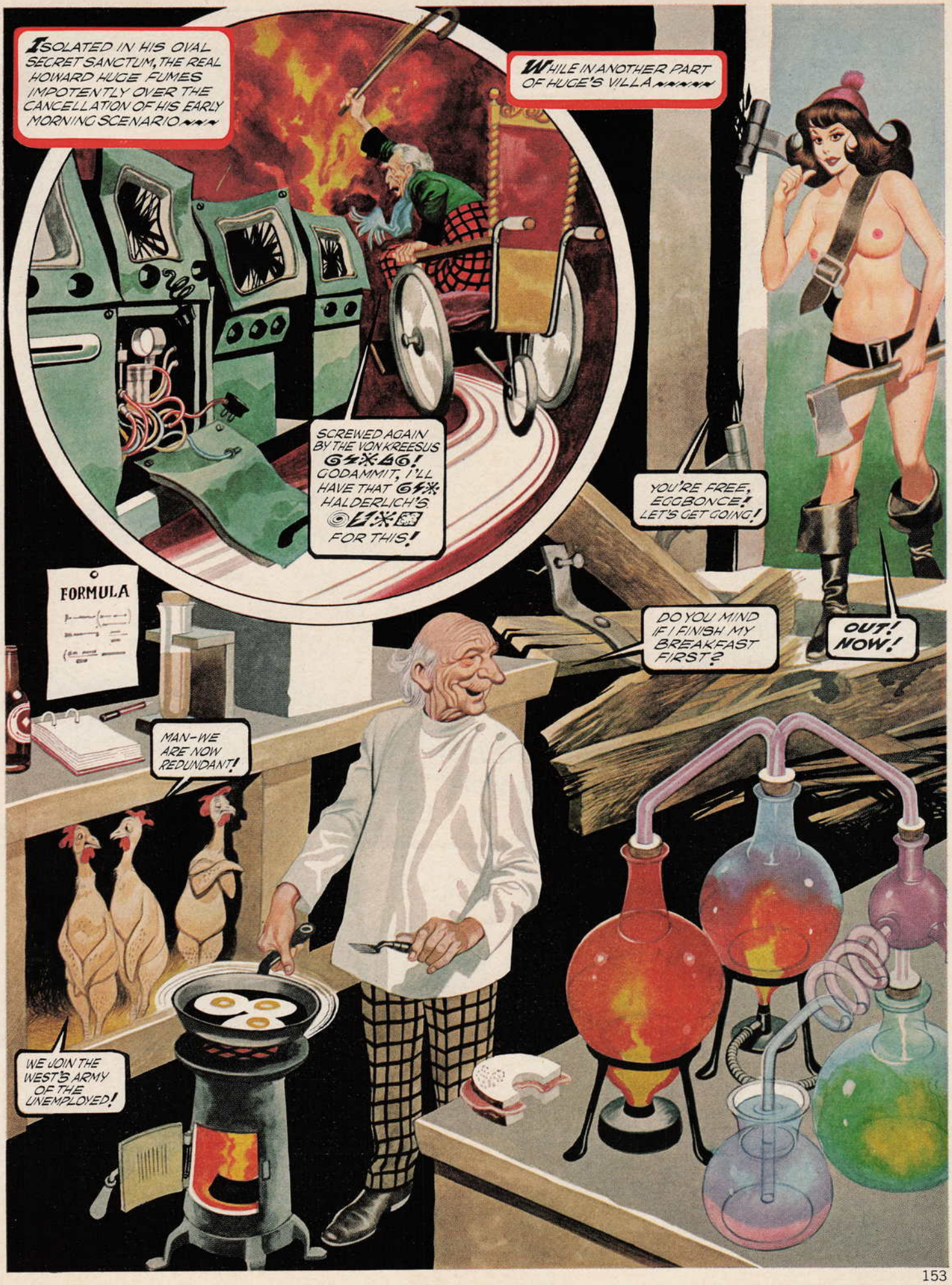
P.O. BOX 121 • NORTHFIELD, ILLINOIS 60093

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

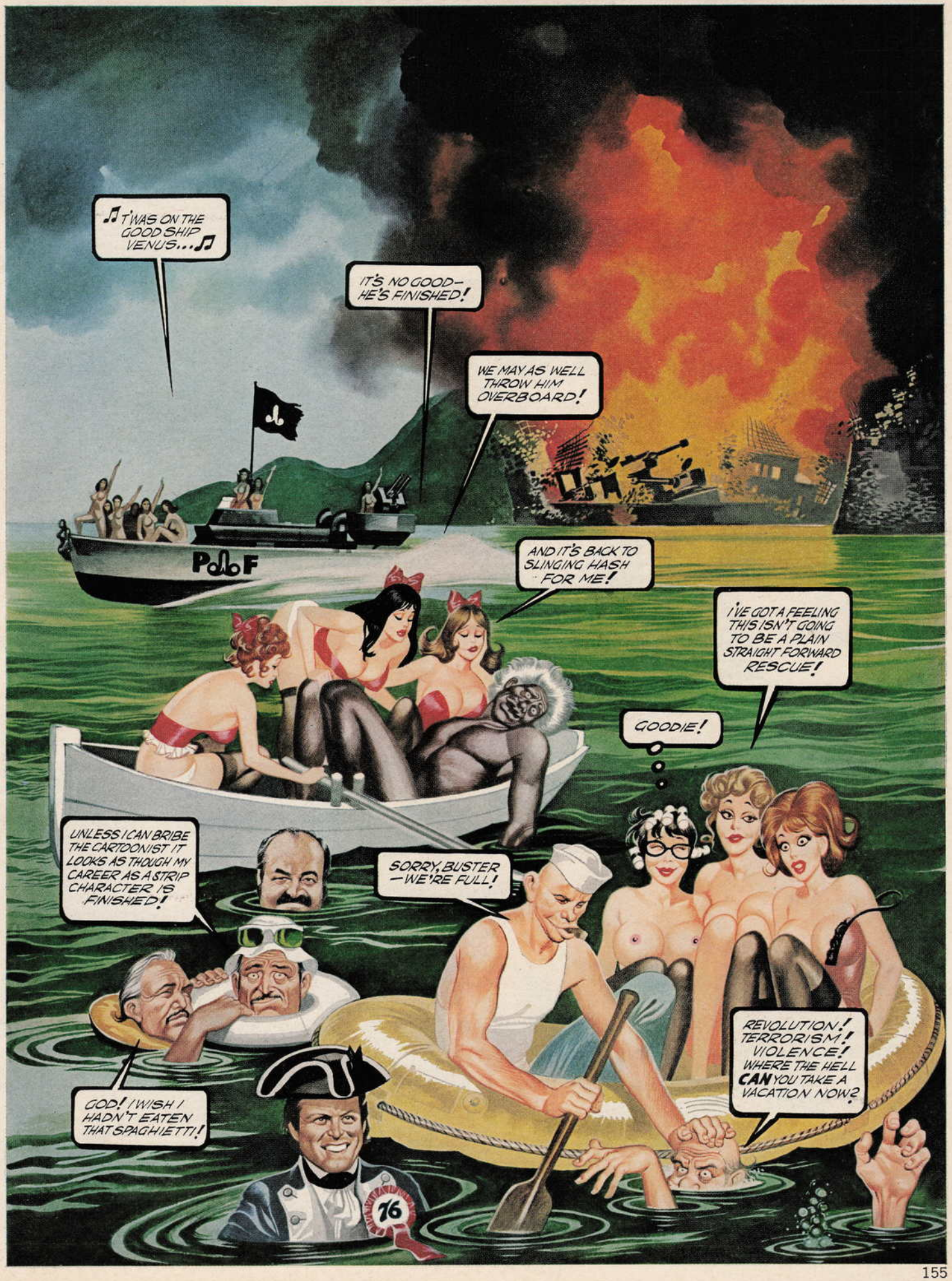
OH, WICKED WANDA!
SAVED BY CANDYFLOSS'S GENER-ASS-ITY FROM A SPECTACULAR RAVISHING BY WILLY THE WHOPPER, WANDA RESUMES COMMAND OF HER LIBERATED PUSS PIRATES
COUPLA YOU MEN GO RESCUE PROFESSOR SAPIENS
PUSSCAKE—YOU'LL RECEIVE A DECORATION FOR YOUR PART IN THIS CAMPAIGN!
PAT PAT
ON BEHALF OF THE PIF, I'D LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ESCAPE, CHIEF
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, CREEP! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN IT!
A SUBVERSIVE! GET THAT MAN'S NAME AND NUMBER!
HE'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!
SPEAK TO ME, WILLY!
SHUCKS, I ONLY DID WHAT ANY OTHER SEX-MANIAC WOULD HAVE DONE IN SIMILAR CIRCUMSTANCES!
BLABBER-BLABBER!
A BEAUTIFUL INNOCENT—DESTROYED BY THE EVIL MACHINATIONS OF BIG BUSINESS!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON


ISOLATED IN HIS OVAL SECRET SANCTUM, THE REAL HOWARD HUGE FUMES IMPOTENTLY OVER THE CANCELLATION OF HIS EARLY MORNING SCENARIO
SCREWED AGAIN BY THE VON KREESUS G$%&6! GODAMMIT, I'LL HAVE THAT G$% HALDERLICH'S @!%# FOR THIS!
WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF HUGE'S VILLA
YOU'RE FREE, EGGBONCE! LET'S GET GOING!
FORMULA
DO YOU MIND IF I FINISH MY BREAKFAST FIRST?
OUT! NOW!
MAN—WE ARE NOW REDUNDANT!
WE JOIN THE WEST'S ARMY OF THE UNEMPLOYED!

I WANT THIS PLACE WIPED OUT, MEN! GET TO WORK!
A VACATION SHE SAYS!
SO THIS IS FUNNY? I'M DOWN HERE WORKING!
FIRE HIM! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU KEEP HIM ANYWAY!
NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING— STREAKING TERRORISTS!

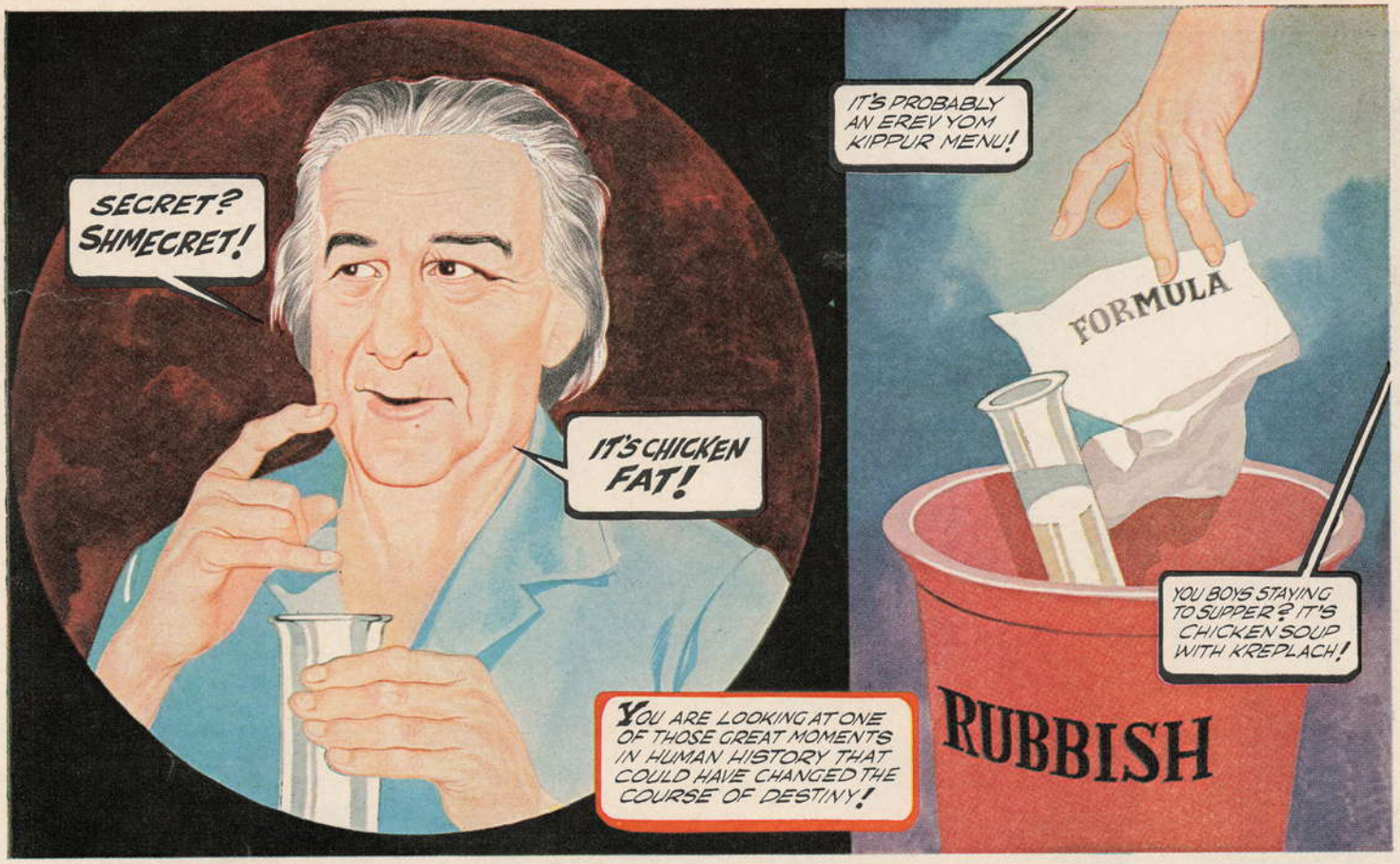
AND IN HIS SANCTUM, HOWARD HUGE SMASHES THE LAST OF HIS MONITOR SCREENS TO BLOT OUT THE VIEW OF HIS ISLAND'S DESTRUCTION
YOU WON A BATTLE, HELL-CAT! YOU AIN'T WON THE WAR!

I'LL BE BACK! GOD AND THE AMERICAN DOLLAR ARE STILL ON MY SIDE!


♫T'WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS...♫
IT'S NO GOOD— HE'S FINISHED!
WE MAY AS WELL THROW HIM OVERBOARD!
P&O F
AND IT'S BACK TO SLINGING HASH FOR ME!
I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A PLAIN STRAIGHT FORWARD RESCUE!
GOODIE!
UNLESS I CAN BRIBE THE CARTOONIST IT LOOKS AS THOUGH MY CAREER AS A STRIP CHARACTER IS FINISHED!
SORRY, BUSTER —WE'RE FULL!
REVOLUTION! TERRORISM! VIOLENCE! WHERE THE HELL CAN YOU TAKE A VACATION NOW?
GOD! I WISH I HADN'T EATEN THAT SPAGHIETTI!
16

LATER, AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS, WANDA CELEBRATES HER TRIUMPH WITH AN ORGY nnnnnnnnnn
HEY, GRUD! WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED CLEARING UP—SEND SAPIENS TO ME!
YOU'VE MISSED THE ORGY, KIDDO, BUT DON'T FRET—I'LL COME AND SEE YOU AFTER LIGHTS OUT!
BENEDICT ARNOLD FOR PRESIDENT
IF THIS IS WOMEN'S LIB IT'S GONNA BE THE END OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION!

HAVE YOU GOT THAT MIRACLE FUEL FORMULA SAFELY LOCKED AWAY, EGGBONCE?
YE GODS! I LEFT IT IN THE VILLA'S LABORATORY, YOUR MOSTNESS!
YOU WHAT?!! AND NOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THE INGREDIENTS??
ONLY THE BASIS, EXALTED ONE ~~~
AND IN A CERTAIN FAR OFF COUNTRY ~~~~~~~~ (YEAH, YOU'VE GOT IT!)
THIS WAS PICKED UP BY OUR AGENTS IN THE CARIBBEAN, MA'AM. I THINK IT MAY BE TOP SECRET!
TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR FEET, MOOSHIE. HAVE A BEOLA? A HEIMISCHE? SOME GEFILLTE FISH?
FORMULA
MOMMA KNOWS BEST


SECRET? SHMECRET!
IT'S CHICKEN FAT!
YOU ARE LOOKING AT ONE OF THOSE GREAT MOMENTS IN HUMAN HISTORY THAT COULD HAVE CHANGED THE COURSE OF DESTINY!
IT'S PROBABLY AN EREV YOM KIPPUR MENU!
FORMULA
YOU BOYS STAYING TO SUPPER? IT'S CHICKEN SOUP WITH KREPLACH!
RUBBISH

IF IT EVER GETS OUT IN ISRAEL THAT WE COULD'VE SCREWED THE ARAB OIL SHEIKHS WITH A FUEL SUBSTITUTE BASED ON CHICKEN FAT, MOST OF MY WORST FRIENDS ARE GONNA BE JEWS!
HEY! YOU'RE NOT TRYIN'—HE COULD'VE GOT HER THEN!

AND AS HOMER SAPIENS WAITS EAGERLY FOR HIS PUNISHMENT...
TRY TO LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, BOO'FUL...
...AT LEAST WE'VE SAVED THE DAY FOR CHOPPED LIVER!
AND SO, AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST, WE ASK OURSELVES: "WHO THE HELL CAN AFFORD CHOPPED LIVER THESE DAYS?" BUT AS EGGBONCE WOULD SAY, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WEALED!"

WILD...

CUT-OUT CUT-UPS!
Fantastic sleep set to show off **nipples, navel ...and more below!** Open-tip bra and low ridin' crotchless panties. Black, Blue, Purple or Red sheer nylon tricot, all with Black lace and Black rayon fringe. One size fits all.
#3-4359 $8

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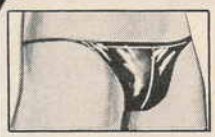
WILDER...



MAN ALIVE!
The least makes much of the most in this wet-look Black or Nude nylon **G-string for guys.** One size fits all.
#5-9322 2 for $6.75

PEEPING TOM
Your best point has plenty of room to roam in this nylon tricot brief with **open front.** Elastic waistband. Black, Nude or Hot Red. Small, Medium, Large or Superman.
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$5.50 each

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Cling-jersey knit G-string in wild Leopard print! Clever **hole-in-the-middle** brings out the real you!
One size fits all comers.
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HOT HOT HOT

GET THE HOTS!
Seduction Capsules stir right into hot or cold drinks and sneak a-l-l the way up and down to **set passion afire** for HOURS! 30 Capsules per bottle.
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Crotchless nylon tricot **bikini** for the little lady in a carnival of colors. Nude, Black, White, Green, Purple, Orange, Hot Pink or Blue. Small, Medium, Large.
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$3.50 each
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THE BUN ALSO RISES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

—willing even to question the all-American itself. So, increasingly, Hamburger Central has had to withstand a barrage of criticism from food experts, dieticians, physicians, and consumer spokesmen who, in virtually all instances, have condemned the McDonald's menu as a substandard meal, lacking in wholesomeness, nourishment, and food value.

McDonald's usual defense of the deficiencies in its menu has been a sheepish argument that nobody eats a McDonald's meal as a regular diet. But in recent years it has become very clear that for a lot of low-income and ghetto residents the McDonald's menu often constitutes the main course of the day, so the company decided to do a nutritional study of its own. This project was so sensitive that it could not be entrusted to an independent research body, and the man chosen to undertake it turned out to be an old friend of Ray Kroc, a reliable hamburgerologist by the name of Ed Trazeman who had previously acquired a number of McDonald's franchises in Wisconsin.

Trazeman had at one time been a director of research for Kraft in Chicago, and cushioned by a $300,000 McDonald's grant he launched his patty project in association with WARF, the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, which was best known for its invention of the deadly rat poison, Warfarian.

The results of the Trazeman Study differed little from the chief criticisms of nutritionists; the data was released without fanfare and in the course of a brief advertising campaign that lasted for only the month of December 1973, McDonald's grudgingly admitted in a *Redbook* magazine advertisement: "We're not suggesting, of course, that a meal at McDonald's gives you *all* the nutrients you need. You still need a balanced diet that includes a daily intake of fruits and vegetables for other vitamins and minerals."

When the WARF Study findings did surface they did not result in an improved menu for the masses, but, rather, in a new McDonald's ad campaign that skirted the issue. It featured Ronald McDonald, the company's redheaded trademark clown, and a rock band—all dressed as vitamins and minerals—called Ronald and the Nutrients. They banged out a garbled message that young children ought to eat food from the basic nutrient groups every day—along, presumably, with their daily dose of hamburgers, fries and shakes.

At the same time, McDonald's headquarters cautioned its far-flung corps of operators, franchisees, and managers not to draw attention to nutrition; it was wisely suggested that because of the sensitive nature of advertising nutritional values, local advertising should be limited to Ronald and the Nutrients.

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Näcken
a Scandinavian best-seller. Combines all the best features of condoms into one sensational condom! Näcken is unique because it is textured to provide the maximum pleasure for both of you. Näcken's delicately ribbed surface gently massages the woman while the contoured formfit provides the greatest sensitivity for the man. Join the Swedish revolution for the optimum in pleasure. Näcken—the condom from Sweden is distributed exclusively by PPA.

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Our illustrated 20-page catalog describes the wide selection of condoms we offer... all nationally advertised brands... the popular Trojan... the pre-shaped Conture ...super-sensitive skins that conduct body heat... new JADE (available only from PPA). All orders are shipped promptly in a plain package to assure privacy. Why not send for a sampler today? Receive our illustrated catalog offering satin sheets, posters, books on sex and birth control, clothes and much more. And if you do not agree that PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the **best available anywhere,** we will refund your money in full—no questions asked.

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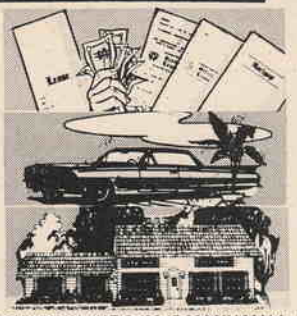
I Can Make You Appear to Be a $MILLIONAIRE$ in Just Four Weeks!

I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO GET *SMART & LIVE GREAT!*

I've done it and I've enjoyed new cars, luxurious homes, fat bank accounts, the best foods, wine, women and best of all, lots and lots of money! I will now sell you my secrets and . . .



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- **MAKE YOURSELF A MILLIONAIRE IN SEVEN DAYS!** Of course you'll only be a paper millionaire, but to everyone except ultra-sophisticated financial people, you'll appear to be very wealthy.
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- **ATTRACT GLAMOUROUS WOMEN!** They'll hang on you like flies! It'll be your choice, blonde...brunette...redhead...any day of the week! My S/M/P plan will show you how!
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- **GET V.I.P. TREATMENT WHEREVER YOU GO!** You'll get the royal treatment at hotels, restaurants, resorts, etc. Yes, the best tables, the best food...and they'll even pick up the tab. S/M/P will teach you how to live it up!
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- **ENJOY ALL KINDS OF VACATIONS ABSOLUTELY FREE!** See the world via S/M/P! How's free air fare? S/M/P's got that for you too!
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- **VANISH...YES, COMPLETELY DISAPPEAR AND CHANGE YOUR IDENTITY!** This may sound fantastic but it's not hard to do if you know how. My S/M/P manual will explain it all!
- **BORROW AWAY YOUR DEBTS!** My "Smart Money Plans" will easily get you out of debt while giving you enormous borrowing power!
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- **BECOME A TAX EXPERT AND FINANCIAL CONSULTANT AND LET OTHER PEOPLE DO THE WORK!** You'll receive fat fees for your services and all you'll do is sit in a chair!
- **STOP PAYING PROPERTY TAXES FOREVER!** This S/M/P secret ends property tax payments instantly!
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- **CREATE A REAL ESTATE EMPIRE USING OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY!** Many persons have gone from rags to riches with this plan!
- **STOP YOUR CREDITORS COLD!** Even if law suits have already begun S/M/P will teach you how to use the Federal Courts to protect you. Yes, S/M/P will give you the inside information on the Federal Bankruptcy laws. Don't let this frighten you. It's one of the most beautiful things around. It's being done everyday by businessmen and individuals. This information alone is worth thousands!
- **DECORATE YOUR HOME WITH $10,000.00 WORTH OF VALUABLE FURNITURE FREE!**
- **GET HUGE FEES JUST TALKING TO FRIENDS!**
- **GAIN POLITICAL POWER IN YOUR AREA IN NINE WEEKS!**
- **GET THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF RESALEABLE MERCHANDISE FROM WHOLESALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS ON CREDIT!**
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- **TRIPLE AND QUADRUPLE INTEREST ON YOUR SAVINGS!**
- **GET $50,000.00 IN FREE LIFE INSURANCE!**
- **GET A FREE HOUSE IN A RESORT AREA!**
- **HAVE 5000 PEOPLE MARKET YOUR PRODUCT IN 60 DAYS!**
- **START A MULTI MILLION DOLLAR ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN WITHOUT A NICKEL!**
- **SET UP 500 HOME MANUFACTURERS IN TWO WEEKS!**
- **GET $300,000.00 IN STOCK TRADED PUBLICLY WITHOUT S.E.C. FILING!**

THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT LETTER YOU WILL EVER READ! PLEASE GIVE ME TEN MINUTES RIGHT NOW!

My name is Sid Rosen. I've been a wheeler-dealer all my life and I've been involved in hundreds of successful businesses. Let me tell you what I can do for you.

I will make you appear to be a millionaire...in just four weeks! I will teach you how to GET SMART AND LIVE GREAT! I will teach you how to capitalize on human nature, human emotions and human greed. I will teach you to open previously locked doors, create unlimited opportunities and place yourself upon the glittering path to financial prosperity and success. I will help you to acquire and enjoy all the marvelous things in life you've always dreamed of having but felt you would never get — like a luxury cruise around the world, a color T.V. in every room, expensive cars, luxurious homes, beautiful clothes, gourmet foods, cameras, gadgets, you name it. I Will Show You How To Get It!

I have learned (the hard way) that it is possible to create the "illusion" of great personal wealth quite easily in today's credit oriented economy. Notice now, that I have used the term "illusion"...for that is exactly what our entire capitalistic society is based upon.

People, including you and I, believe what they see! We presume a person to be wealthy when seeing his expensive home, high priced cars, well tailored clothes and luxurious lifestyle.

You've probably heard the saying, "It Takes Money To Make Money" and you probably have also heard the saying, "You Can Only Borrow Money When You Have Money." The truth that I will teach you is that in today's economy it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to make money and it only takes "THE ILLUSION OF HAVING MONEY"...to borrow money. Remember this, in today's financial marketplace, most money transactions are merely bookkeeping entries and nothing usually changes hands but scraps of paper. This is one of the secrets I will reveal to you in great detail!

Are you having trouble borrowing money? Making loans? Getting mortgages? Leases? Credit Cards? Charge Accounts? I will change all that! I will start you on the road to building an AAA+ credit rating that will enable you to get cash, mortgages, houses, property, credit cards, furs, jewelry, airline tickets, just about anything...in hours on just your signature or even on the telephone!

I will teach you to wear the hat of a millionaire no matter what your present situation, occupation or past history. My "Smart Money Plans" will enable you to drive a luxury car for which you paid nothing; move into a luxurious home with no money down; walk into a bank and get a $10,000.00 signature loan and mingle in the top financial and social circles of your community. S/M/P will even cover your tracks if necessary; misdirect credit investigations. It will even show you how to disappear and become another person to start all over again if necessary free from past obligations.

I'll tell you this...I call many of my plans "secrets" because I don't think that more than one person in a thousand knows any two of them and perhaps only one person in fifty thousand knows all of them. And believe me, most of my secrets are astonishingly simple, just requiring the right knowledge and a little brains, guts, gumption, time and effort!

My exclusive S/M/P manual will explain my many techniques in detail with step-by-step instructions on how to make them work. With this information in your possession, you will have the knowledge to get everything you desire in a matter of weeks, not years. There has never been a revealing 'insider manual' published like this before. Everything...and I mean EVERYTHING You Need To Know Is In My Manual, which will be sent to you in a plain envelope.

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Now, I know that most of the people who read this letter will not act upon it. They will be suspicious, timid and unmoved by what I have revealed here. They will reject it quickly as some kind of con game or a lot of bull! This is good and this is as things should be, because if there were too many people with enough faith in themselves to act on my "Smart Money Plans," it could be made useless to the rest of us. This very fact, that so few people have the sense and guts to try, makes my secrets remain secrets and makes the opportunities for the rest of us smarter and more aggressive people practically limitless!

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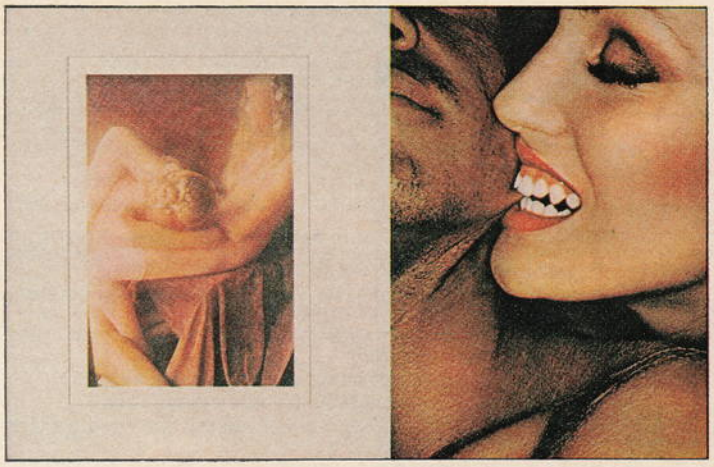

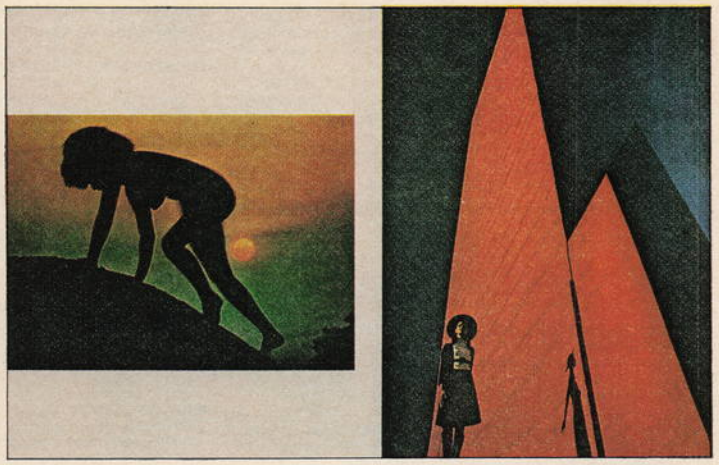

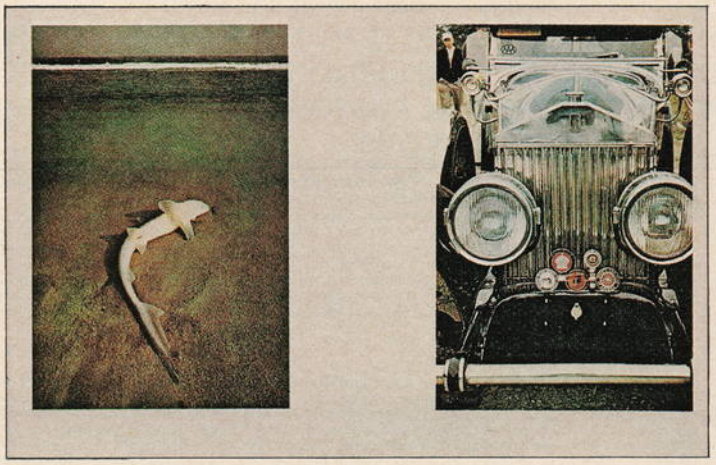

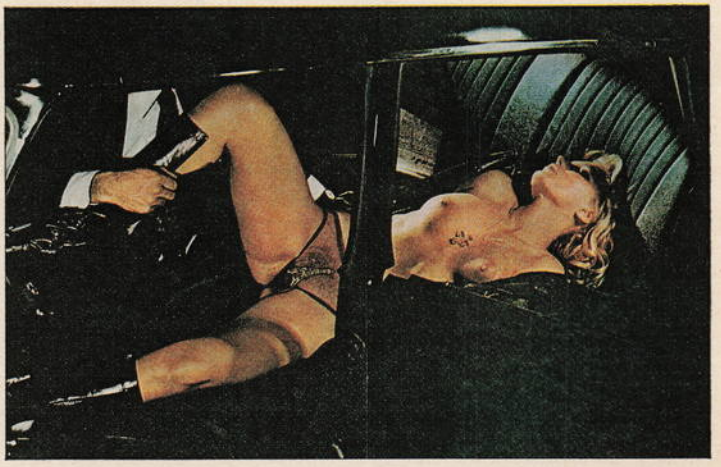

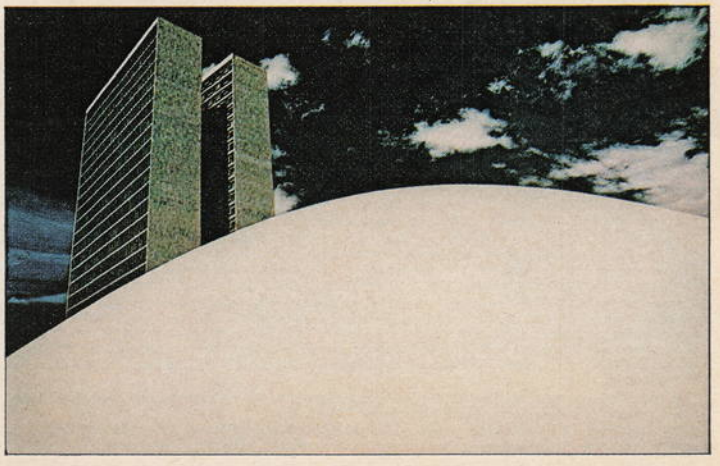

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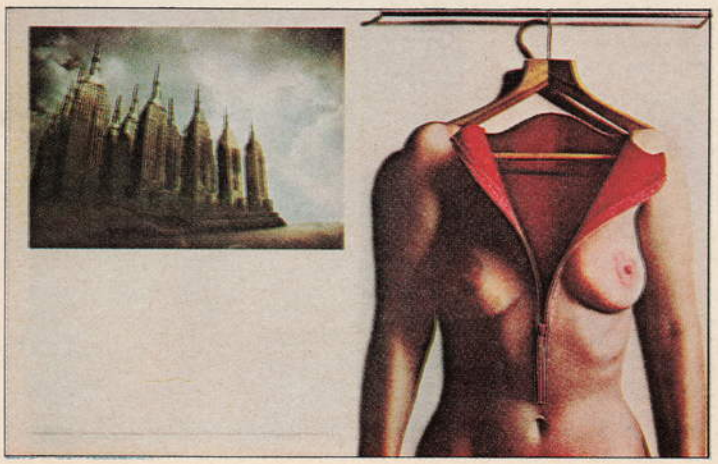

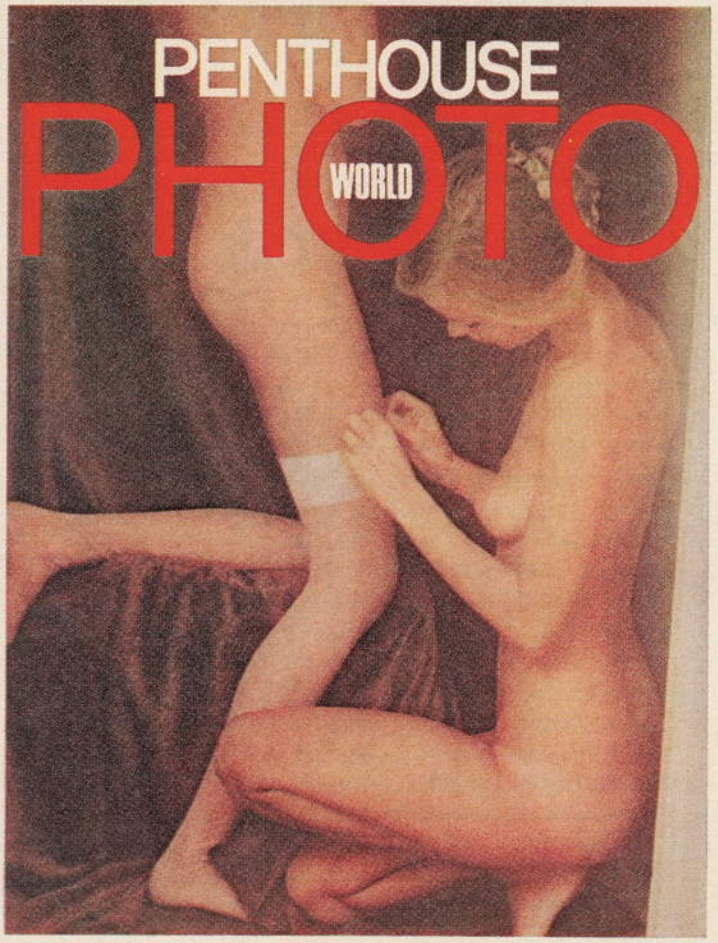

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REED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Penthouse: Are you interested in politics generally?

Reed: No, as I said, that's the first time I voted, but I saw a heavy danger involved. I suppose I would see a far greater reason for being a socialist if I lived in the Midlands or worked in a factory. A man can be what the hell he wants to be providing he believes in democracy.

Penthouse: If you weren't an actor, what would you do?

Reed: I think I'd be a doctor in the Caribbean—preferably with a lot of pretty nurses and nobody to bandage. I act as an investment. You don't think I do it because I *like* it, do you? I always thought I'd like to become a pubkeeper. I've spent quite a lot of time in pubs and I've seen quite a few of the kind of people who come in.

Penthouse: Isn't there a whole art of pubs?

Reed: Yeah, there is. There are lots of pubs, and pubs in the country are very different from pubs in town. I suppose a whole important part of our society in England is built around pubs. For instance, English people go to pubs to socialize, as they went to coffeehouses in the old days. I think that this is only common to this country. In America, they seem to go to get drunk. I think they go to cocktail bars, but people don't stand around or move about like they do in this country. Here it's a political forum, and a forum for the amateur expert on athletics too. The first thing that Simon talks to me about is boxing, and if he was in a pub he'd probably be showing me. He's too polite to do that in my own home. Sometimes.

Penthouse: Do you want someday to be regarded as an old-time glamorous star by girls looking at glossy photographs and singing, "You Made Me Love You"?

Reed: No! Oh no! I want to disappear just a little quicker than I came. I don't want to hang around as nostalgia. I was thinking of retiring at thirty-five, but I had all that alimony to pay and responsibilities.

Penthouse: Why *did* you want to retire?

Reed: Because I'm getting more and more bored. The older I get, the fewer pretty girls I get to kiss, so the parts become a little depressing. I've started playing bank managers, and they talk a lot which means I've got a lot more to learn. And now I've suddenly got to start to talk about building kingdoms—I mean I'm playing Bismarck in Dick Lester's *Royal Flash*, and all I do is set the plot, talking about lots of German cities with long German names. There's a hell of a lot to learn. I mean, I have a fight with Henry Cooper which isn't bad—he used to be the heavyweight champion of Europe. And another sword fight, which isn't bad either. But all the talking in between is quite boring. In the old days all I had to do was kiss Glenda Jackson's boobs and look moody.

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COUPLE TALK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

Sara, who at first appears a fairly brash, self-confident young lady, had actually been working through weakness for much of her college career, as well as before. Her theory that "there's safety in numbers" is really safety from rejection. That's why she had to invite seven young men to her high school prom and later screw several men at the same party. One must admit, however, that her self-image and ability to commit herself have improved greatly over the years, and possibly will improve even more. I'm sure her self-doubts were the reason for the gangbang when Ian was in England, not because it was the "social thing to do in the situation." However, it was her heightened self-confidence that let her feel so strongly for Ian, something she had never done before.

While there is an inordinate emphasis on the physical attractiveness of both partners, at least they have good personal rapport and respect for many qualities in the other. I would hardly recommend marriage for them at this point. However, if they both review the above problems and do something about them, there is no reason why they shouldn't enjoy each other's company for the rest of the year. At that time, they should decide how much closer they are to maturity and a strong commitment to each other.

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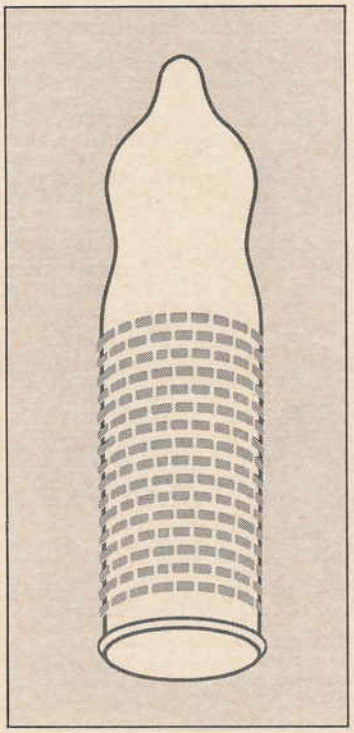

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HOT SEED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

retort-shaped glass vessel. Angelica's eyes were fixed on him, shining. If he had known nothing about her, he would have judged her to be excited. And maybe she was; maybe she was comparing his tall, well-knit form with that of her wretched-looking husband.

Then, with a slow and graceful gesture, she reached out her hand to take the vessel. He let her have it.

Here, then. He took a deep breath. He had substituted a pullover for his white coat, along with beltless sports pants. It was a moment's work to undo them. He stood before his client. He gazed at her as she gazed at what his hand held: the burning, incredibly distended organ that had been, all along, the hidden principal in their negotiations.

"Angelica." He spoke to her gently when she arrived the following evening. "I am not here to criticize you. But somehow I expected you to try a little harder."

She folded her hands over her knees (not quite covered by a pale dress like a cossack's tunic) and waited. She looked attentive but not stricken. Holder was beginning to admire her. The night before, when he had retired to the adjoining room in order to let her slide the ejaculate into her trim, small body in privacy, the opportunity of watching her through the clinic's two-way mirror seemed to lose its appeal. The least he could do, he felt, was let her fumble with the damned tube unobserved. Leaning against the wall in the dark, drying off, still breathing deeply, he had relived the intense pleasure of those minutes when Angelica's eyes had been fixed on his fist dragging the length of his cock, slowly at first, then with a violence that went beyond the requirements of science.

"I couldn't help noticing," he explained, "that the sheet placed on the examination table had become saturated. This suggests that most of the material destined for your internal reproductive organs ended up outside your body."

"I thought a small amount was more than enough," she said.

"In your case," said Jack, "our task is to up probability. I think tonight you had better let me supervise."

He went quickly this second evening, feeling that if he were to linger even for a moment, he would have to beg her to touch, suck, fuck. Her fascinated gaze was almost palpable. He imagined her fingers at rest on his pumping hand. Only the thought that her body's secrets would be opened to him when he had finished rushed him through.

When the tube held its warm, milky burden once more, he waited while Angelica undressed. She could have let her brief, lacy shift stay on—but to her, no doubt,

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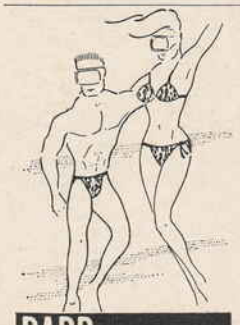

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Case #R-042

Before

Weight: 179 lbs.
Waist: 37 in.

(Photos guaranteed unretouched)

After 14 Days

Weight: 169 lbs.
Waist: 33 in.

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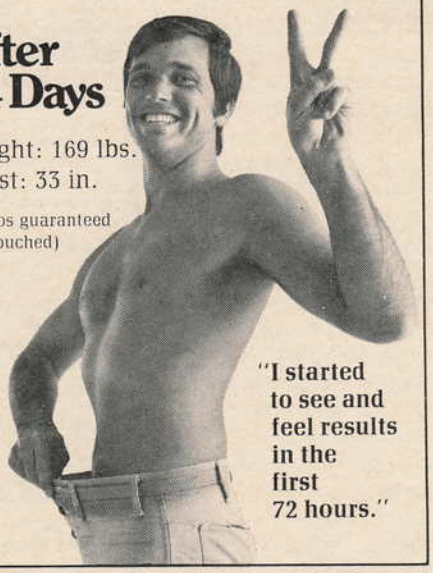

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4. **No rigid dieting.** We suggest you temporarily eat 20% less until you reach your normal weight, without giving up any of the foods you love—eat Ice Cream, Cakes, Pasta, whatever! (It's all in the guide.)

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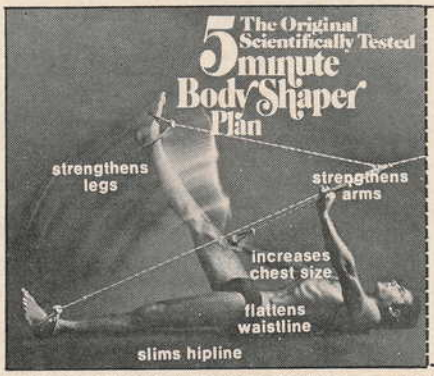

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scientific method meant stripping entirely, and so she did. When Jack tried to refasten his own clothing, she stopped him, saying, "I'll feel better if I can see you, too."

"Like this?" His stiffness was gone for now. But she did not laugh. "I like to see it either way," she answered.

She lay still before him like a small-scale model of womanly form. He pushed her thighs open, noticing that the rosy lips waiting to receive the tube were like an idealized illustration. Suddenly he remembered that he had not examined her yet. He examined her now, gently and thoroughly, conscious of a natural and irresistible return of his erection.

When he withdrew the tube, he asked her to lie still for a few minutes so that gravity could aid the semen's trickle into her inward parts. She obeyed but closed her legs. Jack thought of the passage in *My Secret Life* where the author observes that a woman is vulnerable to seduction even with legs locked together.

But this wasn't nineteenth-century England and she was a society matron, not a tap girl or chambermaid. He stood quietly with her, hard but calm, his forearm resting along her belly, his hand cupped on her mound as if to hold his own seed pent inside her body.

After a while, his fingers dipped for the sensitive bud and toyed with it. He heard a sound in her throat and her ankles moved a little as if she longed to spread herself. Then she whispered that it was time for her to go home.

Holder kept copious notes on the progress of the experiment. On the fourth evening, he suggested that Angelica join him in reviewing the material. He reminded her that Lawrence Twitty wanted a report.

"Say there!" Twitty had boomed over the phone that afternoon. "How're we doing on the son-and-heir project?"

"Just getting into it," Holder had assured him.

Perhaps some discussion with the patient would also help reestablish the semblance of a clinical experiment. The evening before, wanting above all to feel her hand touch him, he had quite suddenly and simply brought her hand together with his so he could slide the slick shaft of his cock between her fingers.

Angelica had seemed disturbed. He felt almost sure that what upset her was not so much the unscientific procedure as her inability to conceal her excitement. His certainty grew the more she tried to hide it, turning her face away so as not to see his slippery, rapid thrusting, tightening the tendons of her throat to hold back her moans. But there was no mistaking her reaction when he mumbled, "Sorry," and took away her hand. The hand fell to the sheet, curled upward as if abandoned, and her eyes turned toward his, glistening with tears of lust and suppression. He felt a moment of anger with both of them for inventing this tortured situation. Then un-

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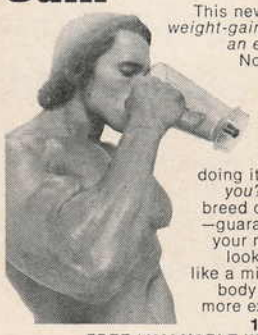

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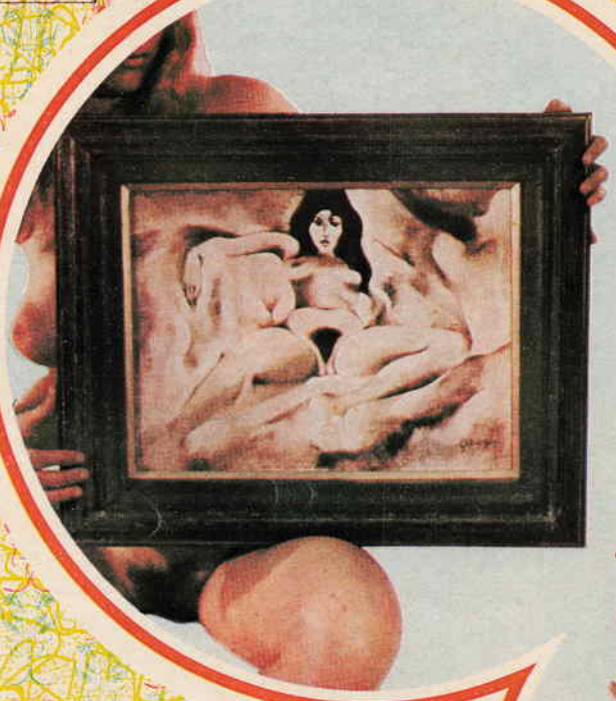

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THE ASSAULT ON NATO

The true story of one of the most astonishing spy dramas in the history of Western security. British journalist David Lewis reveals the background of the KGB's most daring raid on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

GRANDMA WAS A JUNKIE

The next time you feel a pang of nostalgia for the good old days, consider the following: America had more drug addicts in the second half of the nineteenth century than it does today. One physician of the period said, "If I were limited by law to the use of only one drug . . . I should not hesitate to name opium." An eye-opening report by Richard T. Griffin.

GETTING IT ON WITH AN OLDER WOMAN

Middle-aged women are definitely turned on by teenage boys; but what about the young man who finds himself seduced by these older and more knowledgeable women? With a flip of the bed sheets, one nineteen-year-old details his tumultuous affairs with five mature females.

THE PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Paul Flannery was a connoisseur of one-night stands. He had a healthy appreciation of beautiful eyes, full lips, the soft divide between a pair of perfectly formed breasts, the sway of saucy buttocks, and long lean legs. But he was usually willing to settle for less. A compelling short story by Eric Tarloff.

ALSO:

The gear to get into for schussing on the slopes . . . apt advice on your love life from Xaviera . . . the flash and drive of the brand-new Renault . . . Vietnam vets in prison . . . and several stunning Pets for your perusal.

bearable excitement seized him. He opened his mouth to utter some choked endearment, but it was too late, and he came, spurting half of it everywhere but into the damnable tube.

Now, relieved that Angelica seemed to have recovered her composure, he handed her page after page of his typewritten account of the experiment. She glanced through them gravely without comment.

"Is there anything you want to add?"

"No. Is there anything *you* want to add?"

"Yes. Angelica, there is really nothing natural about a procedure that utilizes a glass tube. Don't you agree?"

She said nothing. Her eyes did not waver from his.

"Now, take the penis," he went on. "In fact, the penis is a tube designed by nature for the planting of man's seed."

He longed to take her on the office sofa. But the game was science. So they used the sheet-covered examination table and, as he clutched her ass and ground himself into her tight, slick barrel, he found himself muttering medical jargon.

His climax was considerably more explosive than required for insemination. And hers! They would just have to pretend that hers hadn't happened.

The last night, Jack's argument for getting his cock into Angelica's mouth was shameless. He claimed that due to wear and tear he could not reach ejaculation without some gentle suction first.

She listened with great solemnity. But the only word for the way she gripped his buttocks and eased her mouth around him was greedy. Her eyes closed at first, then opened, then rolled. Her hands clung to his hands that were cupped over her ears. Alas, the fifth load of sperm went astray.

"It is February fourteenth, Valentine's Day, easy to remember," he droned. They were saying good-bye—that is, Dr. Holder was giving Mrs. Twitty her instructions. "If in two weeks you menstruate, the plan did not work this time. If you don't, wait two more weeks, and I will arrange a pregnancy test. In either case, notify me."

She nodded.

"Angelica. You will notify me?"

"Oh, yes," she said softly.

In the taxi, Angelica Twitty opened a leather stationery portfolio and began a letter dated March 1.

Dear Dr. Holder, The plan did not work. I guess we'll just have to try again. . . .

Eighteen days later, upon receiving the letter, Dr. Jack Holder picked up the phone and arranged a new series of appointments with Angelica.

He showed not the slightest indication of surprise.

Early in the experiment, he had examined her. He had, in fact, examined her far more carefully than she realized. And had found the fugitive tail of a copper-T device planted deep inside her. ○+■

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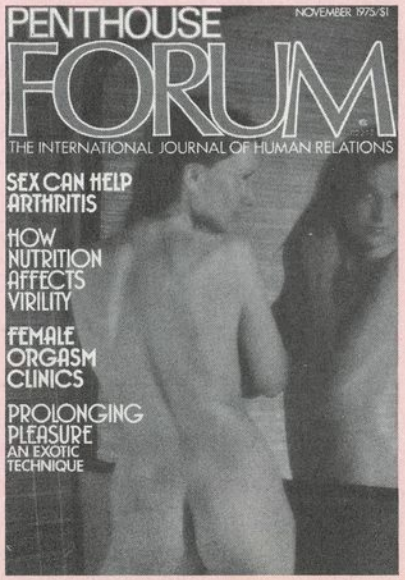

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